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MY FATHER'S HOUSE

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I

WHEN I first came into this world the Rihbany clan experienced the usual rejoicing which comes to a Syrian clan when a man-child is born to one of its families. My kindred rejoiced at my advent, not merely because I was a son instead of a daughter, important as that was, but because I was an asset of the clan, a possible reinforcement to their fighting strength, which they had to use often against another powerful clan in the town, called Jirdak. In the Jirdak camp, however, a correspondingly great sorrow was felt. On the same night on which I was born they lost by death one of their most valiant fighters. To be so reduced in power at the same time that the enemy was reinforced with a possible fighter, seemed to the Jirdaks to be a stern heavenly visitation which it was beyond their ability to bear. But so far as I was concerned, the enemies of my people sorrowed in vain. I never lifted a finger against them, never had the chance. My years of strength find me fighting greater battles far, far away from them, but not with carnal weapons.

The usual formalities were observed on the occasion of my birth. Friends, both men and women, came to our house in large numbers, into the very

room where the day-old babe and its mother lay, to extend their congratulations. They brought their presents with them as did the 'Wise Men' of old on their historic visit to Bethlehem. They sang and were exceeding glad, because unto them a child was born, a son was given. They were served with wine, coffee, and confections. I was baptized by triple immersion, in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, and thus adopted by the holy and ancient Greek Orthodox Church as one of her children. When I was forty days old, my mother being permitted again to come into the sanctuary, she carried me to the door of the church, as is the custom, where the robed priest met her, took me in his arms, as the aged Simeon took the infant Jesus, and presented me at the altar before the God of my fathers. In our family history I took rank as the fourth of a family of twelve children, five sons and seven daughters.

My parents were illiterate, as were their parents before them, and the parents of their parents, for generations. My father was a stonemason, a contractor and builder. He was a man of simple, unaffected dignity, kind-hearted, remarkably industrious and devoted to his family. He was highly respected by his kindred and business associates throughout his life. He

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always seemed to me to be the type of man who would never willfully and designedly 'walk in the counsel of the ungodly, nor stand in the way of sinners, nor sit in the seat of the scornful.' In a business way, however, he was not of the truly sagacious type. Through a wily and decidedly unscrupulous uncle of his, he became involved in certain financial transactions which kept him in debt and perpetual anxiety from early manhood until near his death at the age of eighty. And, oh, that 'debt,' and the ever-recurring dread 'interest' at twelve per cent, and the thousand things which my father might have done to escape the evil designs of his uncle! how they haunted my soul from infancy to manhood, and how I shiver and shrink even now when I recall them to mind! Every bit of our property was taken away from us by the 'Frenchman' who held the mortgage and the hated 'note,' after my father had struggled for years, at least, to reduce the debt, but was prevented from doing so by the exorbitant rate of interest he was forced to pay.

My mother was in some respects more richly endowed by nature than my father. I grew up to consider her the intellectual leader of the family. She possessed an alert and resourceful mind, was swift both to hear and to speak, humorous, and generous to a fault. In our family troubles we generally looked to Mother for the wisest counsel. Along with her intellectual endowment, she possessed beauty of face and form, and absolute fearlessness. I never knew my mother to fear any situation, or anybody. Only the 'debt' oppressed her, because it was foisted upon my father by others. Those who knew her father always testified that she inherited his fearless spirit.

From description, I should judge that that grandfather of mine was such

a man as Gideon, or Othniel, or Samson of the ancient leaders of Israel. His mighty voice was so heartening to his own clan in battle, and so terrifying to the enemy, that he was known to his generation as 'Ibrahim the Tiger.' My mother never forgot to remind me, with 'great expectations,' of the fact that I bore her father's name. She said that his sister picked me up when I was but an hour old, kissed my doughy, wrinkly, primitive face, and named me Ibrahim—Abraham—but, rather fortunately, left out 'the tiger.' Her action was confirmed at my baptism. My mother's strength of mind and great courage did not, as is sometimes the case with such women, militate against her feminine qualities. She was always a woman from the tip of her finger to the centre of her heart, and according to the fashion of her time and country an excellent housekeeper.

II

My father's house was a typical, common, Syrian house. It was one story high, and consisted of two rooms, a living room and a storeroom. It was built of roughly hewn stone,¹ and had one door and two windows, which had wooden shutters, without glass. The roof was the biblical earth-covered flat roof, such as the one on which Peter went up to pray in ancient Joppa. On every Syrian roof there is a stone roller, with which the dirt is rolled down and made hard enough to 'shed water.' 'Rolling the roof' is a daily task for the man of the house in the winter season. Failure to do this causes the roof to soften and the rain to soak through and 'drop' into the house. The 'dropping' is one of the most hateful things to a Syrian household. The writer of the

¹ In the western part of Syria all the houses are built of stone; in the eastern part generally of sun-dried brick. — THE AUTHOR.

book of Proverbs did not at all exaggerate the ugliness of the situation when he said, 'Continual dropping in a very rainy day and a contentious woman are alike.'

The interior of that house of my early childhood appears on the negative of my memory in this shape. On the right as you enter stands a small structure of sun-dried brick, called *mekhdaah*. It is about five feet high, six feet long, and a foot deep. On the inner side it is divided into openings of different sizes, and serves the cosmopolitan purpose of a china closet, kettle cupboard, a place for father's Turkish pipe — *narghile* — and tobacco, and whatever other little articles it may be convenient for the moment to thrust into it. The *maukedah* — fireplace — is at the forward end of this structure. It is such a fireplace as you would build at a picnic: square, open at the top for the kettle to set in, and at one side to admit the fuel. It is built of clay mixed with straw and fine quartz. There is no chimney. The smoke floats in the house with the sufferance of public opinion. The ceiling is black and shining as if it had been varnished. The earthen floor is painted frequently with red mud, and rubbed with a smooth stone until it shines. It is furnished with straw mats, cushions, and, in the winter season, soft and fluffy sheepskins. There are no chairs, no bedsteads. The family sit and sleep on the floor. The bed consists of a thick cushion for a mattress, stuffed with wool or cotton, a pillow of the same material, and a quilt for a cover. So when Jesus said to the man he had healed, 'Arise, take up thy bed and walk,' the man did not have very much to carry. In the daytime the beds are either rolled up, each one, in a heap and left on the floor, next to the wall, or put in a recess in the wall, constructed for the purpose.

By the stone pillar stands the large earthen barrel of flour, on top of which is the large basin in which the bread is kept. Back, by the partition which stands between the two rooms, are two or three large, plain wooden chests which form the wardrobe for the whole family. The opposite wall contains many openings in which earthen jars, containing the family winter supply of dried fruits, cereals, butter, lentils, beans, crushed wheat, olives, olive-oil, molasses, rice, and other earthly comforts, are placed. By the door, on the left, there is a low wooden bench which holds the fresh-water jars, in which the women of the house carry the water from the fountain, as did the woman of Samaria whom Jesus met at Jacob's well. There are no pictures on the whitewashed walls. The only ornaments are a shot-gun, an ammunition belt, a short sword, and a few articles of wearing apparel, which hang from wooden nails. There are no books of any kind, no musical instruments. The other room contains the wood and charcoal, tools, and so forth.

My father's house did not stand on a street, because streets are unknown to Syrian towns. There was no lawn around the house, no fence, no garden of any kind, no flower-beds. The immediate surroundings were our grove of mulberry trees, consisting of four large terraces, a terrace of grapevines, a large fig tree which bore black figs, a pomegranate tree and an apple tree. On the west side of the house we had a large climbing rosebush, which lifted its flaming top above the roof, and an alder bush, which bore blossoms of delicate texture and sweet fragrance. These bushes were permitted to share the soil with the more useful trees, not simply for æsthetic delight, but because their blossoms possessed medicinal properties. At least we thought so, and thoughts are things. The houses of my

two uncles, father's brothers, stood very near our house, and had similar surroundings.

III

Back of our house, and extending some three hundred feet eastward, stood a row of majestic oak trees, which did not belong to us. They were perfect specimens of strength and beauty, and a real delight to the senses and the soul. But, strange as this may seem, the proximity of those trees to our house and my uncles' houses was very displeasing to our families. In so poor a country as Syria has been for ages, objects of mere intellectual and æsthetic delight savor of vain and vexatious things. The mode of life is severely utilitarian. Only the rich and the Europeans revel in the pleasures of gardens and other great luxuries. To the masses, the only desirable possessions are those things which can be converted into bread and raiment. The owners of those oak trees were of the families more highly favored with the things of this world; therefore they did not need the revenue which the strip of land occupied by the oak trees might yield, if put to better use.

But our family felt differently about this matter. The oaks shaded a whole terrace of precious, silk-yielding mulberry trees for us, and some grapevines, while their mighty roots drained the soil of its substance. That was a grave situation. It meant for us loss of revenue. The mighty oaks assumed in the eyes of my people the functions of highway robbers, of enemies which never slumbered or slept and which stood at our very door. How to get rid of them was one of those family perplexities which filled my childish mind with disquieting curiosity. My father was offered much advice, gratis, as to how to kill those pernicious oaks. Not being ours, they had, of course, to be killed

in some mysterious way. One of my uncles, who was of a rather grasping disposition, felt a decidedly keener antagonism toward the oaks than did my father. At times he looked and swore at them with great avidity.

So far as I can remember, the first means which was employed to wither those giants of the forest was prayer, the Oriental's most natural speech. But, for some reason or other, prayer failed to accomplish the desired results. Then an appeal was addressed to St. John (I do not recall whether it was the Baptist or the Evangelist) whose convent was in full view from our house, farther down on the slope of the hill. He was promised three piasters (twelve cents) and a cruse of pure olive oil to be burned in the lamp which hung in front of his very picture. The understanding was that the saint was to show signs of death in the oaks before any payment was made; but St. John, for reasons known only to himself, failed to rise to the occasion and do what was expected. That was a severe disappointment.

However, there were other means of relief yet to be tried. My father was advised to seek a magician and have him 'blast' the oaks by his diabolical art. The formula as I heard it stated was this: The magician would enchant a pailful of water; breathe into it the very essence of Satan himself. Then all my father had to do was to step out in the night and sprinkle the enchanted water at the trunks of the oak trees, close to the ground, and they would wither in an incredibly short time. Fortunately for the trees, however, such magicians passed through our town only at long and uncertain intervals, and when one of them happened to be at hand, father was either absent from home, or something else happened to make the moment altogether inopportune for such dangerous operations.

One of our cousins urged that an

appeal be made to a person having the 'evil eye.' One having the evil eye was supposed to do great damage by just admiring an object. A fat and sweet baby, a handsome and strong man, a beautiful woman, a very fruitful tree, an abundant crop of silk cocoons, or any other good and beautiful person or thing, stood in constant danger of being injured or even killed by an admiring evil eye. Often did my mother grab and run away with me — her beautiful baby — to the nearest hiding-place, when one who was supposed to 'strike with the eye,' happened to be passing anywhere near our house. Certainly those oak trees were things to be admired. Then why not secure an evil-eyed person, and bribe him or her to cast upon those trees a blasting look? However, those persons who were suspected of having the evil eye, for obvious reasons never would admit the fact, and certainly they were not in the market for hire.

The last prescription to be considered, so far as I remember, for doing away with the beautiful oaks was the use of mercury. Father was told by those who 'knew,' that if he would take an augur and bore a hole in any tree and then pour in the hole a small quantity of mercury — 'live mercury' — the tree would die. Mercury, being very heavy in weight and of such awful, mysterious potency, would penetrate the fibres of the tree in seeking to return to the ground, course through the roots, and thus destroy all their fibres. That was a simple operation. But father was not the kind of a man to undertake it. He might resort to some impersonal agency of destruction, like prayer or magic, but to do evil himself, to destroy with his own hands, that he would not. He would not assassinate a tree any more than he would a person. So far as I know, the oak trees still stand, and wave their lofty tops

over the mulberry trees and the grapevines which were forced away from us by my father's creditors.

IV

It must be that the nights I was first aware of in my father's house made deeper impressions upon my mind than the days, because they offer themselves now to my pen as the earliest bits of my conscious existence. This, I suppose, because of the fear with which they inspired me. I do not recall the time when, as a little child, those deep shadows which the dim lamplight emphasized behind the pillar in the middle of the house, and other objects, did not frighten me whenever I looked at them. Our only source of light was a small kerosene lamp, one of the very first to come to our town after the subtle fluid of the Standard Oil Company reached Syria, shortly before my conscious life began. It was, however, a great improvement on the little olive-oil lamp, the 'candle' of the Sermon on the Mount and the Ten Virgins — an earthen saucer, with a protruding little lip curled up at one point in the rim for the wick. The lamp was placed on the edge of the mekhdaah, just above the fireplace. The corner in its immediate vicinity was reasonably well lighted, but the remoter parts of the living room were veiled with ghastly yellowish darkness.

But the most vivid of my early memories of kerosene is very grim. In filling the lamp one night my sister spilled some oil on the earthen floor. In order to amuse me she told me to soak little bits of cloth in the oil and touch a match to them and they would burn quickly. As I was doing so one of the little rags fell from my hand on the floor. I thought I saw where it fell and reached down and grabbed something that looked like it. It was a scorpion!

The fiery sting pierced my flesh under the thumb nail. I rolled on the floor, a ball of quivering flesh, with a dart of the bitterest fiery pain, which never abated the whole night, reaching from my thumb to my heart.

I feel no hesitancy in saying that when Rehoboam said to the people of Israel, 'My father chastised you with whips but I will chastise you with scorpions,' he made a telling figure, and the people of that country, which is full of all manner of 'creeping things,' must have understood him very clearly.

Our nights were not tricked into cheerfulness by any of the multitude of means which delight child-life in this age and country. As a child I enjoyed the love and care of devoted parents, the deep, instinctive, but untutored affections and protection of a richly endowed mother. But notwithstanding all that, and except on festive occasions, the evenings were very dreary for the little ones. There were no children's story-books to read, and there was no one who could have read them, if any of them had fallen into our hands. No pictures for the children, and none to cheer the blankness of those white-washed walls, which the smoke tinged with a murky hue. No toys of any kind. Now and then we fell spontaneously into a fit of laughter, or played a game of hide-and-seek in the dark corners of the room. Now and then we were favored with a tale about a miracle happening in the graveyard, or about ghosts, or wild beasts, which made the very hairs of our heads hiss with fear. Our peevishness and naughtiness had no 'psychological guidance.' When bribes, which were by no means of the most persuasive kind, failed, the chief remedy was, 'Be good or the camel will get you!' 'Listen! the hyena is coming! *Coming! right at the door!!*' From the fact that men could ride on his back, we always concluded that the

camel must possess at least the imitation of a human spirit. But the hyena, so terrible and so abundant in the surrounding woods and rocky hills, never failed to bring us to terms. This is why, I believe, my earliest memories of the nights in my father's house claim precedence as I write.

And as I reflect on those days now, I realize most clearly how limited, how meagrely inventive, is love without culture. How almost helpless is sympathy without knowledge. Love is indeed 'the greatest thing in the world,' but without knowledge, acquired knowledge — real culture — love is like a skilled workman without his tools, a mariner without his chart and compass.

But the more joyful memories of those plastic years were stored in my mind in the spring and summer seasons. When the ploughman came, some time in April, to plough the mulberry terraces for us, I experienced a delicious sensation. When that rough peasant arrived with his primitive plough on his right shoulder, the yoke hanging from the left shoulder, his long, hard, strong goad — the same as the one with which 'Shamgar, son of Anath, slew of the Philistines six hundred men' — in his left hand, and his two cows, or oxen, or a cow and an ox, walking before him, my childish eyes beheld a most enchanting picture. His 'laborer' also came with the ploughman to break the clods behind the plough. 'Judah shall plow, and Jacob shall break the clods.' I would stand at a respectful distance, because of their menacing horns, and, with joyous bewilderment, watch those cows, with their eyes enlarged and their backs kinked, pull at the urging and goading of their master, turn the soil and cause the small stones and clods to roll musically over the terrace walls.

In the latter part of April the eggs

or 'seeds' of the silkworm begin to stir with life in the muslin sack (their winter quarters) hanging from the ceiling. Mother takes the sack down, as she makes the sign of the cross and implores the divine blessing on the silk crop that is to be. The sack is opened. The tiny worms are transferred to large trays where they are fed on mulberry leaves with conscientious regularity. Holy water is secured from the priest, consecrated especially to protect the precious worms from ants and mice, and sprinkled in the house. With such a sense of security, we proceed to bestow tender and incessant care on the silkworms for forty days, at the end of which time they cease to eat and begin to spin their cocoons in the bundles of brush especially prepared for them. It is a delight to watch them build their silken houses. My eyes feast, looking at them for hours, watching the web grow from a thin haze to a heavy shell. In a week's time the bundles of brush are converted into a solid mass of cocoons. One of the most luxurious of the bundles is given to the patron saint of the family for his gracious protection of the crop. Some choice cocoons are saved for seed, and the rest of the crop is sold to the spinners.

The summer follows and I dance for joy. Our own vines and fig trees, the desire of a peaceful Israel, are laden with fruit. The delicious black figs show their African faces among the large rough green leaves. The grapes and pomegranates afford delightful varieties. My uncle has an apricot tree near our house. He instructs me 'not to touch it,' but I do, both for the sake of eating apricots, and to spite him.

That was my father's house in its natural setting and human atmosphere. That was the feeding place and shrine of my early childhood, and these are my memories of it.

v

The larger environment of my early years was the town of El-Shweir in which my father's house stood. El-Shweir falls, geographically, in the province of Mount Lebanon, Syria, in Asiatic Turkey. It is situated about midway between Jerusalem on the south, and Antioch on the north, about sixty miles to the northwest of Damascus, and fifteen miles east of Beyrout and the Mediterranean Sea. Ecclesiastically, El-Shweir falls within the ancient See of Antioch, in the chief city of which the followers of Christ were first called 'Christians.'

The inhabitants of El-Shweir, who are supposed to count ten thousand,—and to the poetic Oriental mind a supposition is always more agreeable than an actual count,—are all of the Christian faith, and overwhelmingly Greek Orthodox. The minority consists of Maronites and Greek Catholics.¹ The inhabitants' chief source of livelihood is the stonemason trade, which is handed down from father to son, not, however, according to status, but from choice. The majority of the men follow

¹ The Greek Orthodox Church, known also as the Eastern Church, includes a great portion of Christendom, and with the exception of the Russian dominions is governed by the four independent patriarchs of Constantinople, Alexandria, Antioch, and Jerusalem.

The Maronite Church is an ancient national communion of Mt. Lebanon, which in the 12th century came voluntarily under the sway of the Pope of Rome. It is governed by a local patriarch and a hierarchy, and retains many of its ancient characteristics, such as the marriage of the inferior clergy and the use of the Syriac service.

The Greek Catholic Church is a branch of the Greek Orthodox Church, which, as the result of a schism, joined the Church of Rome in the 18th century. The chief "Western" characteristics of the church are its submission to the Pope and its adoption of the Gregorian Calendar. In other respects it is practically the same as the Greek Orthodox Church. — THE AUTHOR.

this trade, and the minority provide the town with its storekeepers, blacksmiths, carpenters, butchers, muleteers and loafers — the leisure class.

The rocky hills which surround El-Shweir are crowned with lofty pine trees, the lower slopes are covered with grapevines and fig trees, while groves of mulberry trees form the immediate environs of the town. In its depressed location El-Shweir sees but little of the outside world. Ascending to the summits of the surrounding hills, however, one beholds some of the most beautiful and sublime natural scenery in the world: the rugged and picturesque slopes of Western Lebanon, terminating in luxurious gardens at the sandy shores of the blue and dreamy Mediterranean; the city of Beyrout, with its white buildings standing on the glittering shore like blocks of silver on a cloth of gold; a countless number of hills and mountains, groves of pine and olive trees, winding streams, vineyards, and a multitude of towns and hamlets, nestling in the bosom of the hills in all directions as far as the eye can see.

The large majority of the houses of El-Shweir were similar to our house. A few houses were two stories, and one or two three stories high. There were no streets. Syrian towns never were built according to preconceived plans. Each man built on his own piece of land, regardless of general convenience and symmetry. One or two main roads ran winding through the town, and crooked stony footpaths, running from all directions, connected with those roads. In the rainy season the roads became streams of water, mud and slush, and pedestrians picked their way as best they could.

The Orient in general has never troubled itself about sanitation, not even in the large cities. At the present time some changes for the better are gradu-

ally being introduced, but in my early years the country was just as Isaiah and Paul left it. Filth and refuse were thrown everywhere in the roads and around the houses. The 'dung-hill' existed by every house. The people knew nothing about germs, and the germs apparently knew nothing about the people. Or rather, the germs did their utmost with the people generations ago, leaving only those who proved germ-proof.

In recent years El-Shweir has made some progress in certain directions, but when I was a child it was decidedly primitive. When I think of that portion of my life in comparison with my present state, I seem to myself to have traveled through the lights and shadows of two thousand years. I never knew in those days what a library was; never saw street lights, glass windows, iron stoves, public halls, newspapers, structural iron of any kind, or anything that rolled on wheels. I had never heard the piano but once (in the home of an American missionary) before I came to America. Public education, citizenship, a national flag, political institutions of any description, were as unknown to me as the postulated inhabitants of Mars.

VI

The social life of the El-Shweir of my childhood was no less strangely interesting. As in other parts of Syria, and as in the days of Israel and Canaan, and the Jews and the Samaritans, the various clans of the town lived on terms of mutual enmity. Seldom did a year pass without a serious fight occurring between the clan of Rihbany and the clan of Jirdak. To down the other clans seemed to be every clan's ideal. This I was taught by example and precept from my infancy. Often did I hear a cousin of mine say that he would pay

the toll-tax for every man who died in the clan of Jirdak. As clans, we lived in accordance with the precept, 'Eye for eye, tooth for tooth, burning for burning, wound for wound,' and no favor. There was indeed social intercourse between the various clans; there were common feasts and festivals. But all these were temporary concessions which our contiguous existence and the oneness of our religious faith required. It is not difficult to see, therefore, that under such conditions the ideal man for us was the fighter. The good man, the man wise in counsel, was indeed greatly revered, but he needed the fighter to maintain his supremacy.

Of these thoughts my young soul drank its fill. Those men of strong limbs, heavy voices and fiery eyes stood for me as the heights of my climbing ambition. To be like one of them was a dream which seemed to me too good to be realized. And those interclannish fights, which I witnessed in my innocent, plastic days, thrill my soul to its centre, even now, when I think of them. The sight of a few hundred men engaged in a hand-to-hand fight, shouting, cursing, swearing, and inflamed with wrath; hundreds of women shrieking, children howling in terror; stones, clubs, and clods flying in all directions, blood dripping from heads and faces, was indeed bewildering, overwhelming for a little soul to witness.

The large majority of the men of El-Shweir were absent from their homes from spring until late autumn. As a rule they left their home town right after the Easter festival, and scattered all over Syria in pursuit of their trade as stone-masons. In their travels 'in the land of the stranger' they forgot their clannish animosities and worked and lived together as friends. They stored their summer wages in their Damascus-made girdles, until their return home.

Their families in the mean time lived on credit.

Late in the autumn the men returned to town to spend the winter at home in complete idleness. Upon their arrival clannish animosities reasserted themselves in their hearts. Their wives, who stayed at home the year round and kept up their own feminine clannish fights, hardly allowed their returning husbands time enough to put their shoes from off their feet at the door, and their traveling bags from off their backs, before they told them of the many indignities which had been heaped upon their families in their absence, not only by the women and children of the other clan, but also by the old men who remained in the town during the summer. Thus a grave situation was immediately created, and the men made ready to 'clear for action' on short notice.

When my father came home the occasion was deliciously interesting to me. Life took on greater vigor and exhilaration. He brought with him many goodies which were 'pleasant to the sight and good for food.' The sound of the bubbling water in his long-idle narghile, the smell of the Persian tobacco smoked in it, his manly voice, and the sense of added security which his presence gave, were choice pleasures. It was a supreme moment for me when he took down the gun from the wall to clean and oil it. I was always taught that the gun was made by Satan, and I should not touch it, but I never knew the time when I did not take awe-inspiring delight in looking at this product of Satan's genius.

The social pleasures of the people of our town were very simple and unlearned. No literary circles, no lectures, theatres, or receptions; no dried-beef-and-creamed-potato church suppers, or ice-cream socials to pay the minister's salary. The social routine was very simple and most favorable to the per-

petuation of the juvenile temper. Life did not radiate in broad, intellectual, æsthetic, ethical, and political high-ways. It had only a few hungers to feed and small ambitions to satisfy. The inhabitants of the town gathered in homogeneous groups and feasted themselves on gossip and tales of adventure. Eating and drinking in parties was frequent. 'Tossing the ball' was a favorite game with the men, which, however, frequently ended in a serious fight. 'Lifting the mortar' was another heroic feat. A wooden handle was fastened in the hollow of a large stone mortar, and the strong men vied with one another in lifting it with the right arm to the shoulder, or the full height of the arm. Rivalry in this game, also, often precipitated a fight.

The game called 'Two-steps-and-a-jump' was an exciting one. A 'mark' was placed at a certain point. The player made a short run — 'to gather his strength' — until he reached the mark. Then he sprang forward with all his might, two steps and a jump. Another mark was placed where his feet last struck the ground. Thus the men strove to out-distance one another, and he whose agility placed the third mark beyond the reach of all others won the day.

The coming of 'the bear and the monkey' greatly excited the populace. The owner of the animals beat upon his tambourine at a certain spot in the town, to which the multitude hastened. A small sum was granted him by the authorities, out of the tax-money. He made the bear 'dance' and the monkey perform antics. He sang songs, the enchanting qualities of which made the animals do certain pleasing things. But the climax of the bear-and-monkey entertainment was reached when some strong man offered to wrestle with the bear.

The man comes forward. The bear,

urged by his owner, stands up on his hind feet. The wild and the human beast come together. The man's arms encircle the bear just under the armpits. The owner must see to it that the bear does not bite his antagonist. The battle is joined. The bear snorts and grunts. The man does no less. The crowd sways with every movement of the combatants. The owner urges his bear to victory. The crowd, in a similar manner, stiffen the resolution of the man. Such a battle cannot last long. The bear grows weaker, because he has danced long before the fight. The crowd shouts. The man grips the ground with his feet and, with a last mighty push, lands upon the roaring animal! Men rush forward, extricate the victor from the claws of the angry beast, and proclaim him hero. The owner soothes the misfortune of his vanquished pet.

Playing cards was a prevalent pastime. Propounding riddles, like that which Samson propounded to the Philistines, was very popular. Ghost stories abounded. The miraculous workings of saints were often and reverently rehearsed; the relative strength of the kings of Europe considered, mythical heroes extolled, etcetera, etcetera.

VII

But the chief social event of the town, the summit of social joy to both old and young, was the marriage feast. I always looked forward to a marriage feast as do those who watch for the morning. Its tumultuous joys rolled within my soul like ocean waves. It was then that as a child I could do absolutely as I pleased. It was then that my pockets burst with plenty. Sugar-plums, nuts, raisins, cakes, and other delicacies fell into my hands in great profusion. The singing, dancing, and sword-playing thrilled every nerve in

me. Both in childhood and youth, *El-Airis* — marriage feast — was to me an expression comprehensive of multitudinous joy.

According to the ancient customs of Syria, which go back to that wedding of Cana of Galilee and ages beyond it, it is not a wedding day that is appointed, but a wedding festival, which extends over several days, during which time the whole town thinks of nothing else.

During the preceding week, a deputation on behalf of the bridegroom's family, and another on behalf of the bride's, visit all the chief homes of the various clans in the town and notify them of the coming event. This is the equivalent of an invitation to all the members of all the families. Whosoever will may come. Only unfriendly clans or families are omitted and only such refuse to come, even if invited. The parable in the Gospel of St. Matthew of 'a certain king, which made a marriage for his son, and sent forth his servants to call them that were bidden to the wedding, and they would not come,' indicates this social peculiarity. The intention of the parable was to show the persistent antagonism of the Jews of the apostolic age to the Christian faith. Though they were 'called' again and again, they would not come. To refuse an invitation to a marriage feast in Syria, excepting in case of a recent sorrow, is a sign of deep-seated enmity.

His wedding day is the supremest day in a man's life. Marriage to the Syrian Christians is not only a holy sacrament, but an ideal to which all other ideals stand subordinate. The loveliest thing a guest can say to parents at the end of a meal is, 'May we eat again within this house at the wedding of the dear grooms [i.e. sons].' Matrimonial expectations are affectionately expressed to boys from early childhood. Whatever service or courtesy a boy renders, he is repaid for it by

saying to him, 'May we serve at your wedding?'

The guests come to the wedding in large groups, of hundreds and of fifties, representing clans and houses. While yet a short distance from the bridegroom's house they begin singing in groups and in diverse tunes. A large company of the groom's clan rushes out to meet the approaching throng, with singing and shouts of joy. The two groups meet and merge together, making not only 'a joyful noise,' but a deafening roar. They march into the house and are met by those within, with similar manifestations of joy. Presently all singing ceases. The relatives of the bridegroom stand in a straight line, with him as its centre and glory, facing their guests who have also fallen in line. The guests, speaking all together say, 'Blessed, O bridegroom, be your enterprise; May Allah bless you with many sons and a long life; Our joy this day is supreme.' To which the relatives of the bridegroom respond in similar fashion: 'May Allah bless your lives; May such events happen in your homes; May all your sons who are needy (of marriage) be so blessed and made happy. You have honored us by your coming!' The two parties thus give vent to their happy feelings, simultaneously causing a commotion resembling an artillery duel. Only an expert in the etiquette of the occasion is able to comprehend the meaning of the felicitations.

This part of the proceedings in the marriage festivities was always most thrilling to me. So many strong men, dressed in their best and many-colored garments, formed for me a rare picture of strength and beauty. My soul expanded and contracted with the rise and fall of their mighty voices. My heart beat tumultuously as the two crowds merged together in happy confusion. My supreme care was to be at

a safe distance from the wild tread of those many strong limbs, and the fearful points of those swords flashing at the head of the procession.

Sunday is the last and greatest day of the wedding festivities. It is the day of the solemnizing of the marriage, and all the town is out. If the ceremony is to take place at the house, then the bride is brought to the house of the bridegroom as Rebekah was brought to Isaac's house, where the consecration takes place. But if at the church, as is most often the case, then both the bridegroom and the bride are escorted there by the multitude. 'The bringing of the bride' from her father's house was a most interesting event to me as a child. Picked men are sent to 'bring the bride,' thus echoing the ancient custom of strong men forcing the bride away from her kindred. If the bridegroom is to be grave and reserved in his conversation, the bride is expected to be absolutely silent while the festivities last. She is not to open her eyes, either, excepting on rare occasions. Nor is she to close her eyes tightly. That would be humiliating crudeness. She has been instructed carefully to exercise her eyelids with lovely gentleness, until they just touch fringes, with no sign of effort, or stress. The 'drooping eyelids' of the right kind of a bride are poetized by the Syrians as a superb example of bewitching loveliness.

What seemed like an inscrutable mystery to my little mind on such an occasion, was the behavior of the bridegroom and the bride. Where did they get, all at once, such unapproachable dignity? Were they still such people as we are? Were they still my cousins? It did not seem possible. I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw them a few days after the wedding conducting themselves just like other people. The bridegroom's looks were no longer awe-inspiring. The bride's eyes were wide

open, and the output of her organs of speech seemed unlimited.

Shortly after the arrival of the escorting party, who are immediately served with wine and confections, the bride is led from her bridal seat by women attendants and the closest male friends of the bridegroom. The etiquette of the country requires that she walk out of her father's house extremely slowly. On some occasions the walk of the bride from the innermost part of the room to the door consumes about half an hour. A decorated horse or mule is at the door, on whose back she is lifted by the strong men of the party. Another mule carries the bride's bed and clothes-chest, and the procession moves slowly toward the sanctuary, amidst great rejoicing. A large concourse of people escorts the bridegroom.

When the ceremony takes place in the night, the whole affair assumes a brilliant aspect. Sword-players, singers, 'musicians,' torch-bearers and other merrymakers surround the bridegroom, and are distributed also along the procession. The housetops are filled with spectators, largely women and children. They shower on the procession rose-water, flower-water, wheat (the symbol of fecundity), and confections. Waves of *zelagheet* — songs peculiar to women — float over the marching host. The procession moves with flashing swords, flaring lamps and torches, and an indescribable din of music and song. 'Behold the bridegroom cometh! Go ye out to meet him,' and woe to those 'foolish virgins' who are not ready to join the joyous throng! The contracting parties meet at the altar, and are joined together in holy marriage by a most impressive ceremony. This done, the mighty host retraces its steps with the happy couple to the house of the bridegroom, where the chief feast of the occasion has been prepared. Food is provided for an un-

limited number of guests. They come from all the walks of life, from 'the highways and the hedges,' and the house is literally filled. In the summer season the feast is spread on the house-top, but as most of the weddings occur in the winter, the guests crowd into the house, and eat and drink from an apparently unlimited supply of Syrian generosity. With this feast end the wedding festivities.

Such were the simple pleasures and social activities amid which my earthly life began. So distressingly homogeneous, so unmixed with higher intellec-

tual and ethical delights, was the life of my people. There was no higher education to rid the mind of trivialities and superstitions, and lead to the higher unity of ideals. No industry to teach the value of time and create a longing for peace. No civic spirit to convert life's activities into ethical and social values, and lead to the love of law and order, and to cleanliness and beauty of material surroundings. Such was the home of my people when it was first introduced to my consciousness; out of it I have traveled by devious ways to the vastly various and complex present.

(To be continued.)

LETTERS OF A WOMAN HOMESTEADER

A WEDDING AND OTHER MATTERS

[These are genuine letters, written without thought of publication, simply to tell a friendly story.

The writer, a young woman, who had lost her husband in a railroad accident, went to Denver to seek support for herself and her two-year-old daughter, Jerrine. Turning her hand to the nearest work, she went out by the day as house-cleaner and laundress. Later, seeking to better herself, she accepted employment as housekeeper for a well-to-do Scotch cattleman, Mr. Stewart, who had taken up a quarter section in Wyoming. The letters written to a former employer in Denver tell the rest of her story. The first installment appeared in the October issue. — THE EDITORS.]

BURNT FORK, WYO., Nov. 22.

MY DEAR FRIEND, —

I was dreadfully afraid that my last letter was too much for you and now I feel plumb guilty. I really don't know how to write you for I have to write so much to say so little, and now that my last letter made you sick I almost wish so many things did n't happen to me for I always want to tell you. Many things have happened since I last wrote and Zebulon Pike is not done for by any means, but I guess I will tell you my newest experience.

I am making a wedding dress. Don't

grin, it is n't mine, — worse luck! But I must begin at the beginning. Just after I wrote you before, there came a terrific storm which made me appreciate indoor cosiness, but as only baby and I were at home I expected to be very lonely. The snow was just whirling when I saw some one pass the window. I opened the door and in came the dumpiest little woman and two daughters. She asked me if I was 'Mis' Rupit.' I told her that she had almost guessed it, and then she introduced herself. She said she was 'Mis' Dane,' that she had heard there was a new stranger

in the country, so she had brought her twin girls, Sedalia and Regalia, to be neighborly. While they were taking off their many coats and wraps it came out that they were from Linwood, thirty miles away. I was powerful glad I had a pot roast and some baked beans.

After we had put the horses in the barn we had dinner and I heard the story of the girls' odd names. The mother is one of those 'comfy,' fat little women who remain happy and bubbling with fun in spite of hard knocks. I had already fallen in love with Regalia, she is so jolly and unaffected, so fat and so plain. Sedalia has a veneer of most uncomfortable refinement. She was shocked because Gale ate all the roast she wanted, and if I had been very sensitive I would have been in tears, because I ate a helping more than Gale did.

But about the names. It seemed that 'Mis' Dane' married quite young, was an orphan, and had no one to tell her things she should have known. She lived in Missouri, but about a year after her marriage the young couple started overland for the West. It was in November, and one night when they had reached the plains a real blue blizzard struck them. 'Mis' Dane' had been in pain all day and soon she knew what was the matter. They were alone and it was a day's travel back to the last house. The team had given out and the wind and sleet were seeing which could do the most meanness. At last the poor man got a fire started and a wagon sheet stretched in such a manner that it kept off the sleet. He fixed a bed under the poor shelter and did all he could to keep the fire from blowing away, and there, a few hours later, a little girl baby was born. They melted sleet in the frying pan to get water to wash it. 'Mis' Dane' kept feeling no better fast, and about the time they

got the poor baby dressed a second little one came.

That she told me herself is proof she did n't die, I guess, but it is right hard to believe she did n't. Luckily the fire lasted until the babies were dressed and the mother began to feel better, for there was no wood. Soon the wind stopped and the snow fell steadily. It was warmer, and the whole family snuggled up under the wagon sheet and slept.

Mr. Dane is a powerful good husband. He waited two whole days for his wife to gain strength before he resumed the journey, and on the third morning he actually carried her to the wagon. Just think of it! Could more be asked of any man?

Every turn of the wheels made poor 'Mis' Dane' more homesick. Like Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, she had a taste for geographical names, and 'Mis' Dane' is very loyal, so she wanted to call the little firstborn 'Missouri.' Mr. Dane said she might, but that if she did he would call the other one 'Arkansas.' Sometimes homesickness would almost master her. She would hug up the little red baby and murmur 'Missouri,' and then daddy would growl playfully to 'Arkansas.' It went on that way for a long time and at last she remembered that Sedalia was in Missouri, so she felt glad and really named the older baby Sedalia. But she could think of nothing to match the name and was in constant fear the father would name the other baby 'Little Rock.'

For three years poor Gale was just 't' other one.' Then the Danes went to Green River where some lodge was having a parade. They were watching the drill when a 'bystander that was standing by' said something about the 'fine regalia.' Instantly 'Mis' Dane' thought of her unnamed child; so since that time Gale has had a name.

There could be no two people more

unlike than the sisters. Sedalia is really handsome, and she is thin. But she is vain, selfish, shallow and conceited. Gale is not even pretty, but she is clean and she is honest. She does many little things that are not exactly polite, but she is good and true. They both went to the barn with me to milk. Gale tucked up her skirts and helped me. She said, 'I just love a stable, with its hay and comfortable, contented cattle. I never go into one without thinking of the little baby Christ. I almost expect to see a little red baby in the straw every time I peek into a manger.'

Sedalia answered, 'Well, for heaven's sake, get out of the stable to preach. Who wants to stand among these smelly cows all day?'

They stayed with us almost a week, and one day when Gale and I were milking she asked me to invite her to stay with me a month. She said to ask her mother, and left her mother and myself much together. But Sedalia stuck to her mother like a plaster and I just could not stand Sedalia a whole month. However, I was spared all embarrassment, for 'Mis' Dane' asked me if I could not find work enough to keep Gale busy for a month or two. She went on to explain that Sedalia was expecting to be married and that Gale was so 'common' she would really spoil the match. I was surprised and indignant, especially as Sedalia sat and listened so brazenly, so I said I thought Sedalia would need all the help she could get to get married and that I should be glad to have Gale visit me as long as she liked.

So Gale stayed on with me. One afternoon she had gone to the post-office when I saw Mr. Patterson ride up. He went into the bunk-house to wait until the men should come. Now, from something Gale had said I fancied that Bob Patterson must be the right man. I am afraid I am not very delicate

about that kind of meddling, and while I had been given to understand that Patterson was the man Sedalia expected to marry, I did n't think any man would choose her if he could get Gale, so I called him. We had a long chat and he told me frankly he wanted Gale but that she did n't care for him, and that they kept throwing 'that danged Sedalia' at him. Then he begged my pardon for saying 'danged,' but I told him I approved of the word when applied to Sedalia, and broke the news to him that Gale was staying with me. He fairly beamed. So that night I left Gale to wash dishes and Bob to help her while I held Mr. Stewart a prisoner in the stable and questioned him regarding Patterson's prospects and habits. I found both all that need be, and told Mr. Stewart about my talk with Patterson, and he said, 'Wooman, some day ye'll gang ploom daft.' But he admitted he was glad it was the 'bonny lassie, instead of the bony one.' When we went to the house Mr. Stewart said, 'Weel, when are you douchy bairns gangin' to the kirk?'

They left it to me, so I set Thanksgiving Day, and as there is no kirk to gang to, we are going to have a justice of the peace and they are to be married here. We are going to have the dandiest dinner that I can cook, and Mr. Stewart went to town next day for the wedding dress, the gayest plaid outside of Caledonia. But Gale has lots of sense and is going to wear it. I have it almost finished, and while it does n't look just like a Worth model, still it looks plumb good for me to have made. The boys are going up after Zebulon Pike, and Mr. Stewart is going after 'Mis' Dane.' Joy waves are radiating from this ranch and about Thanksgiving morning one will strike you.

With lots of love and happy wishes,

Your ex-Washlady,

ELINORE RUPERT.

DEAR MRS. CONEY, —

... I think everyone enjoyed our Thanksgiving programme except poor Gale. She was grieved, I verily believe, because Mr. Patterson is not Mormon and could not take Sedalia and herself also. I suppose it seemed odd to her to be unable to give way to Sedalia as she had always done.

I had cooked and cooked. Gale and Zebulon Pike both helped all they could. The wedding was to be at twelve o'clock, so at ten I hustled Gale into my room to dress. I had to lock the door to keep her in and I divided my time between the last touches to my dinner and the finishing touches to Gale's toilet and receiving the people. The Dane party had not come yet and I was scared to death lest Sedalia had had a tantrum and that Mr. Stewart would not get back in time. At last I left the people to take care of themselves for I had too much on my mind to bother with them. Just after eleven Mr. Stewart, 'Mis' Dane, Sedalia and Pa Dane 'arriv' and came at once into the kitchen to warm. In a little while poor, frightened Gale came creeping in, looking guilty. But she looked lovely, too, in spite of her plaid dress. She wore her hair in a coronet braid, which added dignity and height, as well as being simple and becoming. Her mother brought her a wreath for her hair, of lilies of the valley and tiny pink rosebuds. It might seem a little out of place to one who did n't see it, but the effect was really charming.

Sedalia did n't know that Mr. Stewart had given Gale her dress, so, just to be nasty, she said as soon as she saw Gale, 'Dear me, when are you going to dress, Gale? You will hardly have time to get out of that horse-blanket you are wearing and get into something decent.' You see, she thought it was one of my dresses fixed over for Gale. Presently Sedalia asked me if I was invited to the

'function.' She had some kind of rash on her face and Zebulon Pike noticed the rash and heard the word 'function,' so he thought that was the name of some disease and asked Mr. Stewart if the function was catching. Mr. Stewart had heard Sedalia but knew 'Zebbie' had not heard all that was said and how he got the idea he had, so he answered, 'yes, if ye once get the fever.' So Zebulon Pike privately warned everyone against getting the 'function' from Sedalia. There are plenty of people here who don't know exactly what a function is, myself among them. So people edged away from Sedalia and some asked her if she had seen the doctor and what he thought of her case. Poor girl, I'm afraid she did n't have a very enjoyable time.

At last the 'Jestice' of the Peace came, and I hope they live happy ever afterward. That night a dance was given to celebrate the event and we began to have dinner immediately after the wedding so as to get through in time to start, for dances are never given in the home here, but in 'the hall.' Every settlement has one and the invitations are merely written announcements posted everywhere. We have what Sedalia calls 'homogenous' crowds. I would n't attempt to say what she means, but as everybody goes no doubt she is right.

Our dinner was a success, but that is not to be wondered at. Every woman for miles around contributed. Of course we had to borrow dishes but we could n't think of seating everyone, so we set one table for twenty-four and had three other long tables, on one of which we placed all the meats, pickles and sauces, on another the vegetables, soup and coffee, and on the third the pie, cakes, ice-cream and other desserts. We had two big, long shelves, one above the other, on which were the dishes. The people helped themselves to dishes and neighbors took turns at serving

from the tables, so people got what they wanted and hunted themselves a place to sit while they ate. Two of the cowboys from this ranch waited upon the table at which were the wedding party and some of their friends. Boys from other ranches helped serve and carried coffee, cake and ice-cream. The table cloths were tolerably good linen and we had ironed them wet so they looked nice. We had white lace-paper on the shelves and we used drawn-work paper napkins. As I said, we borrowed dishes, or, that is, every woman who called herself our neighbor brought whatever she thought we would need. So after everyone had eaten I suggested that they sort out their dishes and wash them, and in that way I was saved all that work. We had everything done and were off to the dance by five o'clock. We went in sleds and sleighs, the snow was so deep, but it was all so jolly. Zebbie, Mr. Stewart, Jerrine and I went in the bobsled. We jogged along at a comfortable pace lest the 'beasties' should suffer, and every now and then a merry party would fly past us scattering snow in our faces and yelling like Comanches. We had a lovely moon then and the snow was so beautiful! We were driving northward, and to the south and back of us were the great sombre, pine-clad Uintah Mountains, while ahead and on every side were the bare buttes, looking like old men of the mountains, — so old they had lost all their hair, beard and teeth.

My happy Christmas resulted from the ex-sheriff of this county being snow-bound here. It seems that persons who come from a lower altitude to this country frequently become bewildered, especially if in poor health, leave the train at any stop and wander off into the hills, sometimes dying before they are found. The ex-sheriff cited a case, that of a young German who was returning from the Philippines where he

had been discharged after the war. He was the only child of his widowed mother who has a ranch a few miles from here. No one knew he was coming home. One day the cook belonging to the camp of a construction gang went hunting and came back running, wild with horror. He had found the body of a man. The coroner and the sheriff were notified and next morning went out for the body, but the wolves had almost destroyed it. High up in a willow, under which the poor man had lain down to die, they saw a small bundle tied in a red bandana and fast to a branch. They found a letter addressed to whoever should find it, saying that the body was that of Benny Louderer and giving them directions how to spare his poor old mother the awful knowledge of how he died. Also there was a letter to his mother asking her not to grieve for him and to keep their days faithfully. 'Their days,' I afterward learned, were anniversaries which they had always kept, to which was added 'Benny's day.'

Poor boy! When he realized that death was near his every thought was for the mother. Well, they followed his wishes, and the casket containing the bare, gnawed bones was sealed and never opened. And to this day poor Mrs. Louderer thinks her boy died of some fever while yet aboard the transport. The manner of his death has been kept so secret that I am the only one who has heard it.

I was so sorry for the poor mother that I resolved to visit her the first opportunity I had. I am at liberty to go where I please when there is no one to cook for. So, when the men left, a few days later, I took Jerrine and rode over to the Louderer ranch. I had never seen Mrs. Louderer and it happened to be 'Benny's day' that I blundered in upon. I found her to be a dear old German woman, living all alone; the

people who do the work on the ranch living in another house two miles away. She had been weeping for hours when I got there, but in accordance with her custom on the many anniversaries, she had a real feast prepared, although no one had been bidden.

She says that God always sends her guests, but that was the first time she had had a little girl. She had a little daughter once herself, little Gretchen, but all that was left was a sweet memory and a pitifully small mound on the ranch, quite near the house, where Benny and Gretchen are at rest beside 'der fader, Herr Louderer.'

She is such a dear old lady! She made us so welcome and she is so entertaining. All the remainder of the day we listened to stories of her children, looked at her pictures, and Jerrine had a lovely time with a wonderful wooden doll that they had brought with them from Germany. Mrs. Louderer forgot to weep in recalling her childhood days and showing us her treasures. And then our feast, — for it was verily a feast. We had goose and it was so delicious. I could n't tell you half the good things any more than I could have eaten some of all of them.

We sat talking until far into the night, and she asked me how I was going to spend Christmas. I told her, 'Probably in being homesick.' She said that would never do and suggested that we spend it together. She said it was one of their special days and that the only happiness left her was in making some one else happy, so she had thought of cooking some nice things and going to as many sheep camps as she could, taking with her the good things to the poor exiles, the sheep-herders. I liked the plan and was glad to agree, but I never dreamed I should have so lovely a time. When the queer, old wooden clock announced two we went to bed.

I left quite early the next morning

with my head full of Christmas plans. You may not know, but cattle men and sheep men cordially hate each other. Mr. Stewart is a cattle man and so I did n't mention my Christmas plans to him. I saved all the butter I could spare for the sheep-herders; they never have any. That and some jars of gooseberry jelly was all I could give them. I cooked plenty for the people here, and two days before Christmas I had a chance to go down to Mrs. Louderer's in a buggy, so we went. We found her up to her ears in cooking, and such sights and smells I could never describe. She was so glad I came early, for she needed help. I never worked so hard in my life or had a pleasanter time.

Mrs. Louderer had sent a man out several days before to find out how many camps there were and where they were located. There were twelve camps and that means twenty-four men. We roasted six geese, boiled three small hams and three hens. We had besides several meat loaves and links of sausage. We had twelve large loaves of the *best* rye bread; a small tub of doughnuts; twelve coffee cakes, more to be called fruit cakes, and also a quantity of little cakes with seeds, nuts and fruit in them, — so pretty to look at and so good to taste. These had a thick coat of icing, some brown, some pink, some white. I had thirteen pounds of butter and six pint jars of jelly, so we melted the jelly and poured it into twelve glasses.

The plan was, to start real early Christmas Eve morning, make our circuit of camps, and wind up the day at Frau O'Shaughnessy's to spend the night. Yes, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy is Irish, — as Irish as the pigs in Dublin. Before it was day the man came to feed and to get our horses ready. We were up betimes and had breakfast. The last speck was wiped from the shining stove, the kitchen floor was scrubbed,

and the last small thing put in order. The man had four horses harnessed and hitched to the sled, on which was placed a wagon-box filled with straw, hot rocks and blankets. Our twelve apostles, that is what we called our twelve boxes, were lifted in and tied firmly into place. Then we clambered in and away we went. Mrs. Louderer drove, and Tam O'Shanter and Paul Revere were snails compared to us. We did n't follow any road either, but went sweeping along across country. No one else in the world could have done it unless they were drunk. We went careening along hillsides without even slacking the trot. Occasionally we struck a particularly stubborn bunch of sage-brush and even the sled-runners would jump up into the air. We did n't stop to light, but hit the earth several feet in advance of where we left it. Luck was with us, though. I hardly expected to get through with my head unbroken, but not even a glass was cracked.

It would have done your heart good to see the sheep men. They were all delighted, and when you consider that they live solely on canned corn and tomatoes, beans, salt pork, and coffee, you can fancy what they thought of their treat. They have mutton when it is fit to eat, but that is certainly not in winter. One man at each camp does the cooking and the other herds. It does n't make any difference if the cook never cooked before, and most of them never did. At one camp, where we stopped for dinner, they had a most interesting collection of fossils. After delivering our last 'apostle,' we turned our faces toward Frau O'Shaughnessy's, and got there just in time for supper.

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy is a widow too, and has quite an interesting story. She is a dumpy little woman whose small nose seems to be smelling the stars, it is so tip-tilted. She has the merriest blue eyes and the quickest wit. It is really

worth a severe bumping just to be welcomed by her. It was so warm and cosy in her low, little cabin. She had her table set for supper, but she laid plates for us and put before us a beautifully roasted chicken. Thrifty Mrs. Louderer thought it should have been saved until next day, so she said to Frau O'Shaughnessy, 'We hate to eat your hen, best you save her till to-morrow.' But Mrs. O'Shaughnessy answered, 'Oh, 'tis no mather, 'tis an ould hin she was anny way.' So we enjoyed the 'ould hin,' which was brown, juicy and tender.

When we had finished supper and were drinking our 'tay,' Mrs. O'Shaughnessy told our fortunes with the tea-leaves. She told mine first and said I would die an old maid. I said it was rather late for that, but she cheerfully replied, 'Oh, well, better late than niver.' She predicted for Mrs. Louderer that she should shortly catch a beau. 'Tis the next man you see that will come coortin' you.' Before we left the table some one knocked and a young man, a sheep-herder, entered. He belonged to a camp a few miles away and is out from Boston in search of health. He had been into town and his horse was lamed so he could not make it into camp and he wanted to stay over night. He was a stranger to us all, but Mrs. O'Shaughnessy made him at home and fixed such a tempting supper for him that I am sure he was glad of the chance to stay. He was very decidedly English, and powerfully proud of it. He asked Mrs. O'Shaughnessy if she was Irish and she said, 'No, ye haythen, it's Chinese Oi am. Can't yez tell it be me Cockney accint?' Mr. Boutwell looked very much surprised. I don't know which was the funnier, the way he looked or what she said.

We had a late breakfast Christmas morning, but before we were through Mr. Stewart came. We had planned to

spend the day with Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, but he did n't approve of our going into the sheep district, so when he found where we had gone he came after us. Mrs. Louderer and he are old acquaintances and he bosses her around like he tries to boss me. Before we left, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's married daughter came, so we knew she would not be lonely.

It was almost one o'clock when we got home, but all hands helped and I had plenty cooked anyway, so we soon had a good dinner on the table. Mr. Stewart had prepared a Christmas box for Jerrine and me. He does n't approve of white waists in the winter. I had worn one at the wedding and he felt personally aggrieved. For me in the box were two dresses, that is, the material to make them. One is a brown and red checked, and the other green with a white fleck in, both outing flannel. For Jerrine there was a pair of shoes and stockings, both stockings full of candy and nuts. He is very bluff in manner, but he is really the kindest person.

Mrs. Louderer stayed until New Year's day. My Christmas was really a very happy one.

Your friend,

ELINORE RUPERT.

. . . An interesting day on this ranch is the day the cattle are named. If Mr. Stewart had children he would as soon think of leaving them unnamed as to let a 'beastie' go without a name.

On the day they vaccinated he came into the kitchen and told me he would need me to help him name the 'critters.' So he and I 'assembled' in a safe place and took turns naming the calves. As fast as a calf was vaccinated it was run out of the chute and he or I called out a name for it and it was booked that way.

The first two he named were the Duke of Monmouth and the Duke of

Montrose. I called my first Oliver Cromwell and John Fox.¹ The poor 'mon' had to have revenge, so the next ugly, scrawny little beast he called 'The Poop of Roome.' And it was a heifer calf too.

This morning I had the startling news that the 'Poop' had eaten too much alfalfa and was all 'swellit oop,' and, moreover, he had 'stealit it.' I don't know which is the more astonishing, that the Pope has stolen alfalfa, or that he has eaten it.

We have a swell lot of names, but I am not sure I could tell you which is 'Bloody Mary,' or which is Elizabeth, or, indeed, which is which of any of them.

E. R.

BURNT FORK, WYO., Dec. 1,

DEAR MRS. CONEY, —

I feel just like visiting to-night, so I am going to 'play like' you have come. It is so good to have you to chat with. Please be seated in this low rocker, it is a present to me from the Pattersons and I am very proud of it. I am just back from the Patterson ranch and they have a dear little boy who came the twentieth of November and they call him Robert Dane.

I am sure this room must look familiar to you for there is so much in it that was once yours. I have two rooms, each fifteen by fifteen, but this one on the south is my 'really' room and in it are my treasures. My house faces east and is built up against a side hill, or should I say hillside? Anyway, they had to excavate quite a lot. I had them dump the dirt right before the house and terrace it smoothly. I have sown my terrace to California poppies, and around my porch, which is six feet wide and thirty long, I have planted wild cucumbers.

¹ As the reader may infer, Mrs. Rupert is a Roman Catholic while Mr. Stewart is a true son of the Kirk. — THE EDITORS.

Every log in my house is as straight as a pine can grow. Each room has a window and a door on the east side and the south room has two windows on the south with space between for my heater, which is one of those with a grate front so I can see the fire burn. It is almost as good as a fireplace. The logs are unhewed outside because I like the rough finish, but inside, the walls are perfectly square and smooth. The cracks in the walls are snugly filled with 'daubing' and then the walls are covered with heavy, gray building-paper, which makes the room very warm, and I really like the appearance. I had two rolls of wall-paper with a bold rose pattern. By being very careful I was able to cut out enough of the roses, which are divided in their choice of color as to whether they should be red, yellow, or pink, to make a border about eighteen inches from the ceiling. They brighten up the wall and the gray paper is fine to hang pictures upon. Those you have sent us make our room very attractive. The woodwork is stained a walnut brown, oil finish, and the floor is stained and oiled just like it. In the corners by the stove and before the windows we take our comfort.

From some broken bamboo fishing rods I made frames for two screens. These I painted black with some paint that was left from the buggy, and Gavotte fixed the screens so they will stay balanced, and put in castors for me. I had a piece of blue curtain calico and with brass-headed tacks I put it on the frame of Jerrine's screen, then I mixed some paste and let her decorate it to suit herself on the side that should be next her corner. She used the cards you sent her. Some of the people have a suspiciously tottering appearance, perhaps not so very artistic, but they all mean something to a little girl whose small fingers worked patiently to attain satisfactory results. She has a set

of shelves on which her treasures of china are arranged. On the floor is a rug made of two goatskins dyed black, a present from Gavotte who heard her admiring Zebbie's bearskin. She has a tiny red rocking-chair which she has outgrown, but her rather dilapidated family of dolls use it for an automobile. For a seat for herself she has a small hassock that you gave me, and behind the blue screen is a world apart.

My screen is made just like Jerrine's except that the cover is cream material with sprays of wild roses over it. In my corner I have a cot made up like a couch. One of my pillows is covered with some checked gingham that 'Dawsie' cross-stitched for me. I have a cabinet bookcase made from an old walnut bedstead that was a relic of the Mountain Meadow Massacre. Gavotte made it for me. In it I have my few books, some odds and ends of china, all gifts, and a few fossil curios. For a floor covering I have a braided rug of blue and white, made from old sheets and Jerrine's old dresses. In the centre of my room is a square table made of pine and stained brown. Over it is a table cover that you gave me. Against the wall near my bed is my 'dresser.' It is a box with shelves and is covered with the same material as my screen. Above it I have a mirror, but it makes ugly faces at me every time I look into it. Upon the wall nearby is a match-holder that you gave me. It is the heads of two fisher-folk. The man has lost his nose, but the old lady still thrusts out her tongue. The material on my screen and 'dresser' I bought for curtains, then decided to use some white crossbar I had. But I wish I had not, for every time I look at them I think of poor little Mary Ann Parker.

I am going to make you a cup of tea and wonder if you will see anything familiar about the teapot. You should, I think, for it is another of your many

gifts to me. Now I feel that you have a fairly good idea of what my house looks like, on the inside anyway. The magazines and Jerrine's cards and Mother Goose book came long ago, and Jerrine and I were both made happy. I wish I could do nice things for you, but all I can do is to love you.

Your sincere friend,
ELINORE RUPERT.

BURNT FORK, WYO., *April 5.*

DEAR MRS. CONEY, —

I find upon re-reading your letter that I did not answer it at all when I wrote you. You must think me very indifferent, but I really don't mean to be.

My house joins on to Mr. Stewart's house. It was built that way so that I could 'hold down' my land and job at the same time. I see the wisdom of it now though at first I did not want it that way. My boundary lines run within two feet of Mr. Stewart's house, so it was quite easy to build on.

I think the Pattersons' ranch is about twenty-five miles from us. I am glad to tell you they are doing splendidly. Gale is just as thrifty as she can be and Bobby is steady and making money fast. Their baby is the dearest little thing. I have heard that Sedalia is to marry a Mormon bishop, but I doubt it. She puts on very disgusting airs about 'our Bobby' and she patronizes Gale most shamefully, but Gale, bless her unconscious heart, is so happy in her husband and son that she does n't know Sedalia is insulting.

My dear old Grandmother whom I loved so much has gone home to God. I used to write long letters to her. I should like a few addresses of old persons who are lonely as she was, who would like letters such as I write. You

know I can't be brief. I have tried and cannot. If you know of any persons who would not tire of my long accounts and would care to have them, you will be doing me a favor to let me know.

I have not treated you quite frankly about something you had a right to know about. I am ashamed and I regret very much that I have not told you. I so dread the possibility of losing your friendship that I will *never* tell you unless you promise me beforehand to forgive me. I know that is unfair, but it is the only way I can see out of a difficulty that my foolish reticence has led me into. Few people, perhaps, consider me reticent, but in some cases I am afraid I am even deceitful. Won't you make it easy to 'fess' so I may be happy again?

Truly your friend,
ELINORE RUPERT.

BURNT FORK, WYO., *June 16.*

MY DEAR FRIEND, —

Your card just to hand. I wrote you some time ago telling you I had a confession to make and have had no letter since, so thought perhaps you were scared I had done something too bad to forgive. I am suffering just now from eye-strain and can't see to write long at a time, but I reckon I had better confess and get it done with.

The thing I have done is to marry Mr. Stewart. It was such an inconsistent thing to do that I was ashamed to tell you. And, too, I was afraid you would think I did n't need your friendship and might desert me: Another of my friends thinks that way.

I hope my eyes will be better soon and then I will write you a long letter.

Your old friend with a new name,
ELINORE STEWART.

(*To be continued*)

THE CALL OF THE JOB

BY RICHARD C. CABOT

I

A CAMPER starting into the woods on his annual vacation undertakes with enthusiasm the familiar task of carrying a Saranac boat upon a shoulder yoke. The pressure of the yoke on his shoulders feels as good as the grasp of an old friend's hand. The tautening of his muscles to the strain of carrying seems to gird up his loins and true up his whole frame. With the spring of the ground beneath him and the elastic rebound of the boat on its springy yoke, he seems to dance over the ground between two enlivening rhythms. It is pure fun.

In the course of half a mile or so, the carry begins to feel like work. The pleasant, snug fit of the yoke has become a very respectable burden, cheerfully borne for the sake of the object in view, but not pleasant. The satisfaction of the carry is now something anticipated, no longer grasped in the present. The job is well worth while, but it is no joke. It will feel good to reach the end and set the boat down.

Finally, if in about ten minutes more there is still no sight of the end, no blue sparkling glimmer of distant water low down among the trees, the work becomes drudgery. Will it ever end? Are we on the right trail at all? Is it worth while to go on?

Perhaps not, but to stop means painfully lowering the boat to the ground and later heaving it up again, which is the worst task of all — worse than going on as we are. So we hang to it,

but now in scowling, stumbling, swearing misery, that edges always nearer to revolt.

In varying proportions every one's life mingles the experiences of that carry. At its best and for a few, work becomes play, at least for blessed jewel-like moments. By the larger number it is seen not a joy but as a tolerable burden, borne for the sake of the children's education, the butter on the daily bread, the hope of promotion. Finally, for the submerged fraction of humanity who are forced to labor without choice and almost from childhood, life seems drudgery, borne simply because they cannot stop without still greater misery. They are committed to it, as to a prison, and they cannot get out.

It is not often, I believe, that a whole life is possessed by any one of these elements, — play, work, or drudgery. Work usually makes up the larger part of life, with play and drudgery sprinkled in. Some of us at most seasons, all of us at some seasons, find work a galling yoke to which we have to submit blindly or angrily for a time, but with revolt in our hearts. Yet I have rarely seen drudgery so overwhelming as to crush out altogether the play of humor and good fellowship during the day's toil as well as after it.

In play you have what you want. In work you know what you want and believe that you are serving or approaching it. In drudgery no desired object is in sight; blind forces push you on.

In all work and all education the

worker should be in touch with the distant sources of interest, else he is being trained to slavery, not to self-government and self-respect.

Present good, future good, no good, — these possibilities are mingled in the crude ore which we ordinarily call work. Out of that we must smelt, if we can, the pure metal of a vocation fit for the spirit of man. The crude mass of 'work' as it exists to-day in mines, stores, railroads, schoolrooms, studies, and ships, contains elements that should be abolished, elements that are hard, but no harder than we need to call out the best of us, and here and there a nugget of pure delight.

Defined in this way, work is always, I suppose, an acquired taste. For its rewards are not immediate, but come in foretastes and aftertastes. It involves postponement and waiting. In the acquisition of wealth, economists rightly distinguish labor and waiting; but in another sense labor is always waiting. You work for your picture or your log-house because you want it, and because it cannot be had just for the asking. It awaits you in a future visible only to imagination. Into the further realization of that future you can penetrate only by work; meantime you must wait for your reward.

Further, this future is never perfectly certain. There is many a slip between the cup and the lip, and even when gross accidents are avoided, your goal, — your promotion, your home, the degree for which you have worked, usually do not turn out to be what you have pictured them. This variation you learn to expect, to discount, perhaps to enjoy, beforehand, if you are a trained worker, just because you have been trained in faith. For work is always justified by faith. Faith, holding the substance (not the details) of things unseen, keeps us at our tasks. We have

faith that our efforts will some day reach their goal, and that this goal will be something like what we expected. But no literalism will serve us here. If we are willing to accept nothing but the very pattern of our first desires, we are forever disappointed in work and soon grow slack in it. In the more fortunate of us, the love of work includes a love of the unexpected, and finds a pleasant spice of adventure in the difference between what we work for and what we actually get.

Yet this working faith is not pure speculation. It includes a foretaste of the satisfaction to come. We plunge into it as we jump into a cold bath, not because the present sensations are altogether sweet, but because they are mingled with a dawning awareness of the glow to follow. We do our work happily because the future is alive in the present, — not like a ghost but like a leader.

Where do we get this capacity to incarnate the future and to feel it swell within us as a present inspiration? The power to go in pursuit of the future with seven-leagued boots or magic carpets can hardly be acquired or even longed for until we have had some actual experience of its rewards. We seem, then, to be caught in one of those circles which may turn out to be either vicious or virtuous. In the beginning something, or somebody, must magically entice us into doing a bit of work. Having done that bit, we can see the treasure of its results; these results will in turn spur us to redoubled efforts, and so once more to increased rewards. Given the initial miracle and we are soon established in the habit and in the enjoyment of work.

But there is a self-maintaining circularity in disease, idleness, and sloth, as well as in work, virtue, and health. Until we get the result of our work, we

cannot feel the motive for exertion. Until we make the exertion (despite present pain and a barren outlook) we cannot taste the delightful result, or feel the spur to further effort. The wheel is at the dead point! Why should it ever move?

Probably some of us are moved at first by the leap of an elemental instinct in our muscles, which act before and beyond our conscious reason. Other people are tempted into labor by the irrational contagion of example. We want to be 'in it' with the rest of our gang, or to win some one's approval. So we get past the dead point, — often a most alarming point to parents and teachers, — and once in motion, keep at it by the circular process just described.

Various auxiliary motives reinforce the ordinary energies of work. Here I will allude only to one — a queer pleasure in the mere stretch and strain of our muscles. If we are physically fresh and not worried, there is a grim exhilaration, a sort of frowning delight, in taking up a heavy load and feeling that our strength is adequate to it. It seems paradoxical to enjoy a discomfort, but the paradox is now getting familiar. For modern psychologists have satisfactorily bridged the chasm between pleasure and pain, so that we can now conceive what athletes and German poets have long felt, the delight in a complex of agreeable and disagreeable elements. In work we do not often get as far as the 'selige Schmerzen' so familiar in German lyrics, but we welcome difficulties, risks, and physical strains because (if we can easily conquer them) they add a spice to life, — a spice of play in the midst of labor.

Work gets itself started, then, by the contagion of somebody else's activity or by an explosion of animal energies within us. After a few turns of the work-rest cycle we begin to get a fore-

taste of rewards. A flavor of enjoyment appears in the midst of strain. Habit then takes hold and carries us along until the taste for work is definitely acquired.

II

In the crude job as we get it there is much rubbish. For work is a very human product. It is no better than we have made it, and even when it is redeemed from brutal drudgery it is apt to be scarred and warped by our stupidities and our ineptitudes. Out of the rough-hewn masses in which work comes to us it is our business — it is civilization's business — to shape a vocation fit for man. We shall have to remake it again and again; meantime, before we reject what we now have, it is worth while to see what we want.

What (besides better hours, better wages, healthier conditions) are the points of a good job? Imagine a sensible man looking for a satisfactory work, a vocational adviser guiding novices toward the best available occupation, and a statesman trying to mould the industrial world somewhat nearer to the heart's desire, — what should they try for? Physical and financial standards determine what we get *out of* a job. But what shall we get *in it*? Much or little, I think, according to its fitness or unfitness for our personality, — a factor much neglected nowadays.

Among the points of a good job I shall name seven: — 1. Difficulty and crudeness enough to call out our latent powers of mastery. 2. Variety and initiative balanced by monotony and supervision. 3. A boss. 4. A chance to achieve, to build something and to recognize what we have done. 5. A title and a place which is ours. 6. Connection with some institution, some firm, or some cause, which we can loyally serve. 7. Honorable and pleasant relations with our comrades in work.

Fulfill these conditions and work is one of the best things in life. Let me describe them more fully.

We want a chance to subdue. We want to encounter the raw and crude. Before the commercial age, war, hunting, and agriculture gave us this foil. We want it still, and for the lack of it often find our work too soft.

Of course, we can easily get an overdose of crude resistance. A good job should offer us a fair chance of our winning. We have no desire to be crushed without a struggle. But we are all the better pleased if the fish makes a good fight before he yields.

Not only in the wilderness, but wherever we deal with raw material, our hands meet adventures. Every bit of wood and stone, every stream and every season has its own tantalizing but fascinating individuality, and as long as we have health and courage, these novelties strike not as a frustration but as a challenge.

Even in half-tamed products, like leather or steel, there are, experts tell me, incalculable variations which keep us on the alert if we are still close enough to the elemental to feel its fascinating materiality. When a clerk sells dry-goods over the counter, I suppose he has to nourish his frontiersman's spirit chiefly in foiling the wily bargain-hunter or trapping the incautious countryman. But I doubt if the work is as interesting as a carpenter's or a plumber's. It reeks so strong of civilization and the 'finished product' that it often sends us back to the woods to seek in a 'vacation' that touch with the elemental which should properly form part of daily work.

We want both monotony and variety. The monotony of work is perhaps the quality of which we complain most, and often justifiably. Yet monotony is really demanded by almost everyone. Even children cry for it, though in

doses smaller than whose which suit their elders. Your secretary does not like her work, if you put more than her regular portion of variety into it. She does not want to be constantly undertaking new tasks, adapting herself to new situations. She wants some regularity in her traveling, some plain stretches in which she can get up speed and feel quantity of accomplishment, — that is, she wants a reasonable amount of monotony. Change and novelty in work are apt to demand fresh thought, and reduce our speed.

Naturally, there is a limit to this. We want some variety, some independence in our work. But we can easily get too much. I have heard as many complaints and felt in myself as many objections against variety as against monotony. I have seen and felt as much discontent with 'uncharted freedom' as with irksome restraint. Bewilderment, a sense of incompetence and of rudderless drifting, are never far off from any one of us in our work. There is in all of us something that likes to trot along in harness, — not too tight or galling, to be sure, — but still in guidance and with support. That makes us show our best paces.

Nor is there anything slavish or humiliating in this. It is simply the admission that we are not ready at every moment to be original, inventive, creative. We have found out the immense strain and cost of fresh thinking. We are certain that we were not born to be at it perpetually. We want some rest in our work, some relief from high tension. Monotony supplies that relief. Moreover the rhythmic and habitual elements in us (ancient labor-saving devices) demand their representation. To do something again and again as the trees, the birds, and our own hearts do, is a fundamental need which demands and receives satisfaction in work as well as in play.

For the tragedies and abominations, the slaveries and degradations of manual labor we cannot put all the blame on the large element of monotony and repetition which such labor often contains. We should revolt and destroy any work that was not somewhat monotonous. But the point is that work should offer to each worker as much variety and independence as he has originality and genius, no more and no less. Give us either more or less than our share and we are miserable. We can be crushed and overdriven by too much responsibility, as well as by too little. Our initiative, as well as our docility, can be overworked.

We want a boss, especially in heavy or monotonous labor. Most monotonous work is of the sort that is cut out and supplied ready to hand. This implies that some one else plans and directs it. In so far as we want monotony, therefore, we want to be driven, though not overdriven, by a boss. If we are to do the pulling some one else should hold the reins. When I am digging my wife's garden beds I want her to specify where they shall go. We all want a master of some kind, and most of us want a master in human shape. The more manual our work is, the more we want him. Boatmen poling a scow through a creek need some one to steer and tell them which should push harder as they turn the bends of the stream. The steersman may be chosen by lot or each may steer in turn, but some boss we must have, for when we are poling we cannot well steer and we don't want the strain of trying fruitlessly to do both. This example is typical of the world's work. It demands to be bossed, and it is more efficient, even more original when it is bossed, — just enough!

Monotony, then, and bossing we need, but in our own quantity and also of our own kind. For there are differ-

ent kinds (as well as different doses) and some are better than others. For example, to go to the same place of work every day is a monotony that simplifies life advantageously for most of us, but to teach the same subject over and over again is for most teachers an evil, though it may be just now a necessary evil.

We must try to distinguish. When we delight in thinking ourselves abused, or allow ourselves the luxury of grumbling, we often single out monotony as the target of our wrath. But we must not take all complaints (our own or other people's) at their face value. A coat is a misfit if it is too big or too small, or if it puckers in the wrong place. A job can be a misfit in twenty different ways and can be complained of in as many different tones. Let us be clear about this. If our discontent is as divine as it feels, it is not because all monotony is evil, but because our particular share and kind of monotony has proved to be a degrading waste of energy.

We want to see the product of our work. The bridge we planned, the house we built, the shoes we cobbled, help us to get before ourselves and so to realize more than a moment's worth of life and effort. The impermanence of each instant's thought, the transience of every flush of effort tends to make our lives seem shadowy even to ourselves. Our memory is like a sieve through which most that we pick up runs back like sand. But in work we find refuge and stability, because in the accumulated product of many days' labor we can build up and present at last to our own sight the durable structure of what we meant to do. Then we can believe that our intentions, our hopes, our plans, our daily food and drink, have not passed through us for nothing, for we have funded their worth in some tangible achievement which outlasts them.

Further, such external proofs of our efficiency win us not only self-respect, but the recognition of others. We need something to show for ourselves, something to prove that our dreams are not impotent. Work gives us the means to prove it.

I want to acknowledge here my agreement in the charge often brought against modern factory labor, — namely that since no workman plans or finishes his product, no one can recognize his product, take pride in it or see its defects. Even when factory labor is well paid, its impersonal and wholesale merging of the man in the machine goes far to make it unfit for men and women.

We want a handle to our name. Every one has a right to the distinction which titles of nobility are meant to give, but it is from our work that we should get them. The grocer, the trapper, the night-watchman, the cook, is a person fit to be recognized, both by his own timid self and by the rest of the world. In time the title of our job comes to stand for us, to enlarge our personality and to give us permanence. Thus it supplements the standing which is given us by our product. To 'hold down a job' gives us a place in the world, something approaching the home for which in some form or other everyone longs. 'Have you any place for me?' we ask with eagerness, for until we find 'a place' we are tramps, — men without a country.

A man with a job has, at least in embryo, the kind of recognition which we all crave. He has won membership in a club that he wants to belong to and especially hates to be left out of. To be in it as a member in full standing gives a taste of self-respect and self-confidence.

We want congeniality in our fellow workmen. One of the few non-physical 'points' which people have already

learned to look for in selecting work, is the temper and character of the 'boss.' Men, and especially women, care almost as much about this as about the hours and wages of the job. Young physicians will work in a laboratory at starvation wages for the sake of being near a great teacher, even though he rarely notices them. The congeniality of fellow workmen is almost as important as the temper of the boss. Two unfriendly stenographers in a single room will often give up their work and take lower wages elsewhere in order to escape each other.

All this is so obvious to those who look for jobs that I wonder why so few employers have noticed it. The housewives who keep their servants, the manufacturers who avoid strikes, are not always those who pay the best wages and offer the best condition of work. The human facts — the personal relations of employer and employee — are often disregarded, but always at the employer's peril. The personal factor is as great as the economic in the industrial unrest of to-day. Are not even the 'captains of industry' beginning to wake up to this fact?

III

Payment can be given a working man only for what some other man might have done, — because his pay is fixed by estimate of 'what the work is worth,' that is, what you can get other people to do it for. Hence you never pay anyone for what he individually does, but for what 'a man like him,' that fictitious being, that supposedly fair specimen of his type and trade, can be expected to do.

The man himself you cannot pay. Yet anyone who does his work well or gets satisfaction out of it, puts himself into it. Moreover he does things that he cannot be given credit for, finishes

parts that no one else will notice. Even a mediocre amateur musician knows that the best parts of his playing, his personal tributes to the genius of the composer whom he plays, are heard by no one but himself and 'the God of things as they are.' There might be bitterness in the thought that in our work we get paid or praised only for what is not particularly ours, while the work that we put our hearts into is not recognized or rewarded. But in the struggle for spiritual existence we adapt ourselves to the unappreciative features of our environment and learn to look elsewhere for recognition. We do not expect people to pay us for our best. We look to the approval of conscience, to the light of our ideal seen more clearly when our work is good, or to the judgment of God. Our terms differ more than our tendencies. The essential point is that for appreciation of our best work we look to a Judge more just and keen-sighted than our paymaster.

Nevertheless there is a spiritual value in being paid in hard cash. For though money is no measure of the individual value in work, it gives precious assurance of some value, some usefulness to people out of the worker's sight. Workers who do not need a money wage for the sake of anything that they can buy with it, still need it for its spiritual value. Doctors find this out when they try to get invalids or neurasthenics to work for the good of their health. Exercise done for exercise's sake is of very little value, even to the body, for half its purpose is to stimulate the will, and most wills refuse to work at chest-weights and treadmills, however disguised. But our minds are still harder to fool with hygienic exercises done for the sake of keeping busy. To get any health or satisfaction out of work it must seem to the worker to be of some use. If he knows that the market for raffia baskets is *nil*, and that he

is merely being enticed into using his hands for the good of his muscles or of his soul, he soon gets a moral nausea at the whole attempt.

This is the flaw in ideals of studiousness and self-culture. It is not enough that the self-culture shall seem good to President A. Lawrence Lowell or to some kind neurologist. The college boy himself, the psychoneurotic herself must feel some zest along with the labor if it is to do them any good. And this zest comes because they believe that by this bit of work they are 'getting somewhere,' winning some standing among those whose approval they desire, serving something or somebody besides the hired teacher or trainer.

I once set a neurasthenic patient, formerly a stenographer, to helping me with the clerical work in my office. She began to improve at once, because the rapid return of her former technical skill made her believe (after many months of idleness and gnawing worry about money) that some day she might get back to work. But what did her far more good was the check which I sent her at the end of her first week's work. She had not expected it, for she did not think her work good enough. But she knew me well enough to know that I had sworn off lying in all forms (even the most philanthropic and hygienic) and would not deceive her by pretending to value her work. The money was good for what it would buy, but it was even better because it proved to her the world's need for what she could do, and thus gave her a right to space and time upon the earth.

This is the spiritual value of pay. So far no one has thought of so convenient and convincing a way to wrap up and deliver at each citizen's door a parcel of courage for the future, and a morsel of self-respect which is food for the soul. But money is not the only means of paying people. The goods which money

buys, the ends which it helps us to achieve are part of our reward, perhaps the most genuine part. But gratitude, service to others, and success to our aims are often thought of as the proper ends or rewards of work. Do we want them? Can we achieve them? Let us see.

Gratitude given or received is one of the best things in the world. We need far more of it and far better quality. Yet I have never read any satisfactory account of what it so gloriously means. Its value begins just where the value of pay ends. Thanks are personal, and attempt to fit an adequate response to the particular service performed. Pay is an impersonal coin which has been handed out to many before it reaches you, and will go to many others when it leaves you. It is your right and you are not grateful for it. But thanks are a free gift and enrich the giver. There is no nobler art than the art of expressing one's gratitude in fresh, unhackneyed, unexaggerated terms which answer devotion with fresh devotion, fancy with new fancy, clarity with sincerity. Artists who get their reward only in money and in the stale plaudits of clapping hands are restless for something more individual. They want to be intimately understood and beautifully answered. For such gratitude they look to brother artists, to the few who really understand. There they find their best reward; — but even this leaves something wanting.

Why is it so notoriously difficult to accept thanks? Most things that I am thanked for I am not conscious of having done at all. Obviously the thanks are misdirected. Or, if I am conscious of having done what the thanker is grateful for, I am likewise conscious that I only handed on to a third person what had previously been given to me. I learned from Smith and then enlightened Jones. Smith is the man to

thank. Or, again, one is thanked for simply carrying out a contract; but one could not honorably do less. Thanks for going along the usual and necessary road seem gratuitous and undeserved. Or finally one receives gratitude for what one did with joy; that seems as queer as being thanked for eating one's dinner.

But suppose that the deed one is thanked for was not an act of passing along what came originally from another as you pass money in a street car. Suppose a man has really originated something, an invention, a poem, a statue. He hardly claims it as his, for he does not know where it came from. He did not 'make it up.' It sprang into his mind, given to him as much as if he had received it from a friend. He does not feel that he is the one to receive thanks. The thanks should pass through him, as the gift did, to some one else, — to his parents who gave him and taught him so much, to his race, his nation, his health, his friends, his opportunities. That is where it all came from; that is where thanks are due. But each of these influences is itself the recipient of countless other influences. Every fact in the universe depends on every other fact. Ultimately, then, not he but the universe must be thanked.

He deals with firms and employers, but he looks behind them, over their shoulders, and redirects their thanks elsewhere, ultimately, if he but knew it, to the World-Spirit. One may not remember that spirit. One often does not bother about the world's work. Thinking exhausts some people and fatally confuses others. But if one thinks at all he runs up hard against the world plan and finds it the bulkiest object in sight.

The unsentimental male American is quick to reject the idea that he cares about *serving* anybody or anything. He may admit that he wants to 'make

good' in a fair and square way, according to the rules of the game. But 'service' sounds too 'stuck up' and Pharisaical for him.

Nevertheless I firmly believe that his derision is only a ruse to conceal his morbid bashfulness and oafish sensitiveness. For in point of fact service is one of the things that pretty much everybody wants, — however much he may disguise it and conceal it from himself. I have never seen any more unsentimental and raw-boned being than the American medical student; yet he is simply hankering for service. Medical teachers spread before him banquets of tempting 'opportunities,' rare 'cases,' 'beautiful' specimens, easy chances to distinguish himself in research and to absorb his medical food in predigested mouthfuls. He often remains indifferent. But the moment you give him a place to work in a clinic, to serve as Dr. Blank's fourteenth assistant in a hospital where good work is done, he will jump at the chance. The work is much harder and more monotonous than his regular studies. Much of it is not teaching him medicine. He has to go on doing Fehling's test for sugar and trying knee jerks long after he has learned the trick. He has to measure stomach contents, to weigh patients, to bandage legs, and to write down names and addresses in monotonous routine day after day. Yet he loves the job. Despite all the drudgery, he learns far more medicine by holding down an actual job of this kind, than by lectures and classes. If you separate out the instructive portion of his day's work and present it to him without assigning him any regular position and duties, he does not like the work as well or learn so much.

Extraordinarily sound, those students' instincts! The men are bored when we offer them more opportunities to do what is easy and self-centred, but out-

side the current of reality. It is only when we give them hard, dry work like an assistantship in a clinic, — a place where they can accomplish something that has a real value in the actual world, — that they fall to with real appetite.

The sense of somebody's need is, I believe, the most powerful motive in the world, one that appeals to the largest number of people of every age, race, and kind. It wakes up the whole nature, the powers that learn as well as those that perform; it generates the vigor of interest that submerges selfishness and cowardice; it rouses the inventiveness and ingenuity that slumber so soundly in students' classrooms. For many of us, for more every time the world takes a step in the right direction, work which is service taps a great reservoir of power, sets free our caged and leashed energy.

I conclude then that pay, gratitude, and service as ends of work, have each a value, though not exactly of the sort one might expect. What about *success* as a reward of work?

Financial rewards are nowadays less advertised than the general prosperity which they express. Civic ideals are kept in the foreground, alike by 'boosters,' real-estate men, and chambers of commerce. According to these authorities business success means a flourishing city and a contented, healthy community. To help build up a fine city is what we are asked to do in case we take the investment offered us. A fine city is an efficiently managed, well-lighted community, with plenty of schools, parks, and churches. But stop a moment. What is the use of such a place?

When we have built and finished this perfect city, with its smooth-running government, its crime-freed, sanitary streets will be swept and garnished, all ready to begin — what? It is hard to hear any answer. Few are interested

enough even to attempt one. For the interest of civic reform is mainly in the process,—far less in the result. Boys who build a boat or a play-house usually find that there is far more fun in the process of building than in using the finished product. So it is with the reform of a slum or a municipal government. The best of it is in the reforming. We shall hardly stop to notice it when it is perfect. We shall take it for granted as we do the safe delivery of the letters which we post, and be off on another campaign. Our civic goals are like the scented rushes in 'Wool and Water.' The most beautiful ones, Alice found, were always those just beyond her reach. Perfect adaptation to environment, which seems to be what the sanitary and civic reformers aim at, would mean absolute stagnation,—attainment that buds no more. For what should stir us further?

'Well, anyway, to reform our city is the best thing in sight. It is certainly in the right direction.' Ah, then we know what the right direction is! *That* is something far more significant than any single step in civic progress. If we know the true direction we can point beyond the civic models to something towards which they are on the road, and get our satisfaction all along its course.

The worship of 'the right direction' is a fundamental motive in art and play as well as in work. Every noble game and work of art calls for others, incites to pilgrimages, reforms and nobler arts. Art is not meant to give us something final; everything in it is pointing ahead and gets its justification because it is 'in the right direction.' Everything in art, as in civics, gets the courage to exist and to push on because of its readiness to be corrected by experience to a truer version of its own purpose. Sincere people want the true, in their work as well as in their thinking. But the truth is an Infinite, and

the will to approach it is an infinite intention. The fruit of this infinite intention would be our utter prostration of self before the vision, 'Do with me as thou wilt.' 'Thy will not mine be done.'

I cannot see the end of all this. I see reform after reform of character and of civilization, progress after progress in science and art, rising like mountain ranges, one behind the other. But there is no conceivable sense in all these upheavals if they are mere changes, mere uneasy shifts in the position of a dreaming world-spirit. To make sense they must be moving in a single direction.

It is obvious enough that all work is supposed to fulfill someone's plan—the worker's plan or his master's. It is good for something. But every one of the goods we buy with our work is itself a means to something else, a coin with which to purchase something more. The goods we supply, the clothes, food, transportation, medicine, knowledge, inspiration which we give, are themselves means to something else, perhaps to comfort, health, education, courage. These again are means to better work, to civic perfection, to family happiness. But these once more are in themselves as worthless as fiat money or dolls stuffed with sawdust, unless there is absolute value behind them. Happiness, civic perfection, love, are sometimes named as the ultimate ends towards which the activities of busy men and women are means, but anybody who experiences any of these states and is not a Buddhist wallowing in vague bliss, finds that they incite us to new deeds. If they are not soporific drugs they are spurs to fresh action.

Taken literally, the ideals of utility and civic reform are like the old myth which explained the world's support as the broad back of an elephant. Who supports the elephant? He rests on a gigantic tortoise; and who supports the

tortoise? No answer is audible in the business sections of our cities, in the schoolrooms or in the colleges. The church's answer is derided or ignored by a large fraction of us. But it is the right one; and we shall learn to listen to it or pay the penalty. Government does not rest ultimately on the consent of the governed, but on their conformity to the will of the World-Spirit who makes and unmakes civilizations.

Success in industry, in art, or in love is saved from bitterness and disappointment because we regard our achievements far more symbolically than we know, and rest far more than we are aware upon the backing of God.

Assuming that in everyone there is an infinite and restless desire to get into the life of the World,—to share any and all life that is hot and urgent or cool and clear,—we can tackle this infinite task in two ways:—

By trying to understand the universe in the samples of it which come into our ken and to draw from these bits a knowledge which typifies and represents the whole. That is science.

By trying to serve. Service is one of the ways by which a tiny insect like one of us can get a purchase on the whole universe. If he finds the job where he can be of use, he is hitched to the star of the world, and moves with it.

ABSENCE

BY AMY LOWELL

My cup is empty to-night,
Cold and dry are its sides,
Chilled by the wind from the open window.
Empty and void, it sparkles white in the moonlight.
The room is filled with the strange scent
Of wistaria blossoms.
They sway in the moon's radiance
And tap against the wall.
But the cup of my heart is still,
And cold, and empty.

When you come it brims
Red and trembling with blood,
Heart's blood for your drinking;
To fill your mouth with love
And the bitter-sweet taste of a soul.

A PRACTICABLE ORGANIZATION OF DEMOCRACY

BY J. N. LARNED

So long as space, in contradiction to Kant, asserted its substantial reality by holding men apart, social relations were limited narrowly, and the process of their orderly organization was very slow. In this matter our age has experienced the most marvelous of the great changes of circumstance that have occurred in the life of mankind. We have seen space become so collapsible, as we may say, in the hands of the engineer and the electrician, and so feeble an obstruction to human intercourse, that it is hardly, any longer, in the reckoning of difficulties to any social undertaking, however big. As a consequence, the organizing of human relations, in every possible articulation of common interests or reciprocal services, is now the busiest and most important work of our time. Everywhere, on an always expanding scale, people are giving the organic corporate structure to everything they do: to their industries, their commerce, their works of education, their pursuits of science, their entertainments, and equally to their iniquities and their reforms.

In other words, society is being organized with remarkable completeness in a disjunctive way; while integrally, in its wholeness, it has no more organization than it had a hundred years ago. Its organizable wholeness is, of course, only that of its political incorporation, through which runs the single thread of social relationship that ties each to every other of the individuals who inhabit given sections of the earth. In this relationship the social

organization of mankind is showing nowhere a distinct advance. To us, whose political incorporation is that of a representative democracy, undertaking entire self-government, this unorganized condition is a serious fact; and the more serious because the process of disjunctive organization has been applied to it with alarmingly disjunctive results. Its members, so far as they will submit to it, are organized to mechanical perfection as political partisans; but as constituents of the sovereign democracy, — the basic social body, — they have no organization, and seem generally unconscious of their need to have any.

The needed organization for democracy in its wholeness is one that shall be inclusive of everything requisite for party organization, carrying in itself such forms, agencies and processes as will offer free and ready service to all assortments and combinations of differing political opinion, equipping them with equal opportunity to contest the ordering of public affairs. A true democracy is impossible without the fluency of popular action in politics which these conditions would secure, and which can be lost under despotic parties as well as under despotic kings.

Primarily, the needed organization must be based on a representation of the people in their government by a truer assorting of them than is possible to our present method, which takes them as they are grouped by the mere accident of their residence together within given districts of ground. Of

course it is impossible to devise a system of selection (nomination) and election which would give exactly correct weight to agreements and disagreements of choice, and make every functionary of government a strictly true representative of his constituency; but it cannot be impossible for an intelligent, ingenious, resourceful democracy to achieve something nearer to that result than has been thus far realized. It has never even attempted to make *opinion* the basis of its political representation. It has never tried to form constituencies for representation by an assortment of voters according to what they most strongly desire their government to do. It contents itself with bunching them in districts of territory, as they happen to be living together, and thus representing, not the voters and their opinions and wishes, but certain areas of house-lots and farms, within each of which whatever happens to be the uppermost disposition of mind, as expressed at the polls by any majority whatsoever, shall be taken for an expression of opinion and will from the community entire.

In all cases this annuls some large part of the votes cast; in most cases nearly half of them; in many cases more than half (when pluralities instead of majorities prevail); extinguishing completely the public opinion and will expressed in these minorities of votes, and carrying into government a delegation of authority and a dictation of policy which rarely come from any large proportion of the governed. When we bring our political beliefs and desires to the polls of such an election, the best we can do is to pick out one or two, on which we may possibly combine votes with enough of our accidental neighbors to secure some chance of accomplishing an election, with some hope that the chosen representative of our patch of ground may coincidently

tally represent our individual selves in some fractional way. It seems farcical to call this a system of government representative of the people.

Naturally, in such circumstances, we have drifted into the two-party division of the mass of voters in our districted constituencies; and just as naturally those make-shift parties are steadily losing their last remnants of meaning and purpose as organs of popular opinion and will. A few people among us — prohibitionists, populists, socialists — are sufficiently earnest in particular aims to throw away their votes on hopeless candidatures, rather than contribute to a misrepresentation of what they care for most. In this there is a fidelity to democratic principle which claims high respect, and which ought to have the encouragement and the cultivation that a reality of representation would give it.

If the best were made of the geographical formation of representative constituencies it would still be farcical in its pretension to organize self-government by the governed. But the best is never made of it, and never can be, for the reason that, in the working of our two-party politics, one or the other party will always have power to gerrymander the carving of districts, for the wasting of its opponent's votes, and will never fail to employ that fraud. I doubt if an instance to the contrary can be found in any districting of constituencies, for city, county, state, or national elections, within these United States. Examples of the gerrymander and its juggling are everywhere. I take the one that lies readiest to my hand, in the ward elections of 1911 in my own city. The city is divided into twenty-seven wards, of a carefully calculated eccentricity in their shapes. It had one alderman to elect in each. Regular nominations were made on each side of our ridiculous two-party division; a

few independent candidacies were undertaken; some scattering and some blank votes were cast; and the whole aldermanic vote in the city was 70,611.

By majorities or pluralities the nominees of one party were elected in seventeen wards, where that party polled 26,993 votes, against 20,772 in opposition. The other party was successful in ten wards by an aggregate vote of 11,729, against 11,700. The number, in all wards, of votes cast successfully, — cast, that is, for candidates who were elected, — was 38,722. The total number of unsuccessful votes was 31,889. The party which carried ten wards (which was the party that had planned the ward divisions, to its own advantage) secured its representation in the board of aldermen by an average of 1173 votes in each ward. The other party suffered a wasteful expenditure of 1588 votes in the average of its seventeen wards. If the twenty-seven elected aldermen had represented equal constituencies of voters, the 38,722 votes which elected the entire twenty-seven should have elected only fifteen, and the 31,889 votes which elected none, and had no voice in the city government, should have sent twelve representatives to the board.

This is a fair, common example of the working of the system under which we try to persuade ourselves that we are operating a government representative of the governed. To state the facts is enough to show how crude, how rudely fashioned a piece of social mechanism it is; how well designed to become the ready instrument of self-seeking and intrigue in politics; how very far from realizing any rational conception of a representatively self-governed democracy. The bare facts, too, show plainly that the evils which infest our politics are mostly inseparable from the practice of representing in government, not sections of public opinion, but sections

of a map. It is the difficulty of making any other than the coarsest assorting of our oppositions in political opinion, within these hard-and-fast boundaries of residence, that has driven us into our two-party organization, with its utter misfit as to all questions of local government; with its machine-like structure and working; with its wide opportunities for turning public service to personal profit, — its open temptations to corruption, — its emptiness of any inspiration of political ideals.

In the primitive evolution of representative government a districted election of representatives was fallen into inevitably, because it was the simplest, easiest mode, and because it was naturally satisfying to peoples who had had no voice in government before. Habit then fixed it in use, and it was justified, perhaps, so long as restricted means of communication limited all kinds of combination to narrow neighborhoods. But that justification exists no longer. To-day, for every purpose of social co-operation, the areas of neighborhood are stretched less by a hundred miles of distance than they were by ten miles a generation or two ago.

In my belief we have nothing now but habit to hinder us from organizing *undistricted constituencies of agreeing opinion*, and giving them a representation in government that will be uncontested and complete. As I hope to show, it is a rearrangement of representation which need not be undertaken sweepingly, at once, in a revolutionary way, but which can be tried here and there, now and then, side by side with the existing system, beginning naturally in the fields of local government, city and county, and extended later into the larger fields of state and national politics, or abandoned, according to the satisfaction or otherwise that it gives. If it should carry the will of the people into government with more directness

and better effect than the districted method, the old political parties might be constrained to adjust their own organization to it, with advantage to their character and usefulness; but no legitimate function of theirs would be menaced in the slightest degree.

Already, it seems, there are younger communities than ours, Pretoria and Johannesburg, in South Africa, for example, in which an assorting of voters in constituencies of agreeing opinion has been accomplished with success. This is done in connection with a method of preferential voting, under a law which confers election on any candidate who receives a prescribed number of votes. The preferential voting involves some complexity which may not be serious, but which I think it possible to avoid.

As I have the thought of such undistricted constituencies, they involve no change in our present mode of preparing or polling votes. The ballot may be unaltered; the same election districts may be maintained—each citizen voting in the district of his residence, as now. The change of effect in the voting would come primarily from a more systematic registration of voters,—a complete and exact enrollment,—such as all communities need for other than political purposes, and the lack of which is a fundamental crudity of our social organization.

With such a registration established and maintained, I can see no slightest impracticability in the idea of forming constituencies of people who are most nearly in agreement on the measures and policies to be dealt with by the representative whom they elect. The formation of such constituencies, according to my conception of them, would start naturally and easily from the gathering of what may be called *electoral groups*, made up of kindred-minded people, resident in the same election district. Let some state, in its election

laws, simply permit any number of voters in any election district to form such a group, and to associate themselves with other electoral groups of like-minded voters in other election districts, to such an extent as will make up some prescribed number of voters, sufficient for the constituency of a representative in their city board of aldermen, or their county board of supervisors, or either branch of their state legislature, or in the national Congress. If action is taken on such permission, let the law provide that the electoral groups formed in election districts, and the constituencies made up by their association, shall be officially numbered and recorded, and that the registration of citizens in each community shall cover full particulars concerning them. That is, the register of a citizen must record the electoral group, if any, to which he has attached himself, and the register of a group must record its membership and the constituency or constituencies of which it forms part.

The only needful innovation in procedure on election day would seem to be in the marking, counting, and reporting of votes. Each vote cast by a voter registered as belonging to an electoral group would bear the number of the group, and the count and return of votes would be required to show the number to the credit of the several groups so designated. If the groups united in a given constituency were shown by the returns to have polled a number of votes which satisfied the requirement from such constituency, and if the same person had been named by all or by a majority, that constituency would have elected its representative. This is all that I can see of complication that would be added to the present process, and it is too slight to have weight for a moment against the reality of representation in government that would be brought about.

Taking for illustration the circumstances of the municipal election already described, the working of the method would be this: the total of votes for aldermanic candidates in that election having been 70,611, the average per ward was 2615. The latter number, then, or an even 2600, would have been the fair minimum of membership to prescribe for the making up of twenty-seven undistricted constituencies to be represented in the aldermanic board. If a municipal representation on that plan had been authorized by law, as an alternative to the representation of wards, and if the existing political parties had already found it desirable to adopt this construction of constituencies, and if the array of voters in party ranks remained unchanged, one party could have formed groups in the election districts sufficient to make up fourteen constituencies, and could have seated that number of aldermen in the board, representing the exact ratio of its supporters to the total voting population of the city; while the other party could have seated eleven, and the scattered and blank votes could have filled two independent seats.

But this hard-and-fast division on national party lines would not have been maintained; for the reason that there happened to be a local situation at the time which made the party yoke more than commonly oppressive to many citizens. On the question of a new city charter, to increase the measure of home-rule and to concentrate responsibility in the city government, thousands from both parties would have thrown their votes together, if an effective combination had not been so difficult to organize. What I suggest would seemingly take most of that difficulty away. Occasions which call loudly, as in this instance, for some special demonstration of public opinion and feeling, but which are afforded no effective

response under a districted representation, are of frequent occurrence everywhere. Some measure of legislation or some line of policy, in city, county or state government, which the professional politicians of established parties antagonize, is desired very earnestly by a large body of citizens, numerous as a whole, but so divided by district lines in their voting that they can make little or no showing of their numbers in the election of representatives to the legislative body from which action must come. By the offer of the undistricted constituencies their feebleness of political influence would be converted at once into something of effective weight, scaled with mathematical precision.

If there is anything of serious new difficulty or troublesomeness in our political action involved in this method of organization I cannot see it. Nothing is commoner among us, nothing more familiar to our social experience, than the forming of associations or clubs; and an electoral group would be no more or less than a political club, affiliated with other clubs of like opinion and aim to form a representative constituency. The work incident to the movement would be mostly within the local circles of the groups, and not likely to be greater than goes into the action for which religious or benevolent or business associations are formed.

Citizens who did not choose to enter an electoral group could continue to vote under the districted system of representation, so long as political parties continued to put forward candidates in districts. The only necessary interference with the existing system would be the prescription of some minimum of votes that must be cast in a districted constituency, as well as in an undistricted one, to validate elections in either. If there came to be, in time, a considerable use of the offered opportunity for representing constitu-

encies of agreeing opinion, the permanent parties might find so many of their districted votes drained away into the new constituencies, that they could not hold their ground in politics without accepting for themselves the more rational plan. A systematic representation of all political opinion might thus be instituted, displacing the crude representation of majorities and pluralities in territorial districts, by the simple effect of a permissive law, if the people found it good.

Action under such a permissive law would naturally begin, as I have said, in the spheres of local government. It is there that the joining of group to group, in the associating of a fixed number of voters, could be effected most easily. A widened grouping and association, however, extended from wards and townships to legislative and congressional districts, would only widen the communications to be employed; which is almost a negligible consideration at the present day. And if undertakings in this suggested line should be carried no further than into municipal representation, they might with reason be expected to do much in that sphere toward the accomplishing of a political reform which is foremost among our needs. They would weaken to easy breakage the fatal domination of national politics and national party organization, which paralyzes municipal politics and denies to local questions and interest their due share of attention in the public mind. To break the unnatural and mischievous connection of municipal with national and state politics would be the breaking of our political parties from the most powerful of the influences and the most pernicious of the conditions which vitiate their management now.

It must be confessed that undistricted constituencies can be of no advantage in the election of administrative

officials, city or state, where the voting, of necessity, is undistricted; but neither can they be troublesome to it. No difficulties could attend the attaching of the election of a mayor or governor to any balloting for which electoral groups and open constituencies have been specially formed, if it connects with their other aims.

When the most has been made of all objections to the suggested system, let the following considerations to its advantage be set down:—

Public opinion and desire on political questions of the day would be represented, in all of its important divisions, with a definiteness and an accuracy which cannot conceivably be attained by a representation of mere majorities and pluralities among the voters dwelling within given areas of ground. To accomplish that state of things would be to realize a government of the people by the people, in true operation for the first time. Unless the theory of democracy is a delusion, this is what must be realized; for otherwise the theory becomes a doctrine that one hundred members of a free and equal body politic may silence the voices of ninety-nine, and exercise the rankest of tyrannies, while conducting, nevertheless, the freest form of government attainable by mankind. Practically, such is the implication of the democratic theory, so far as it has yet been applied in a general way. Varied devices for its modification, to prune the absolutism of majorities, by some small concession of effect to minority votes in a districted constituency, have been long under discussion and occasional trial; but their complicated operation and defective result are discouraging to their adoption, and there appears little promise that any among them will ever have much use. Hence, while the ideals of democracy are the most rational that humanity can entertain, I discover no

hope that they can be realized politically until a free and fluent representation of public opinion in its differences is organized in some such fundamental mode as I have described.

The worst working of our system of districted representation is in the primary and most important movement of the elective act, — namely, the seeking and naming of candidates from among whom the election is to be made. Out of the mixed population of a constituent district, whether it be the ward of a city or a larger legislative district, the manipulators of party organization, who control the sharing of political spoils, can generally command a body of supporters against whose obedient unity in the primary voting there is seldom an opposing rally that can be organized with success. Present demands for legislation to provide for the nomination of candidates by direct popular vote may produce something to curtail the dictatorship of the party 'boss'; but nothing yet realized from this important reform gives assurance that its effects will go very deep. The self-interested agencies of party organization will still be active at every polling place, with large advantages of unity and plan in what they do.

But if our mixed constituencies, of districted populations, were broken into constituencies of citizens assorted by their agreements and disagreements in political opinion and purpose, then the kind of voters who serve political bosses would have to go together, in separated groups and constituencies of their kind, while citizens of the other sort, having political beliefs to assert, ideals of government to strive for, and standards of quality to be satisfied in the choice of their representatives, could make an uncontested choice. Organization would have been ready-made for both, and the contest of political independence with political boss-

ism, fought then on level ground, would have its right result.

Citizens who cherish political ideals, coming together in electoral groups and then united in constituencies, would be fastidious and critical in their choice of representatives, as no constituencies of the present system can ever hope to be. The man of their preference would be sought by them, and solicited, not to submit himself to the indignities of a vulgarized political contest, uncertain in result, but to accept a service of honor, lying entirely within the gift of those who proffered it. Public life might then offer careers which would appeal to one of the worthiest of ambitions, be responsive to one of the highest calls of duty, and yield one of the most substantial of satisfactions. Men who scorn the servile terms on which public office is now most commonly conferred, would accept it then from the hands of their fellow-citizens with well-justified pride.

The character of our legislative bodies and of our whole public service could not fail to be raised. The better political motive and intelligence of most communities might still remain in minorities of their citizenship; but they could secure their representation, proportionately to whatever weight they had; they could have full expression in legislative chambers; their demands, their protests, their appeals to reason, could be carried where they must have the hearing and the influence which they seldom get now.

All of which leads to these final questions: Is there any other political reform that could give us so much of the reality of government by the people governed, and determine its possibilities so conclusively, as an organized representation of undistricted constituencies of agreeing opinion? and, Why do we not undertake that natural and very simple organization of democracy?

RED BIRD, HE CAN SEE

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

'JIMMIE,' said George Washington Morris, better known among the blind boys at the Lomax School for deaf and blind children as 'Red Bird,' because he hailed from a little post-office place of that name. 'Jimmie, what would you do if you was to fall into a gre-at big ditch?'

Red Bird was given to facing Jimmy Little, his small running mate, with terrifying problems of the foregoing nature.

'Just Jimmie,' the teachers called the latter among themselves, from his habit of repudiating his last name.

'No, sir,' he would say, wrinkling up his thin gray-mouse little face with its shrunk, scared eyes. 'No, sir, I don't know nothin' about no Little name. Mr. Todd at the poorhouse he tagged that on to me, when he sent me here to school. I reckon he thought it sort of finished a fella out like, to have a second name. But I never had no folks, they found me when I was a baby just throwed away 'long side of the Mill Creek highroad — that's one of the roads down in Lupin County — and I never was called nothin' but just Jimmie. But,' he was apt to add as a triumphant afterthought, 'Red Bird *he's* got folks, an' he kin see too!'

At Red Bird's question in regard to the big ditch, Just Jimmie's upraised listening face twitched all over with excitement as it always did whenever his hero spoke. It was as though the words actually fell upon his waiting little visage.

'Why — why, Red Bird, I think I'd

pray,' he offered eagerly, after due consideration.

'Hem,' the other retorted. 'Bet yer *I* could git out a heap quicker 'n that!'

'Well, maybe *you* could, Red Bird — maybe you could, 'cause you kin see, you kin see real good.' (Red Bird's face screwed itself into a curious little frown at this tribute.) 'An' course,' Jimmie went on, elaborating his philosophy, 'if a fella kin see he don't have to pray so much.'

'A fella *has* to pray, anyhow, whether he kin see or not,' Red Bird declared severely. 'You don't reckon seein' makes any difference to the Lord, do you?'

Though this last was put in the shape of a reproof, there was, nevertheless, the hint of a wistful question in Red Bird's tone.

'Er course it don't make no difference to the *Lord* whether you kin see er not,' Jimmie returned, waving about excitedly, 'but — but it makes a heap of difference to yourself.'

It was George Washington's Birthday, not Red Bird's, but that of the father of his country. The school in consequence was indulging in a half holiday, for which reason Red Bird and Jimmie were free to perch at leisure on the stéps of the blind boys' sitting-room, and speculate over such high problems as prayer and big ditches.

When Jimmie Little had arrived the previous autumn at Lomax, Mr. Lincoln, the Superintendent, thought he had never before seen such a forlorn, gray-mouse bit of a blind boy of eight.

Just a little human derelict tossed over to Lomax from the Lupin County Poorhouse. Blind he was, of course; thin as a little skeleton; bewildered by his new surroundings; dazed by all the babble and confusion of the sixty or so other blind children; and more than usually handicapped in finding his way about by having slipped down a flight of stairs and broken one arm. He was forever missing his bearings and getting lost. This, however, he appeared to be used to, and if no friendly hand arrived to guide him into port, he curled himself up wherever he happened to be and dropped off to sleep. And being stumbled over and furiously berated by the other blind boys, 'for *allus* layin' 'round in the way!' was apparently just one more drop in his bitter bewildered cup of existence, and wrung from him no retort or defense.

On the fourth day of school, however, George Washington Morris, Red Bird the masterful, the braggart, the triumphantly self-confident, blundered over Just Jimmie's little curled-up person lost in the wide courtyard between two of the school buildings, and at once took him in tow.

'You just hitch on to *me*, kid,' he had commanded; 'I'm pretty nigh nine years old, an' I been at Lomax for more 'n a year, an' I kin tell you there ain't much erbout this ole school I don't know. An' anyhow I kin see real good.'

Jimmie closed joyfully with the friendly offer, and from that time Red Bird became his hero — nay, he was more than a mere hero, he made up the romance, the poetry, the zest, of Just Jimmie's existence. To him the other boy was as exciting as a pitched battle, as intoxicating as wine. The contagion of this new buoyant personality wrought an extraordinary change in him. He began to hold up his head, to walk with more confidence, even to

develop a comical little swagger of his own. And all day long his thin little voice was forever proclaiming the wonders of Red Bird. How strong Red Bird was, how he could fight — 'Yes, sir! Lick any boy at Lomax!' How he had folks — folks who sent him postcards — 'Why — why Red Bird, he — he gits a postcard from *his* folks most — most every day — leastways he gits one onct a week *anyhow*.' But most of all Just Jimmie's pæan was, 'Red Bird, he kin see!'

When Red Bird's parents had brought him to Lomax the year before, his mother had seized an opportunity to say privately to Mr. Lincoln, 'Georgie can see a little with one eye — just the least little bit. It ain't anything really, not much more than telling light from dark, but,' she went on with wistful shamefacedness, 'maybe we've kind of humored him into thinkin' he can see more than he really can. He's so terrible proud of it that — some way' — she swallowed — 'we just *could n't* tell him the truth. But he ain't really lyin' when he says all that about how well he can see,' she added in quick defense, 'cause he thinks he can see real good.'

And later on when Mr. Lincoln saw Red Bird staring at an intensely bright electric flashlight held within a few inches of his eye, and heard him announce triumphantly, 'There now I kin see that light just fine, an' yet some folks says I'm nearsighted,' he had understood.

Through the open door of the sitting-room there came all at once a burst of shouts for Red Bird.

'Here, Red Bird, where you —'

'Read my postcard for me —'

'No, sir! He's not, he's goin' to read mine for me —'

Red Bird and Jimmie scrambled up from the steps and groped their way to the shouting group of boys within,

Jimmie's quavering little voice keeping up a devoted refrain of 'Red Bird he kin see, he kin see to read postcards 'most as good as sighted folks,' though nobody was paying any attention to him.

'Well boys, how are you?' an unexpected grown-up voice inquired pleasantly.

For an instant the animation of the little company fell to a dead listening silence. Then realizing that the voice belonged to Miss Lyman, their matron, they burst into a chorus of friendly greeting, Jimmie coming in behind all the rest with — 'I'm-very-well-I-thank-you'm-How-are-you?' said all in one breath, and very much as if her query had pulled a string, or touched a button somewhere or other in his small anatomy.

'Is n't this a beautiful holiday?' she went on. 'It's real spring weather, and don't the mountains look beautiful —' She caught herself up sharply, biting her lips.

'I heard Mrs. Lincoln say they was looking lovely this morning,' one of the older boys answered politely, possibly divining the reason for her sudden pause.

'Gee! I don't have to have nobody *tell* me mountains is pretty, I kin see 'em for myself,' Red Bird boasted.

'Well, I can't *see* er mountain, but — but I kin smell 'em,' Jimmie announced, crinkling up his nose, and sniffing excitedly from side to side.

One of the other boys gave a great shout of laughter. 'Well, just listen to that kid, will you! He says he can smell a mountain!' he cried. 'Say, what does it smell like anyhow, Jimmie?'

Jimmie's sensitive little face went crimson. 'It — it smells like woods, an' — an' like things growin', an' wet leaves, an' that's a all-right way to tell about a mountain, ain't it, Red Bird? You — you can't *hear* a mountain,

an' — an' — an'' (Just Jimmie always fell to wild stuttering when put on the defensive) 'an' it's too big to *feel*, so if you c-can't *see*, why *smellin's* a all-right way to tell about it. Ain't it, Red Bird? Ain't *smellin'* a all-right way to tell about a mountain?' he appealed shrilly.

'Course it is,' Red Bird returned, 'an' —' he whirled suddenly and, with swift fingers ascertaining the direction of the boy who had laughed, implanted on his face a sudden and stinging blow — 'an' maybe *that'll* learn *you* to know it is,' he wound up.

'Why, *George!*' Miss Lyman cried, flinging herself between him and his outraged victim. 'Why, what on earth makes you act like that!'

Red Bird thrust his hands into his pockets, and executed an awkward and wholly unrepentant double shuffle.

'I dunno,' he returned engagingly, 'but sometimes seems like I feel so good, I just naturally *have* to smack somebody.'

'You could have told Edward Jimmie's way of telling about a mountain was all right, without hitting him —'

'Maybe so, Miss Lyman,' Red Bird interrupted, with airy confidence, 'but if you'll notice you'll see er fella is mighty apt to know a thing a heap better if you tell it to him with your fist.'

Catching his hero's spirit, Jimmie thrust his thumb and forefinger gruesomely into his eye-sockets, and spun round and round in a grotesque little war-dance of his own.

'Yes, sir! That's the way to tell 'em, Red Bird! That's the way!' he cried, the shrill anxiety of his voice changed to triumph, 'an' I just knowed that was a all-right way to tell a mountain, an' Red Bird, he knows, 'cause *he* kin see!'

'Yes, Red Bird can see,' another boy chimed in. 'Gee! If I could see good

as him, bet I would n't be at no blind school.'

Red Bird let this pass.

'Here, boys,' he cried briskly, 'gimme yer cards so's I kin read 'em for you; I ain't got all day to fool with you all.'

Putting out a groping hand, he took a card from the nearest boy, and holding it up before his face he began, 'Dear Son, this is to let you know I am well, an' hopes you are the same. You must be a good boy, an' learn your lessons good. From your respectful father.'

'Why, George! how well you read!'" Miss Lyman exclaimed in astonishment. Involuntarily she took the card from him, but the words which stared up at her were, —

'Dear little Robert, — How are you getting along? Sadie was sick a spell but is now better. Don't forget your father and mother.'

'Why, the little *liar*!' she cried sharply to herself, and turned upon Red Bird.

He had shrunk slightly away, every line of his body speaking of a strained consciousness of her reproachful eyes upon him, and his averted face was half-pleading, half-defiant.

'George,' she began gravely.

But suddenly Jimmie's quavering pipe cut in with, 'Yes, sir! Red Bird kin see to read writin' good as anybody.'

Miss Lyman shut her lips tight. Jimmie had choked her intended reproof to silence. It did not seem to her that she could shatter his idol in his very presence, but she registered a vow to have a serious talk with George in private.

At this moment word came that Miss Cynthia — the teacher who was managing the entertainment to be held that evening by the blind department of the school, in celebration of the day — wanted all the boys who were to take part in it to come and rehearse.

'Come on, kid,' Red Bird cried, reaching out an arm for Jimmie in the general scramble. 'Mind out now for that bench —'

But alas! in thus masterfully guiding Jimmie, Red Bird struck his own head against the sharp edge of a half-open door.

'Oh!' cried Miss Lyman, starting forward.

'What's the matter, Red Bird? What's the matter — what'd you run into?' Jimmie cried distractedly.

For a moment the blow had staggered Red Bird, and he leaned dizzily against the door, breathing hard and struggling against the surge of tears; but at Jimmie's words he flashed up straight and flung his shoulders back.

'I did n't run into *nothin*!' Course I did n't! What's the matter with you? Don't you know I kin see?' he cried passionately, proudly, while the blow on his forehead swelled to a hot finger of red.

The entertainment in celebration of Washington's Birthday that evening was drawing to its close. It had been a great success. There had been patriotic songs, recitations, and dialogues. There had even been a one-act play, in which Red Bird's engaging self-confidence, unblemished by any hint of stage fright, had brought down the house, and had so inspired Jimmie that he had even achieved a small success of his own.

An address by Mr. Lincoln had followed the play. He made no attempt at impassioned oratory, but he had a clear-voiced, earnest, direct manner of appeal which aroused every child, boy or girl, from fiddling with fingers or buttons, to listen with all his or her attention. And as with swift, vivid word-strokes he presented the glories of patriotism and of truth, there was not a small heart there which did not

go a beat or two faster, or a little soul which did not dedicate itself to a stricter truth, and a higher devotion to its country.

There remained just one more number on the programme, then the general singing of 'My Country, 't is of Thee,' and then, ice-cream and cake and bed, with Washington's Birthday of nineteen hundred and twelve swinging into its place among the years crowned with all the honor and glory of which the Lomax School was capable.

'I'm glad you said what you did about truth,' Miss Lyman commented warmly, as Mr. Lincoln dropped to a seat beside her and Mrs. Lincoln. 'I trust our small George Washington may take it to heart. You know what stories he tells about how much he can see.'

'Yes,' said Mr. Lincoln thoughtfully, 'I had Red Bird very much in mind. He always exaggerated about that, but it seems to me his imagination has grown perfectly unbridled ever since I let him go home for the Christmas holidays. His parents are extremely foolish, but of course he can see a very little, and it must be hard for them to check him. But why don't the festivities proceed?' he broke off, realizing that for some reason there was an unusually long wait.

'What do we finish with?' He glanced at his programme. 'Oh, "My Name it is George Washington," sung by George Washington Morris. Red Bird seems slow in testifying to the fact.'

'I don't wonder,' Miss Lyman laughed. 'Ah, here he is,' she added in relief, as the curtains, manipulated by two of the big deaf boys, swung apart to reveal the small performer holding a large American flag over his head.

Suddenly, unexpectedly, a sharp ache clutched Miss Lyman's throat. Red Bird was all alone upon the stage, and

somehow she had never before realized what a little boy he was. Moreover, there was something about his face that seemed to blur and soften away its usual swaggering conceit.

'Why — why he's been *crying!*' she whispered sharply.

Nevertheless, flinging his head back with his old arrogance, Red Bird struck bravely into his song. It was one of exalted sentiment in which a small boy enumerates the different things he cannot do, because (the refrain)

My name it is George Washington, I cannot
tell a lie,
Beneath this flag he gave to us, So let me live
and die.

Red Bird's clear voice managed the opening lines well enough until he came to the refrain. There he faltered, almost stopped, recovered himself desperately, struggled on somehow to the end, waved his flag, and rushed on to the next verse.

'Think of Red Bird having stage fright,' Miss Lyman commented uncomfortably.

'That's not stage fright,' Mr. Lincoln whispered. 'Look at Jimmie,' he added sharply.

Across the aisle from them, in his place among the smaller blind boys, Jimmie sat—a keyed-up, tense little figure, all the usual eager waving of his body fallen now to a frightened stillness. His elbow on his knee, thumb and forefinger thrust into his eye-sockets, he sat, bowed over, listening — listening with his whole body. He was perfectly motionless save for a faint agonized quiver, responding like some tuned instrument to that throb of emotion in Red Bird's voice, and there was nothing that he could do. Nothing save sit there in the dark and wait and listen, while there, almost in touch of him, the being who made up the romance and delight of his existence met his tragedy all alone.

Red Bird was nearing the end of the second verse, and with every word the refrain was looming nearer. He stumbled on somehow to the last line, then—

‘My name it is George Washington, I—I—’

He could get no further. He stopped dead, panting, struggling, breathless, fighting with all his proud little boy soul to choke the tears back. But it was no use. The flag dropped from his hands, he flung his arm across his face, gave one little sharp gulp, and broke down before them all.

Someone with presence of mind hurried the curtains together, while Miss Cynthia at the piano dashed into ‘My Country, ’t is of Thee,’ and after a dazed moment the audience rose and sang, and the entertainment came to an end.

‘Well, sirs! What do you know about that! Red Bird he’s a great singer, now ain’t he!’ one of the blind boys jeered.

A little wild ball of fury launched itself upon him.

‘I’ll learn you to laugh at Red Bird!’ Jimmie screamed.

‘Doggone you, Little! Get out er here!’ bellowed the outraged boy.

‘An’ I’ll learn you my name ain’t Little! It’s Jimmie! Jimmie! nothin’ but just Jimmie! Now do you know it!’ Beside himself with passion Jimmie hammered the information home, until Miss Lyman and Mr. Lincoln rushing up shook the two apart.

‘Where’s Red Bird?’ Jimmie demanded, stemming all rebuke.

‘He has gone to bed,’ Miss Lyman answered. ‘I promised to save his candy and cake for him. No,’ she added, seeing Mr. Lincoln’s questioning eyes upon her, ‘I could n’t get him to tell me what the trouble was.’

‘I’m goin’ to bed, too, I don’t want no ice-cream,’ Jimmie announced.

‘No, you are not,’ Miss Lyman returned firmly. ‘I want George to go to

sleep, and if you’re there you’ll just wake him up.’

Later that evening, when the small blind boys trooped into their dormitory, Red Bird lay very straight and still in his cot, his head buried deep among the pillows.

Later still when all the scuffle of going to bed was quiet, and everyone supposedly asleep, Jimmie, after a long, long time of lying on his back and waiting with the dark stillness pressing down on his face, heard — what he had known he would hear — the creaking sound of Red Bird’s cot, as the figure in it relaxed, a sobbing breath, and then stifled crying.

Jimmie slipped out of his own cot which was next, and stumbled across the way.

‘Red Bird, it’s me, it’s just Jimmie,’ he whispered wistfully. His groping arm crept timidly about the other’s neck.

‘Don’t cry, Red Bird,’ he implored.

But Red Bird shrugged him angrily away.

‘Git out!’ he gasped.

Jimmie hesitated a moment, then crept away through the dormitory between the long rows of sleeping boys.

There came presently at Miss Lyman’s door the soft faint sound of groping fingers, and then a timid knock. In the dim light of the hall she found Jimmie’s shivering little figure.

‘It’s — it’s Red Bird,’ he whispered, touching her dress lightly to assure himself that she was really there. ‘He’s cryin’ just awful.’

Miss Lyman went down the dormitory to investigate, stopping on the way to jump Jimmie back into his bed.

Red Bird was indeed crying just ‘awful,’ the difficult strangled tears of a proud child.

He quivered away from her touch, seeming to desire to burrow into the very mattress.

‘Come into my room, honey, where

there's a nice fire, and tell me what the trouble is,' she whispered, urging his reluctant little figure out of bed.

In her room he crumpled up in a big chair before the fire, his head buried deep in his arms, and all his gay conceit utterly routed.

'I'm — I'm a liar, Miss Lyman!' he broke out at length with a gasp.

Miss Lyman was conscious of the sudden twinkle of tears in her eyes. It was one thing to call him a 'dreadful little liar' in her own heart, faced by his lordly boasting, but quite another to have him admit it in that small heart-broken voice.

'Why, dear?' She compromised softly.

'I can't see one thing.'

The five short words came in a gust desperately.

'Oh, but you can see a little,' she cried in quick extenuation. 'Of course I know you can't see as much as you pretend to, but —'

'I *can't*! I can't — I tell you!' he interrupted her passionately. 'I can't see *one thing* any more! An' I've lied, an' lied, an' *lied* —'

His voice went out in a little sharp sob, but presently he began again.

'I uster could see real good, most — most as good as sighted folks, but — but when I was home Christmas there was a kind of a quack doctor fella come 'round an' told my mother for — for ten dollars he'd fix my eyes so's I could see sure 'nough. An' she gave him the money — it was some she was saving to buy a tombstone for our baby that died — an' the doctor he made a kind of a cut in my eye — an' — I ain't never seen a thing since, not — not *one thing*.'

'O my little boy!' Miss Lyman cried pitifully.

And now he let her warm sorry arms creep about him, and turning, pressed his face against her shoulder.

'I uster could see. I was n't tellin' no lies then,' he sobbed. 'I uster could see sure 'nough. I could see 'lectric lights if they was close. An, onct in er thunder-storm, I seen er lightnin' flash, an' most always on clear days, I could see the sun — honest I could, Miss Lyman, I could see it real good. But now I can't see *nothin'*,' he whispered. 'An' I've just lied an' lied er-bout it.' His broken little story came with long breaks between. 'Some way I just *could n't* tell the fellas the truth, an' so — so I just went on an' lied, an' acted like I could see better 'n' ever — An' I never thought 'bout havin' to tell the truth 'cause of my name till — till after what Mr. Lincoln said — but now I reckon I'll just have to tell. I — I sort of hate to tell Jimmie worst of all,' he dragged out at last.

And Miss Lyman knew that the telling Jimmie was the bitterest drop in all the bitter cup.

'Some way he — he thinks I can see so awful good,' Red Bird explained brokenly.

She caressed him softly for a moment in silence, her heart full of rage at the 'quack doctor fella.' At length she said, —

'How would it do to tell Jimmie now and get it over with?'

'Well —' he said after a long moment, a reluctant crushed consent.

Miss Lyman brought Jimmie in, a very small white-clad father confessor. His little face, sharp with anxiety, turned from side to side, as he seemed to feel the aura of his friend's misery.

'Red Bird has something to tell you, Jimmie,' Miss Lyman said.

He put out his eager hands — which for all their thinness and smallness were so alive with character — and found his hero's bowed shoulders.

'Such *little* boys!' Miss Lyman thought, as she looked at the two white

figures there in the circle of firelight which they could not see.

Red Bird took a fierce breath and began.

'Jimmie, I've just lied an' lied to you, kid. I can't see a bit more'n you; my eyes was ruined when I was home Christmas an' I been lyin' to you ever since, an' I —'

But Jimmie cut him short all in a breath.

'Why—why, Red Bird,' he cried, stuttering, and stumbling over his words in his haste to get them out, 'why, *that* don't matter — I — I knowed all the time you could n't see. I knowed it right off — soon as ever you come back.'

Red Bird shot up straight and furious.

'Why, you doggoned little liar!' he cried. 'If you knowed, what made you go on actin' like you thought I could see so good!'

Jimmie winced away from his hero's wrath, but he stumbled bravely on, a faithful little Jonathan.

'Well — well, you see, Red Bird, I sort of — sort of knowed you hated awful bad bein' sure 'nough blind — you'd hate it maybe sort of worse 'n a fella would that 'd allers been that away, — an' so when you kept er actin' like you could see better 'n ever I thought you'd kind of — kind of like it if I acted that away too. An' — an' I 'lowed it did n't matter what I did 'cause *my* name ain't George Washington, it's just Jimmie, an' I ain't got no folks to keer how I act. Maybe I'll go to Hell for it,' he pursued calmly, — having evidently faced this possibility in his small mind, — 'but' said Just Jimmie quite simply, 'course a fella would n't mind that if — if it would make it any better for — for the fella he — he keered erbout.' And after a moment he added 'Sort of,' vaguely, which two little last words were wholly

irrelevant and were merely thrown in as a cover to his shyness.

'But course,' he resumed, 'when I heard all this George Washington truth talk, why — why I knowed then you'd *have* to tell, Red Bird, 'cause of your name.'

Suddenly Miss Lyman remembered the picture of Jimmie's agonized little figure during Red Bird's song. So he had known all along what his friend was facing. She wondered how much else Just Jimmie knew back there behind those blind eyes of his.

'Jimmie,' Red Bird gasped presently, 'it's awful! Bein' sure 'nough blind is just — just *awful*!'

He had not admitted this to Miss Lyman.

Jimmie started as though he had been stung and his hands fell to patting the other's head with acute awkward tenderness.

'Why — why, Red Bird, it — it ain't really so awful after a fella gits used to it,' he stuttered. 'It's — it's just 'cause you ain't really used to it yet. Why — why,' he stumbled — he whose sight had been wiped out by Infant Ophthalmia at the age of two weeks — 'why, I recollect *I* felt just like you do when I first went blind, but *now* — why — why now I kind of like it,' he protested valiantly. 'Why — er —' his little gray-mouse face with its disfigured eyes waved about as he hunted desperately for the advantages of being blind — 'Why, Red Bird, you an' me is awful bad fellas, an' maybe if we could see we'd do somepun 'at 'ud git us locked up in the penitentiary. An' — an' anyway, er fella don't want to be bothered with havin' to see such a heap of things all the time, an' so — an' so — so — bein' blind is — is kind of nice and *quiet*,' he brought out triumphantly at last.

'Geel!' Red Bird retorted in a muffled voice, 'you're mighty right, your name

ain't George Washington. But all the same you're a awful good little kid.'

He reached out one moist tear-dabbled hand, and finding Jimmie's, hugged it close, as though trusting to its small wise strength to guide him along that dark path which the other knew so well.

Suddenly a fresh inspiration came to Jimmie, and he gave a joyous squirm, like an ingratiating puppy.

'Red Bird,' he said, 'the fellas is goin' to be awful mad when you tell 'em how you've fooled 'em. I would n't be s'prised if you — if you had to lick quite a few of 'em.'

A swift delighted stiffening up of muscle animated Red Bird.

'Why — that's so,' he cried in happy anticipation. 'I just b'lieve that's so, kid. An' I can fight, can't I?' he demanded wistfully.

At last Just Jimmie felt himself upon familiar ground, and took his cue joyfully.

'Fight? Great snakes! Red Bird! I just everlastin'ly bet you kin! Why, why there ain't er boy in school you can't lick! Yes, sirs, fellas,' he proclaimed, addressing the whole school in imagination, 'yes, sir! Red Bird he certainly *kin* fight!'

WAR

BY BERNARD IDDINGS BELL

IF there is one way more than another in which the twentieth century has gone mad, it is in this, that it has transferred the tests of good and evil from judgment of the moral actions of personal beings to judgment of physical and impersonal things. Time was when an act was esteemed good if it furthered some good end. It was bad if it hindered that good end. Nowadays, however, we have got ourselves twisted up into such a sorry state that we esteem things good in themselves or bad in themselves, entirely apart from their use by moral agents. There was a time when people said that using alcohol properly was good, and misusing alcohol was bad. Now we discover a considerable portion of the people of the earth declaring that alcohol is in itself bad. Once, ambition employed to the furtherance of a noble end was

considered a good; ambition merely selfishly to succeed, an evil. Now we teach our children that ambition itself is a good thing. When our boys and girls read Shakespeare, they are commonly at a loss to discover why Brutus justified his killing of Cæsar by stating that Cæsar had been ambitious. Once upon a time actions were said to be good or evil according as they helped or hindered the good of men and the glory of God. Nowadays impersonal things are said to be in themselves good or bad, no matter how they may be used.

This confusion of thought is the parent of much of the moral and intellectual confusion of our time. For instance: once men knew that dancing could be either good or bad, according as it was of a sort that spiritualized men or of a sort that brutalized them. Then along came those blind and practical

business men, the Puritans. The Puritans boasted that externalities were nothing to them, but that they lived on spiritual truths. As a matter of fact, of course, there never was a sort of people who so thoroughly destroyed the interior spirit of everything they touched or who clung so persistently to external husks. Dancing to Puritans was a merely external thing. The poetry in it they could never perceive. The external husk of dancing they esteemed, rightly, an imbecile thing. — David's wife, sitting in the window, was an early Puritan. — They therefore called dancing a thing in itself evil. Of late years Puritanism has begun to die, for which the world of poets should render thanks. But people still retain their bad habits of moral thought, and conclude that, since Puritanism declared dancing in itself utterly bad, therefore dancing in itself must be utterly good. The logical outgrowth of this position is the spectacle of our young men and women falling victims to modern revivals of the most degenerating dances the world has ever seen. Possibly at some time men may come to the conclusion that dancing is neither good nor bad, being a non-personal and therefore a non-moral thing, but that the use of it may be either good or bad. This profound discovery will be simply a return to a point of view everywhere accepted in the despised Middle Ages.

But all this somewhat lengthy dissertation is but to prepare the way for the presentation of a thought about war. The wise ancients always danced before they fought, so that possibly to talk of dancing is not an improper way to preface a talk on war.

This modern tendency which we have mentioned is nowhere more evident than in the serious utterances which are printed, preached, and talked by presumably intelligent and careful thinkers on the subject of war. This

talk may all be summed up in the dictum, uttered as if it were the most self-evident of truths, that 'War is wrong.'

Here, again, we have the ascription of a moral quality to a non-personal and therefore non-moral thing. It is plain to any person who thinks with any degree of accuracy, and who speaks the English language, that war is not wrong at all. Neither is war right. The goodness or badness of war cannot be rightly spoken of, any more than the hardness of black or the sootiness of space. The use of war may be very good, if it tends toward the good of man and the glory of God; or the use of war may be very bad, if it tends to the hindrance of these things. But war is neither moral nor immoral; it is merely non-moral.

As one glances over the pages of history, one finds wars, it is true, which are blots upon the records of man; but one also finds wars without which the world would have been so incomparably the poorer that we could never have done without them. And one also perceives, to his astonishment if he is a 'practical man,' that the wars which have been gigantic blunders and crimes have all been wars for the attainment of practical ends, like territory, or markets, or wealth, while the wars which the world could not have done without have all been wars for abstract principles, for beliefs, for religions, for mad dreams and seemingly impossible hopes. The world could well spare the conquests of Napoleon, because they were all wars merely for Napoleon; but the world could not spare the martial conflicts surrounding and realizing the French Revolution, because it was a war for those abstract and sensible absurdities, liberty, equality, and fraternity. We could well spare the Mexican War, which was a fight for territory, but we could not at all get along with-

out the Civil War, which was a war for man.

This idea that all war is bad is due to the fact that men have lost their belief in principles, ideals, mad dreams, impossible hopes, as the most real things in life; while they have retained their belief in the very great reality and importance of material welfare. A religion is apt to be an unreal thing to most of us. But getting hurt or killed is still a very real thing to all of us. That a man should be killed in a war is plainly deplorable even to a man who has no dreams at all; but that it is glorious for a man to get killed for a cause which possesses him, is something which no puny materialist can ever understand. The difference between a murder and a martyrdom is comprehensible only to people with souls. In the back of its mind, our age has a generally unavowed but nevertheless real sympathy for Christ upon the Cross, just because He was killed. We pity Him Crucified; our fathers adored Him.

And the greatest of all these dreams and ideals which the world has lost, the thing which has been at the back of every good war since time began, is love. If you ask nine out of ten people to define love to-day, they will say it is the absence of hate. This is the definition of a man intellectually and morally standing on his head. Love is no negation. Love is no pale, sentimental mist. Love is a great, burning fire which flames so fiercely in the breast that one rushes, like what the world would call a madman, to throw one's life away for what one loves, to defend it, to slay its enemies, to champion it, to let one's death for it bear witness to one's passion.

How completely extravagant such a definition sounds to us who have emasculated love until it is but the negation of hate! How absurd it seems to us of the very practical, and very

drab, twentieth century! We love our wives and husbands so mildly that we let them divorce us rather than fight with and for them. We love our country by politely putting a flag up on the Fourth of July and by insisting on her protecting us in our personal affairs. We love our Church so mildly that we cannot bear to see her enter upon social and industrial battles, into which she may drag us. We love God, good-humoredly patronizing Him by not opposing Him. And we think we are in charity with all men because we do not quarrel with them even when they take the high-road to Hell. We think we love people because we have stopped fighting them.

If we really loved them, we should have to fight them often, for their good. And if we really loved God we should have to fight for his truth. The fact that men quarrel no more about religion is a sign that their religion has become formal and perfunctory. The fact that men have ceased to war for their ideals is a sure sign that they have not any ideals worth fighting for. If a man really has a dream before him, a dream not yet realized upon the earth, he will have to fight, — shed blood, kill, and die if necessary, — to embody that dream.

Even the dream of universal peace produces wars. This explains the paradox that the Prince of Peace has been the patron of innumerable struggles wrought in blood. There can be no cessation of struggle until every ideal is realized. There can be no end to war this side of Heaven. The mystic battle of Armageddon goes on. He is either a coward or one without wits who has no enemies whom he must fight to the death, and fight, possibly, with bloody tools.

To determine the morality of any struggle one must discover the motive of that struggle. A fight conducted for

some one's else benefit is a good fight. A fight for one's own selfish benefit is an evil fight. Wars for territory or markets or that sort of thing, these are evil. Wars for religions, wars for theories, wars for mad dreams, these are right. What if in them men are killed and injured, wives left widows, children made fatherless? These things are not always unmixed disasters. Is not the heritage left a child by him who has lost his life for a noble cause of more value than either the caresses or the material wealth that the father might otherwise have given it? Is not the widow of a martyred hero made rich in the knowledge that she helped to make that hero? Was it not Calvary which really made the Virgin blessed among women? There are things worse than death and better than life, and in our hearts, if not in our minds, we know it.

The records of Christ show that He knew all this, despite all the emasculating criticism of the Tolstoyans and near-Tolstoyans. He said, indeed, that the ultimate purpose of his coming was to establish peace. His hearers, with their usual denseness, supposed that He meant that all wars should forthwith cease. Wherefore He was careful to say these words: 'Think not that I

came to send peace upon the earth. I came not to send peace, but a sword. For I came to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against the mother-in-law, and a man's foes shall be those of his own household. . . . He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.'

Would it not be just as well for Christians to stop singing indiscriminately the praises of that pale negation which moderns falsely call peace? Would it not be just as well to cease shouting unmixed anathemas at war? Would it not be just as well to admit that often toleration and a desire for peace are but other names for spiritual bankruptcy? It is perfectly possible to damn mightily those who would use war and fighting for their own selfish ends,—personal, party, or national,—and at the same time to continue to honor with all devotion those who have laid down, are laying down, or shall lay down their lives battling for the fraternity of men and the love of God. Professor James has said that what we need to-day is a 'moral equivalent of war.' The records of the ages have shown us that there is only one moral equivalent of war, and that one is war itself.

SECRET ANNALS OF THE MANCHU COURT

I. THE STORY OF PRECIOUS PEARL

BY EDMUND BACKHOUSE AND J. O. P. BLAND

I

READERS of *China under the Empress Dowager* may remember how, when the great Tzŭ Hsi lay a-dying, the watchers by her bedside asked her, in accordance with ancient custom, to pronounce her last words. 'Never again,' she said, 'allow any woman to hold the supreme power in the State. It is against the house-law of our dynasty and should be strictly forbidden. Be careful not to allow eunuchs to meddle in government matters. The Ming dynasty was brought to ruin by eunuchs, and its fate should be a warning to my people.'

When Tzŭ Hsi spoke of the ruin of the Ming dynasty by the eunuchs, she had in mind the history of the Emperor Wan Li, who ascended the throne in 1573 as a child, and his three successors, the last of the Mings, and of the infamous Chief Eunuch Wei Chung-hsien, whose memory is universally execrated by the Chinese people. The tale of this foul creature's evil deeds and of the calamities which he brought upon the Throne and people of China throws no little light on the dark places of life in the Forbidden City, where, beneath the dignities and splendors prescribed by venerable tradition, lie grim shadows of death-dealing intrigue, of cold-blooded cruelty, lust, and greed; where, close to the polished surface of sacred edicts and Confucian philoso-

phy, lurk the elemental passions and insatiable ambitions of Oriental despotism.

In 1620, Wan Li lay on his death-bed, but by order of the Lady Cheng, the Imperial concubine who wished to secure the throne for her son, Prince Fu, his Ministers of State and the Heir Apparent were not permitted to enter the Presence. Rumor flew trumpet-tongued through Peking, and a brave censor named Yang Lien urged the Grand Secretaries to do their duty and to insist upon admission. The Grand Secretary Fang, after much persuasion, proceeded at the head of his colleagues to the Emperor's bed-chamber. His Majesty was evidently moribund. Yang Lien and another honest censor, Tso Kuang-tou, seeing this, insisted that Ch'ang Lo, the Heir Apparent, who was anxiously waiting without, should be summoned to receive his father's last commands, to tend him at the last and to 'taste his medicine.' He was brought in just as Wan Li expired.

Ch'ang Lo, known in history by the dynastic title of Kuang Tsung (Glorious Ancestor), might have saved the dynasty had he been able to protect himself against the murderous hatred of the Lady Cheng and her eunuch confederates; but his life lasted less than two months from the date of his accession. He died of slow poisoning by arsenic, undoubtedly administered

by his eunuch attendants. His illness was aggravated shortly before his death by one of the eunuchs (Ts'ui Wen-sheng), who administered an extremely violent purgative. The court became seriously alarmed, while in the city the report was spread that the Son of Heaven was being done to death by the Imperial concubines. Once more the brave censors Yang Lien and Tso Kuang-tou came forward, demanding that, in conformity with inviolable tradition, the Lady Cheng be compelled to depart from the Palace of Celestial Purity (in which Wan Li had died), where no female is allowed to sleep. The Lady Cheng at first refused to move, but eventually, fearful of popular clamor, she complied.

Yang Lien next proceeded to impeach the eunuch who had administered the purgative to His Majesty. 'This villain is no physician,' he said, 'and ought not to be allowed to conduct his wanton experiments upon the Divine Person.' Another censor urged the Grand Secretary to take more care of the Emperor's sacred person, and added that a wrong prescription had evidently been given.

The Emperor lingered on, growing daily worse. Five days later the last agony had begun, and once more he summoned his ministers to a farewell audience. As they pressed him to nominate his successor, he pointed to his eldest son and said, 'Help him to be a good man.' Then he spoke of the Imperial tomb. The courtiers pretended to misunderstand, and asked if he referred to his father's tomb north of Peking. 'No, I mean my own.' They answered, 'May your Majesty live for ever; why speak of this now?' The Emperor then asked, 'Where is the official from the Court of Banquets who was to give me some medicine?' The Grand Secretary replied, 'The Secretary Li K'o-shao claims that he pos-

sesses a marvelous remedy, but we dare not recommend it.' The Emperor bade him be sent for, to feel his pulse. He was ushered in, gave a very fluent diagnosis of the disease, and suggested his remedy. The Emperor was pleased, and agreed to take the drug. Li was told to discuss the matter with the doctors and the ministers, but they came to no decision. The Grand Secretary Liu Yi-ching remarked that this particular remedy had been taken by two men in his native place. One had recovered and the other had died, so that it could not be called an infallible prescription. The Board of Rites thought it would be risky to administer it, but while they were still discussing, they were again summoned to the Emperor's presence. Li K'o-shao then hastily compounded the medicine — the famous red pill — and gave it to the Emperor, who swallowed it. He gasped slightly and exclaimed, 'My loyal servants!'

After taking the medicine, the Emperor dismissed his ministers, who waited in an ante-chamber. In a short time a decree was brought out to them which said, 'Our person is much better.' At sunset Li K'o-shao was permitted to administer another red pill, and at dawn of the next day the monarch 'ascended on the dragon,' aged thirty-nine.

II

Upon the Emperor's death, the concubine Li, his would-be-Empress, threw off all disguise and came boldly to the front, with her chief henchman the eunuch Wei Chin-shang (who subsequently received from the new Emperor the name of Wei Chung-hsien, meaning Wei, the loyal and good). These two, and their troops of eunuchs, now held the palace against all comers, kept close watch on the heir to the throne and issued orders forbidding the

usual mourning of ministers at the deceased sovereign's bier. Once more the censor Yang Lien braved the powers of darkness in high places. Forcing his way through the eunuchs, he demanded to see the Heir Apparent. The concubine Li sent word that the young Emperor had left the Palace, but that he would soon return. She then actually endeavored to smuggle him out of the Forbidden City, but her movements were discovered and the Emperor was taken back to his Palace. Under the direction of Yang Lien, he ascended the palanquin and received the obeisances of the court. It was proposed that he should formally ascend the throne without delay, but Yang Lien deprecated unceremonious haste, since the succession was not contested; at the same time he took vigorous steps to preserve law and order in Peking.

The young Emperor T'ien Ch'i (known to history as Hsi Tsung) was but fifteen years of age when called to ascend the Dragon Throne: a weakly lad, of small stature and utterly lacking in strength of character. From the date of his accession, the power of the eunuchs, hitherto kept in check by the firmness and moral impulses which his grandfather Wan Li displayed at critical moments, increased beyond all bounds of experience, until their leader, Wei Chung-hsien, became the autocratic ruler of the Empire. With the death of Kuang Tsung, the Lady Cheng could no longer hope to secure the throne for her son, the dissolute Prince Fu, so that gradually her influence and her interest in palace politics became less personal and less aggressive.

Immediately upon the death of Kuang Tsung, a struggle for supreme power began between the Concubine Li and the new Emperor's foster mother, the fascinating and notoriously evil woman known to history as Ma-

dame K'o. The Emperor's mother having died years before, it was the ambition of Lady Li, through her influence over him, and by the power of the eunuchs, to arrogate to herself the position of an Empress Dowager, and to rule the Empire. To this end, she began by ignoring the dynastic law which required her to remove from the palace of her late lord, announcing her intention of residing there with the young Emperor, and she was able to enlist on her side the sympathies of the Grand Secretary Fang Tsung-che.

But the censor Yang Lien and his colleague Tso Kuang-tou, backed by an honest eunuch named Wang An, were not disposed to acquiesce in such irregularities. They protested most energetically, and put in a joint memorial demanding that the Concubine Li should forthwith take her departure from the Central Palace to that of the 'Whirring' Phoenixes.

Faced with this crisis, on a clear issue where public opinion and the law were all against her, the Lady Li made a virtue of necessity and evacuated the palace, but not before her retainers had looted much of its store of gold ingots. The chroniclers report that Yang's hair and moustache turned completely white during these days of crisis. But he had won the day, and from this point the influence and activity of Lady Li waned rapidly at court. A little later, and her downfall was complete. Another decree of the Emperor deprived her of her rank as concubine 'in order to comfort his mother in heaven,' while continuing her maintenance grant 'in order to show honor to his father,' — a typically Chinese 'face-saving' solution.

From this moment, Wei Chung-hsien and his confederate Madame K'o stand forth in absolute and almost undisputed authority. Under Wan Li, the chief eunuch had ruled the capital and chas-

tised the court with whips: he now proceeded to chastise it with scorpions.

The first noteworthy indication of their vengeful and bloodthirsty power was given when they did to death the loyal eunuch Wang An, who had dared to support the censor Yang Lien in his fight for clean government.

The young Emperor was only too willing to allow all the business of the State to pass into the hands of the masterful eunuch and of the woman K'o, who exercised so baneful an influence over him. He devoted himself continually to his hobby of carpentry, which Wei Chung-hsien encouraged. The eunuch would wait until he was busy with plane and saw and then go to him, asking for instructions concerning some routine question of government or one of the day's memorials. Hsi Tsung, hating to be disturbed, would tell him to settle the business as he thought fit; and thus, little by little, the eunuch usurped all the functions of the sovereign.

III

During the seven years of his calamitous reign, one good influence, and one only, saved the young Emperor from utter degradation and led good men occasionally to hope that he might in time cast off his bondage and assert the Imperial dignity of his throne. This was the influence of his consort, the 'Precious Pearl,' in whom dignity, virtue and high courage were combined to a degree which make her one of the most admirable women in China's history, and indeed, in the history of the world. Her gentle and steadfast character shines brightly to this day against the dark background of those evil times; her lofty ideals, patience and loyalty smell sweet and blossom even now amid the dust and ruins of that degenerate age. Seldom, indeed, has history recorded a nobler life, a

more pathetic death. The story of her youth, and of her selection to be the Empress Consort of China's weak and dissolute monarch, is one of the most remarkable romances in Chinese history.

In the winter of the year 1612, a student of K'ai Feng-fu, named Chang Kuo-chi, found lying by the roadside a little girl, aged six, and taking her to his home, adopted her as his daughter, by the name of Chang Fen. Her 'style' was 'Precious Pearl.' He attended carefully to her education and she proved remarkably intelligent and diligent in study. Chang Kuo-chi had intended her to marry his son, but he was dissuaded from this course by a Buddhist priest who, after casting her horoscope, foretold for her a far more exalted position.

In 1620, the year of the death of Wan Li, the dissolute Prince Fu (son of the Lady Cheng) came to take up his fief of Honan, and forthwith sent eunuchs to search through the city of Kaifeng for damsels worthy to enter his harem. One of these eunuchs came to Chang's house, and seeing 'Precious Pearl,' then aged fourteen, bade her go with him to the Prince's palace; but she indignantly repelled him, threatening that, if he laid his hand upon her, she would commit suicide.

In the year (1621) following the death of the Emperor Wan Li and his unfortunate son, the Emperor Kuang Tsung, the young Emperor Hsi Tsung, then aged sixteen, proclaimed his intention of solemnizing his marriage. The whole empire was notified that comely maidens between the ages of thirteen and sixteen were eligible, after which the eunuchs made an eliminating inspection. Those whose height or figure failed to reach the required standard were weeded out, until the number was reduced to four thousand. On the following day a much more careful

scrutiny was conducted by the two head eunuchs, who made copious notes of each damsel's features, size of nose, color of hair, shape of waist, and length of foot. Each maiden was required to state clearly her name, lineage, and age; if the timbre of the voice did not satisfy the eunuchs, she was at once rejected. Stammering or thickness of speech was regarded as an insuperable defect. As a result of this scrutiny, only two thousand remained eligible, and on the following morning further measurements were made, in addition to which each candidate was required to walk a hundred paces, in order that her deportment might be observed. Any slovenliness of gait or lack of dignity disqualified the candidate.

After this test only one thousand remained. These were then taken into the Inner Palace where they were subjected to a searching scrutiny by discreet and elderly women of the palace, who compelled them to strip, that their persons might be scanned from head to foot.

Three hundred were ultimately chosen to undergo a month's probation as palace handmaidens. Those among them who showed signs of stubbornness or of a frivolous disposition were weeded out, until at the end of the month only fifty remained, all of whom were appointed to be Imperial Concubines.

The chief eunuch in charge of the Ceremonial Department was greatly impressed by 'Precious Pearl's' beauty, and placed her at the head of the list to be presented to the Senior Concubine, Lady Chao, who had been one of the Emperor Wan Li's chief wives and was at present acting as Empress Dowager. This lady, an accomplished scholar, tested each candidate in calligraphy and other accomplishments. Finally, three were chosen as candidates for the position of Empress, of whom 'Precious Pearl' was one; the

other two young ladies were named Wang and Tuan.

In accordance with ancient custom, the Lady Chao enveloped the heads of the three chosen ones in turbans of black crape and fastened the arms of each with a bracelet of jade and gold. They were thereupon taken into an inner chamber for a final examination by the women of the palace, to make sure that they were without spot or blemish.

In due course their report was submitted. The official chronicler gives from it a detailed list of the future Empress's charms. Her complexion was as the dawn, her eyes like autumn waves, her lips like cherries; her teeth, numbering thirty-eight in all, were perfect, her chin ample, and she was free of birthmarks.

Lady Chao hastened to report to His Majesty, and conducted the three maidens to his apartments, where his foster mother, the evil Madame K'o, was waiting to help the Emperor to make a final choice. At this time, K'o was about thirty-three, a woman of great physical beauty and charm. The Emperor had already bestowed upon her the title of the 'Holy Lady of Ch'in.'¹

Madame K'o took an immediate and instinctive dislike to 'Precious Pearl' and began to criticize her. 'For a girl of fifteen,' she said, 'her figure is too stout; she won't improve as she gets older. She is good-looking after a fashion, but quite unworthy to be your Consort.' Pointing to Miss Wang, she exclaimed, 'That's the wife for you.'

The Emperor, however, was evidently attracted by 'Precious Pearl,' but, following the prescribed custom, he

¹ Ch'in, the classical name of the province of Shensi, of which she was a native. The ruins of Madame K'o's private residence are still visible just outside the Tung An gate of Peking, and the site is popularly known as the 'Foster Mother's Palace.'

asked the Lady Chao's advice. She replied 'All three are exceptionally comely, but Miss Chang (Precious Pearl) surpasses the others in dignity of demeanor.'

Nothing loth, His Majesty chose 'Precious Pearl' for his consort. Miss Wang was given the title of Virtuous Concubine and Miss Tuan that of Pure Concubine. The eighth day of the fourth Moon following was fixed by the astronomers as auspicious for the Emperor to ascend his nuptial couch; three weeks later the new Empress received her patents. The Emperor asked her many questions about her family and past life. Her replies greatly pleased him, and she speedily acquired over him that influence for good which became the one redeeming feature of his weak nature. Her father (by adoption), Chang Kuo-chi, was ennobled as an 'earl of exalted strength,' and other members of her family received suitable honors.

A few days after the marriage, Hsi Tsung and his consort proceeded to the Ancestral Temple, where Her Majesty performed obeisance before the Imperial shrine. Hsi Tsung was at this time only sixteen, and of very diminutive stature; his consort towered above him.

In spite of the Emperor's devotion to his beautiful bride, it was evident to all the court that he was becoming more and more subject to the influence of the Chief Eunuch Wei Chung-hsien, who had attended him since early infancy. This man and Madame K'o gradually established their authority as the real rulers of China, and maintained it throughout his reign. Wholesale proscriptions were made by Wei against those who had criticized him, so that it came to pass that even the great viceroys vied with each other in currying favor with the all-powerful eunuch. In nearly every province,

shrines were erected to him during his lifetime, and he was worshiped as a deity. In Kiangsi, a temple which had been built centuries before in honor of one of the most eminent disciples of Confucius, was dismantled and Wei Chung-hsien's tablet was set up in its central hall. He was likened to the Sage for virtue and learning: nay, his merits were even exalted beyond those of the Sage, and he was accorded the highest place in the national Pantheon. The Governor of Shantung gravely informed the Throne that a *chi lin*¹ had been captured in Confucius's native province near to the Sage's grave, an auspicious event which he attributed to the fact that near to the throne there stood a person of Wei Chung-hsien's consummate virtue. (The *chi lin*'s rare appearances, like angel's visits, only occur when the Empire is governed by a perfect ruler.) The eunuch was called Lord of Nine Thousand Years, and the Emperor's decrees, which Wei invariably drafted, began with the words, 'WE and Our eunuch minister decree as follows —'

In all this, the infatuated monarch submitted to the will of Wei Chung-hsien, except only when the eunuch and Madame K'o endeavored to poison his mind against his beloved consort, to whom he remained devotedly faithful all his life.

IV

Shortly after His Majesty's marriage, certain censors began to send in outspoken memorials against K'o, urging that she should be forbidden to spend so much of her time in the Forbidden City in close attendance upon the sovereign, it being contrary to etiquette that a woman should be allowed to enter the Palace of Heavenly Purity.

¹ A fabulous animal, of origin probably similar to our unicorn.

The Emperor, in reply to these memorials, declared that his wife's extreme youth required the guiding hand of a foster mother. The censors returned to the charge, pointing out that a woman of K'o's low antecedents was unfit to minister to a person so virtuous as the Empress. K'o was eventually compelled to leave the Palace, and for a time she remained at her own residence; but the weakling Emperor felt her absence so deeply that he lost his appetite and became greatly dejected. In spite of the remonstrances of the censors, he soon recalled her, and thereafter her influence grew greater than before.

Thus things went on, from bad to worse. K'o and Wei now tried to lay snares for the Empress, and set one of their eunuch minions, Ch'en Ti-jun, to spy upon her in her Palace of Feminine Tranquillity, endeavoring all the time to turn the Emperor against her. But she, being blameless and pure of heart, paid no heed. Most of her time was spent in reading and in practicing penmanship, wherein she was highly expert; to the more intelligent of the palace concubines she gave lessons in history and philosophy. A devout Buddhist, she spent many hours in prayer before the altar of the Goddess of Mercy. Frequently, she attired herself as a nun and gave herself over to pious meditation. She knew full well that her enemies were plotting against her, but she relied upon her gentle influence over the Emperor, which never failed to hold him, though she used no feminine arts to win his favor.

Her lord the Emperor being without an heir, she would recommend various concubines to his notice, without thought of self. At times he would invite her to a boating excursion on the lake adjoining the Forbidden City, His Majesty himself rowing and endeavoring to please her by good-hu-

mored badinage. But she would use these occasions to remonstrate with him for his wild life, urging him to study state papers and to give daily audiences to his ministers. 'You ought to make friends with scholars and attend lectures on the classics,' she would say, 'instead of dallying with these sycophants.'

For a time, the Emperor would follow her advice, but he speedily relapsed into evil ways. Wei Chung-hsien arranged lewd theatrical performances for His Majesty's amusement; but whenever the play was indelicate, the Empress would rise from her place and leave the theatre in disgust.

In the hope of securing her deposition, Wei and K'o bribed a man named Sun erh, a Honanese who was lying under sentence of death in the Board of Punishments, to say that the Empress was his child and that he had given her to her father by adoption, Chang Kuo-chi. To the Emperor they said that a criminal's daughter ought not to be his consort and that she should be deposed, Chang Kuo-chi receiving the punishment he merited. The Emperor was impressed by the story, and went swiftly to his consort's apartment to ask her about it. But at sight of her tranquil beauty he was abashed, and could only say in an embarrassed way, 'Are you really the daughter of that wretched villain Sun erh?' The Empress blushed slightly and paused before replying. Then she said, 'If Your Majesty believes such foolish rumors, why should I continue to defile the Palace with my presence? Pray let me be deposed and make room for another more worthy.' The Emperor thereupon hurriedly apologized and made amends, all doubt having been dispelled from his mind. That night, he supped with the Empress, and next day warned Wei Chung-hsien against uttering idle reports.

In 1624, the Chief Eunuch was at the height of his insolence; none were safe from his rapacious and vindictive power. It was at this time that he took a fearful revenge upon the censor Yang Lien and the others who had denounced him and his former confederate, the Concubine Li. Yang Lien had retired from the court to his native place in 1622, shortly after the death of Wan Li. In 1624, he returned to Peking and, moved to righteous indignation by the evil deeds of Wei and his accomplices, he handed in the denunciatory memorial which eventually cost him his life.

This famous impeachment of the notorious eunuch is too long to quote in full, but it throws so much light on the condition of the Court and on the power wielded by these 'rats and foxes' and its effect on the government of the country, that we reproduce a few of its most important clauses.

The memorial begins thus:—

'The founder of our dynasty desired that eunuchs should not interfere in governmental affairs, and that evil doing should not be condoned. But the eunuch Comptroller General of the Eastern Court¹ behaves with overweening arrogance and treats the dynastic ordinances with contempt. I venture to set forth his chief crimes as follows. . . .

'(2) When His late Majesty lay dying, Liu Yi-ching and Chou Chiamo were the recipients of his last testament, but Wei was able to secure their abrupt dismissal, because he feared that they might clip his power. In this way, Your Majesty was made to act undutifully in the removal of your august predecessor's faithful servants. . . .

'(8) Thus far, I have referred to

¹ A bureau under eunuchs which had become virtually the Supreme Court of the Empire, which drew up decrees and completely superseded the Grand Secretariat.

consorts, but there were worse crimes. Your Empress had given birth to a son, but he died straightway as the result of Wei's plottings. It is common knowledge that Wei and Madame K'o brought about this death. You cannot even protect your own son. . . .

'(10) Each day sees him rejoicing in fresh honours: shrines are built in his honour at which he, a living man, is to be worshiped. There is no limit to his evil influence with Your Majesty. In conferring distinctions on such a man, the words of the Emperor are defiled. At his native place of Hochien fu, he has erected triumphal arches in his own honour, on which are carved Imperial dragons and Heaven-soaring phoenixes. His sepulchre in the Western Hills is built on the scale of an Imperial mausoleum and covered with a yellow roof. . . .

'(15) When Wei was sent to perform sacrifice at Chochin, the road was cleared for him as for an Imperial progress. Heralds announced his advance and yellow earth was spread upon the highway, so that the people believed that he was the Emperor himself. On his eastern journey, he was borne in a chariot drawn by four horses; Imperial banners and insignia were carried in the procession. His bodyguard surrounded him on both sides to screen his sacred person from the vulgar gaze. In every respect his passing resembled a progress of Your Majesty. Numbers of persons offered their petitions to him or made offerings of tribute, prostrating themselves in the dust. What manner of man does this Wei fancy himself to be? . . .

'The tale of his crimes and treasonable designs is blazoned abroad in all men's eyes; yet none of your courtiers dare speak against him, lest they incur doom. Their tongues are tied; no one dare memorialize you. Should perchance any have the courage to reveal

Wei's treasons, the "Lady of Divine Worship," Madame K'o, stands at Your Majesty's side to gloss over his guilt. These two are sworn allies: each aids and abets the other; if one calls, the other comes to the rescue.

'Humbly I implore Your Majesty now to display the might of your high displeasure and to appoint a commission of the ablest nobles and highest officials, with power to subject Wei to relentless examination, in order that the law of the land may be vindicated. Also I beg you to have the "Lady of Divine Worship" removed from out the precincts of the Forbidden City, in order to guard you from further danger. Then, though your servant dies, yet shall he live.'

Wei was greatly alarmed at the revelations of this bold memorial, and besought the Grand Secretary Han K'uang to defend him. Han refused, so Wei hurried to the Emperor's presence and abjectly asked to be allowed to resign the Comptrollership of the Eastern Court. Madame K'o then used all her wiles, imploring the Emperor not to give his ear to calumny, while one of the Grand Secretaries was found to intercede for the eunuch. For a moment, Wei's fate hung in the balance, but in the end, the unfortunate Emperor, in his purblind folly, listened to Madame K'o and issued a complimentary decree retaining Wei at his post. On the following morning, he issued another edict sternly rebuking Yang Lien for his temerity. It had been the latter's intention to see the Emperor at the morning audience and to recount the eunuch's crimes in the monarch's presence, but Wei induced his master to suspend the court for that day. Balked of this opportunity, and realizing the danger of further delay, Yang handed in a second memorial at the Gate of Supreme Unity. This Wei suppressed,

and though Yang sent in a third memorial, it never reached the throne. For three days, no audiences were held, and when finally the monarch emerged, he was surrounded by a guard of several hundred eunuchs, all of whom had weapons concealed on their persons. Orders were issued that no memorials would be received, and Yang was compelled to desist.

Nevertheless, other memorials of impeachment poured in. One, endorsed by over a thousand Academy students, accused Wei of suppressing all attacks upon himself, of inducing the Emperor to ignore the word of the officials who, kneeling at the gate, had begged for Wei's dismissal, and of designs on the throne itself. Finally, a board secretary named Wan Ching denounced the Chief Eunuch fiercely. This official had charge of the building and equipment of the late Emperor's mausoleum; a large amount of copper was needed for its sacrificial vessels, and as there were vast supplies of the metal lying unused in the imperial precincts, he asked the eunuch comptroller to issue what he needed for the tomb. This Wei not only refused to do, but he issued a forged decree censuring the application.

Hereat Wan, greatly enraged, impeached Wei. He wrote: —

'Sovereign power cannot be delegated, and least of all to an emasculated minion. This Wei is practically become Emperor and the fountain of all honour; his friends secure well-feathered nests, whilst the bodies of his enemies are covered with boils and sores. At his asking, hereditary titles are granted; his household servants receive bribes in thousands of taels. Your Majesty favours him with unbounded confidence for that he served your father; yet he refuses to issue copper for your father's shrine. His own grave at Pi yün ssü in the western hills, is as

large as an Imperial mausoleum; in the provinces, stately shrines have been erected in his honour, emblazoned with inscriptions and gaudy ornaments. On his own tomb he has spent a million taels, while His late Majesty's sepulchre is denied even the necessary fittings. Your Majesty's existence is ignored; Wei Chung-hsien fills all men's minds.'

Wei, having recovered from his alarm, and made sure that the Emperor's favor would not be taken from him, now determined to make an example of Wan, so as to put fear into his other enemies. The wretched man was seized by a stratagem and flogged to death. Next the brave censor, Yang Lien, was thrown into the Imperial prison, and with him, Tso Kuang-tou and Wei Tacheng, who had joined him in denouncing the Chief Eunuch. This prison was separate and distinct from the Board of Punishments; tortures were freely practiced there. Wei issued a decree that these three men were to be tortured every fifth day, and not to be handed over to the Board of Punishments until all their money had been extorted.

Finally, Tso Kuang-tou, unable to endure his misery, said to his fellow-prisoners, 'Either they will torture us to death for not confessing, or else they will hire one of the gaolers to kill us. If now we confess, they must hand us to the Board of Punishments for formal trial, and we may then escape.'

His companions agreed, and they all confessed to the false charge of having taken bribes. But the tiger would not release his prey. Wei issued a decree that they were not yet to be taken to the public prison, and the torturing went on. Yang Lien was eventually killed under a torture which consisted of piling great sacks of earth upon his belly, and driving nails into his ears.

In the year 1623, to the great satisfaction of Hsi Tsung, the Empress became *enceinte*. But the Chief Eunuch and Madame K'o had no desire to see Her Majesty's authority at court increased by the birth of an heir to the throne. Two of the Empress's favorite and most faithful serving maids were therefore put to death, by means of forged decrees, on false charges, and all her other personal attendants were dismissed, except those upon whom Madame K'o could rely. Their places were taken by women selected by the Chief Eunuch, one of whom, who was employed as a masseuse, so mishandled the Empress that her child was born dead.

Shortly afterwards, Her Majesty, goaded to desperation by the Emperor's infatuation, determined on an attempt to rid the court at last of the woman whose deplorable influence was the chief cause of the court's wickedness and shame. Taking her seat on the dais of the main hall of the Palace of Feminine Tranquillity, with a number of armed retainers on either side, she summoned Madame K'o to her presence. When the woman came, suspecting nothing serious, the Empress launched straightway into a recital of all her sins and wickedness, and ended by bidding her prepare to die. K'o knelt at her feet and prayed for mercy; meanwhile, a eunuch had gone swiftly to inform the Emperor (busy as usual at his carpentering) of what was taking place. He arrived upon the scene just in time to save his foster mother's life. From this time forward, the Chief Eunuch and Madame K'o endeavored by all possible means to poison the Emperor's mind against his consort and to deprive her of his protection.

Wei Chung-hsien made repeated attempts to ruin the Empress in the eyes of the Court and country by securing the disgrace of her adopted father,

Chang Kuo-chi, against whom he brought criminal charges backed by the false evidence of his creatures. But Hsi Tsung, weak as he was in all other matters, remained strongly attached to his beautiful and virtuous wife, and the Empress found another loyal defender in the Grand Secretary Li Kuo-p'u, who succeeded in checking some of the Chief Eunuch's bloodthirsty schemes and in frightening the woman his accomplice. Finally, in the spring of 1627, upon a false impeachment, the Emperor was induced to deprive the 'earl of exalted strength' of all his titles and emoluments and order him into retirement. This he did, weary of the importunities of Madame K'o, but still he would hear no word against his consort.

When she heard of her adopted father's disgrace, the Empress stripped off all her ornaments, and, dressing herself as a mourner, without head covering, sought the Emperor's presence, where, on her knees, she thanked him for his clemency.

Shortly after this episode, in the summer of 1627, the Emperor fell sick of an illness from which he never recovered. As his state became worse, his affection for his loyal and devoted wife increased. At this juncture, Wei Chung-hsien had the effrontery to propose to Her Majesty that she should become his confederate in a new scheme of treason and dishonor. He proposed that, upon her husband's death, she should become Chief Regent, accepting as Regent Assessor (practically co-Regent) a creature named Wei Liang-ch'ing, one of the eunuch's adherents. At the same time, he desired that the Empress should give out that she was *enceinte*, with the intention of passing off a son of Wei Liang-ch'ing as her own child after the Emperor's death. In this way the blood of the house of Wei would attain to the throne.

Such suggestions the Empress rejected with the scorn they deserved. She knew well that upon Hsi Tsung's passing, it must come to a life-and-death struggle between the eunuch and herself, but she held her head high and showed no signs of fear. 'For many years,' she said to him, 'I have made me ready for death. If now I obey you, you will kill me sooner or later; if I refuse, you will kill me only a little sooner. But if I die resisting you to the utmost, I can face unashamed the souls of the departed Emperors in the other world.'

As the Emperor's end approached, Her Majesty begged him to name as his successor his brother, the Prince Hsin. 'But,' said the dying monarch, 'Wei Chung-hsien assures me that two of my concubines are with child. If an heir should be born to one of them, he will become our son and should surely succeed to the throne.' Upon this, the Empress spoke to him most earnestly; the attendants never knew what words passed between them, but the Emperor nodded consent and summoned his brother to receive his dying behests.

Prince Hsin was about to plead his incompetency, but his sister-in-law (attired as a widow) hurriedly came out from behind an alcove, and pleaded with him saying, 'My brother, do your duty, obey His Majesty. The situation is desperate, and I fear a tumult in the palace. Thank His Majesty and do as he desires.'

Prince Hsin then fell upon his knees, and the monarch bade him govern the Empire wisely, avoiding the errors which he himself had committed. But, blind to the last, he added, 'Wei Chung-hsien fully deserves your trust, and may be given the highest office with absolute confidence.' Finally, he commended the Empress to his brother's tender care. 'See to her welfare: she

has been a faithful consort to me these seven years. Much do I owe her: often has she admonished me and urged me to better things. Her influence has ever been for good. She deserves all your pity: a widow, and so young. To your care I commend her.'

Prince Hsin left the Presence, and the Empress concealed him in an inner apartment of the palace, for fear lest Wei should assassinate him.

The Emperor passed away at 3 P.M. on the twenty-second of the eighth Moon. Thereupon the Empress issued his valedictory decree and commanded the hereditary Duke Chang Wei-hsien and other officials to escort the new Emperor to the Main Hall of Audience, where he should receive obeisance. The dead Emperor was dressed in his robes of longevity, and his widow, weeping at his bier, so exhausted herself by excess of grief that she fainted away.

The new Emperor conferred upon her the title of 'Empress Senior¹ of Feminine Virtue and Tranquillity,' and gave her the Palace of Motherly Peace and of Motherly Blessings for her abode.

VI

The new Emperor had abstained from all participation in palace politics during his brother's occupancy of the throne, but he soon showed himself to be a man of strong character and noble disposition. The Chief Eunuch's position soon became one of great danger, for his crimes had made him many enemies, who now combined and turned against him. Also, Madame K'o had been sincerely attached to her foster son, though she had abused his confidence, and at his death, stricken with remorse, she ceased to be subservient to the eunuch's treasons, stratagems and spoils.

The power of the evil confederacy

¹ To be distinguished from Empress Dowager.

which had wrought so many and great evils was now broken. Before the late Emperor's coffin, Madame K'o penitently burned pathetic relics of his childhood which she had treasured — his first tooth, some locks of baby hair, a few broken toys, and the scabs which had peeled off him after smallpox. Shortly afterwards, she was arrested, accused of her countless crimes on overwhelming evidence, and sentenced to death by the slicing process, every member of her family and household being also condemned to execution. At her death, the people rejoiced as at a festival. In her quarters at the Palace there were found six imperial concubines, all with child, and it was proved that she had intended to poison the new Emperor and to make one of these infants of unknown paternity heir to the throne. All these wretched women were condemned to death, victims of another's evil ambition.

The tide had turned strongly against Wei Chung-hsien, and realizing that his position was desperate, he fled to Shantung. Outlawed and abandoned by all his followers, he committed suicide near the grave of Confucius, but by order of the throne, his body was subsequently dismembered and the head exhibited at his native city, Ho Chien-fu, and many scores of his adherents, — especially those who had conspired against the Empress, — were put to death.

Throughout the troublous reign of the new Emperor Ch'ung-chen (1627-1644), the Senior Empress lived on terms of happy intimacy and affection with him and with his consort, respected and beloved of the populace. In 1642, upon the marriage of the Heir Apparent, she took up her residence, as custom prescribed, in the Palace of Benevolent Old Age.

Her death was as meritorious as her life had been. In 1644, when Peking

had fallen into the hands of the rebel Li Tzū-ch'eng and the city was being ravaged and burned by his troops, the Emperor sent her a message bidding her commit suicide; but in the tumult and confusion the messenger failed to reach her. When she heard that Li Tzū-ch'eng was battering at the gates of the Forbidden City, she called for a sword, but was unable to deal herself a fatal blow, and her attendants endeavored to dissuade her from seeking death. Failing with the sword, she hanged herself with her girdle, but was cut down by her servants and urged to seek safety in flight. Angrily she stamped her foot, saying, 'You have disgraced me,' and ran to a side room, where again she tried to hang herself, but some of Li Tzū-ch'eng's men arrived just in time to cut her down. As she came to her senses, the rebels gathered around her, praising her beauty. One of them, who seemed to be a leader, exclaimed, 'We are now in the palace of the late Emperor's widow: this beautiful woman must be she. Never have I seen so beautiful a face. Let no one lay hands on her. She must await our Chief's orders.' But some declared that this was not the Goddess Chang — that she had fled in disguise and escaped, whilst others said she was dead.

The rebels were still disputing as to her identity, while she sat silent, when some eunuchs entered with an elderly woman who was Li's personal attendant, and who had been ordered by him to arrange the palace concubines in batches, according to their age and beauty, for his inspection.

The eunuchs pointed out the Empress to her, saying, 'That is the Goddess Chang, wife of the late Emperor.' She was placed in the care of attendants who tried to console her. 'Lady Chang, do not be afraid,' they said; 'you are so beautiful that when our

great prince inspects the concubines to-morrow, he will surely choose you for his Empress.'

In her grief and despair, the Empress felt as if her breast were being pierced by a myriad arrows, and she was wondering how she could contrive to kill herself, when a loud voice called out from the courtyard, 'Where is the Empress Dowager, Goddess Chang?' This was one of the chief commanders of the rebels, named Li Yen. Before Peking had fallen, some of the eunuchs had gone over to the rebels, and had informed them of the whereabouts of the most beautiful palace women, whom they divided into three classes.

Li Tzū-ch'eng had promised thirty concubines to each of his generals, and a list of all the women in the Palace had been placed in Li Yen's hands. Li Yen was a licentiate of Honan province who had joined the rebellion, a fluent expounder of moral philosophy. Seeing that the Senior Empress's name was at the head of the list of women, he sighed deeply and said, 'How dare these wretched eunuchs desecrate Her Majesty's name in this way! She stands too high for such disgrace. I, who come from her own province, must save her from this outrage.'

So he hurried into the palace and, on finding her, bade two handmaidens lead her to one of the throne rooms, where he assisted her to mount the dais. Li Yen then dressed himself in court robes and made obeisance before her nine times. Placing her in the charge of attendants, he hurried away to find Li Tzū-ch'eng.

That same evening, she succeeded in killing herself. When they found her body she was attired in black silk, with gold embroidery and full sleeves: her face was veiled with yellow crape and her hair neatly dressed. She looked like a woman of thirty. Those who saw the serenity of her face felt as if some

heavenly visitant hovered near them, so happy was she in her death.

Li Yen buried her in the courtyard of her palace, and did homage at her obsequies. Meanwhile, Li Tzū-ch'eng had given orders that the late Emperor and his Consort should be buried, but made no public announcement concerning the death of the Senior Empress. It was freely rumored that she had been taken alive by one of the rebels. On the same day, the concubine Jen surrendered to Li Tzū-ch'eng and, to increase her own importance, told him that she was the Senior Empress, wife of Hsi Tsung. Li Tzū-ch'eng believed her, and later, on his retreat before the Manchus, took her with him. Thus it came to pass that, in the court of the fugitive Mings at Nanking, calumnious tongues insulted this noble woman's memory, and it was spread abroad that she had become the mistress of the rebel chief. There were still eunuchs and women at that court who had been of the faction of Wei Chung-hsien, and who were only too eager to besmirch her spotless reputation. The new Ming Emperor, Prince Fu, was in the hands of evil advisers, and believed these cruel falsehoods, so that no canonization was conferred upon her until the following year, when her death was

undeniably confirmed. A eunuch eyewitness of her death described it to the Manchu Regent, Prince Jui, who gave orders that she should be buried beside her husband, at his mausoleum to the north of Peking. So came she to her honorable rest.

After the dispersion of Li Tzū-ch'eng's forces by the Manchus, the concubine Jen, who had accumulated great store of treasure from the palace, moved to Wu T'ai Mountain, west of Peking, and her abode became the resort of many lawless characters. She still claimed to be the Empress Consort of Hsi Tsung and, in that capacity, extorted money from the common people. Eventually, complaints were lodged at court, and she was arrested and brought to Peking. On her arrival there, she still claimed to be Empress, and some there were who believed her. But the eunuchs of the court had no difficulty in proving her to be a base pretender. The romantic chroniclers aver that she was compelled to try on one of the Goddess Chang's tiny shoes, before which test she failed ignominiously. Be this as it may, she was allowed to commit suicide, since when the memory of the illustrious and virtuous Empress has shone undimmed throughout the centuries.

IDEAS OF DESIGN IN EAST AND WEST

BY LAURENCE BINYON

I

SOME five and thirty years ago a Spanish gentleman, Señor Sautuola, owning an estate near Santander in the north of Spain, set out to explore a cave on his property, in the hope of finding remains of prehistoric man. The cave had been discovered accidentally some years before by a hunter, the narrow entrance being masked by brushwood. Señor Sautuola made repeated visits to the cave and discovered the blackened traces of a cooking-place, heaps of shells, broken bones and flint instruments. But it was only when he took his little daughter with him that the discovery was made which has given fame to the cave of Altamira. The child, with that superior vivacity of observation which grown-up people so often lose, noticed something on the ceiling of the cave. 'Look up!' she cried, and the party, following her direction, perceived a painting, a painting of a bison strongly colored in red and black. As they examined further, more paintings were discovered, — pictures of antelopes, horses, wild boars, and above all of bison, but in every case of animals.

This was the first discovery in Europe of paintings by prehistoric men. One would have thought that it would have made a sensation in the world. But no! With that brilliant skepticism for which the nineteenth century had so much talent, these wonderful paintings were pronounced by learned archaeologists to be recent forgeries. For quite a number of years the caves of Alta-

mira were forgotten. Then discoveries of a similar character were made in the Dordogne district of France. Altamira was remembered. Señor Sautuola, who would have added picturesqueness to the story if he had died in the mean time of a broken heart, — Señor Sautuola was vindicated; and the paintings discovered in the first instance by a little girl were made the subject of a magnificent publication.

Apart from the interest of this little story as a chapter in the long record of the blunders of incredulity, there is something that fascinates imagination in contemplating these paintings by ancestors of our race so infinitely remote in time from even the earliest art of the most ancient of civilizations. Michelangelo has told us of the agonies of discomfort he endured, as he lay on his back on a scaffold and painted the sublime figures on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. But to similar discomforts were added, for these unknown precursors of the world's artists, the discomfort of working in darkness. The sheltering recesses of their dwelling gave them security, but it condemned them to live in midnight gloom, lighted only by oil lamps.

The pictures are of extraordinary vitality, full of character and vigor. I do not know which to wonder at more — the astonishing boldness and truth of the drawing, or the driving power of the instinct which impelled the race of men at this remote stage,

'In the dark backward and abysm of Time,'
to find an outlet for their spirits in art,

even in conditions of the most painful discomfort.

What was it that made these primeval cave-dwellers devote so much time and so much toil to the portraying of these wild animals? This was art. Why did they want it? Why, when nature and life itself hold such interest and fascination, why do we want it? What was the instinct, so strong in man even hundreds of thousands of years ago, which impelled him to produce it?

Some perhaps will say, it came from a belief in magic. The cave-dwellers thought that they might more easily capture their quarry if they caught its image on the walls of their caves. Or was it a kind of religion? Did they seek to glorify these wild beasts? Or did they seek to glorify their own prowess in hunting? Or was it merely the pleasure of imitation?

Something possibly of all of these motives was present. We cannot tell. But we can say that these prehistoric men were keenly and profoundly interested in the beasts they hunted. Mere existence for them was a tremendous struggle. And the contest with these wild animals, from which they had to get food to sustain them and the skins to clothe them, represented for them — life. They drew what interested them in the world, and nothing else. It is probable they had no eyes for anything else.

In South Africa there are remains of remarkable paintings by Bushmen which strongly recall the prehistoric paintings. In one of these an antelope is shown browsing on the branch of a tree. But the painter was so little interested in the tree that he left out its stem and painted merely the branch, high up in the air, on which the antelope was browsing.

In all the various aspects and workings of Nature, primitive man found but one thing which interested and fas-

cinated him so much that it possessed his imagination, and haunted his dreams, and drove him to re-create in line and color the images of his dreams.

His art expressed his relation to the world. And that I think is what at bottom art is: an intuitive expression more profound than language can articulate of man's relation to the universe. Even now, when we are so infinitely removed from the prisoning narrowness of the primeval wrestle for mere existence; even now, when the world has come to be realized as something unimaginably complex, what else is art than this?

On the one side is the world, all the august powers, the ever-changing enchanting appearances and the mysterious terrors of Nature; on the other side is man, played upon by all those visible and invisible forces, seeking and questioning and crying, 'What does the world mean to me? What do I mean in the world?'

I am not wishing to attempt a definition of art, but I want to lay stress on a fundamental characteristic, often lost sight of in the popular view.

I suppose at the present day in our Western civilization the most general notion of art is that it is a luxury and ornament of life, not a function of life, not a necessity, not part of our common need.

Well, but are we satisfied with our art? When we look back to one of the great periods of art, to Athens or to Florence in her prime, what is the difference that strikes us? There is an immense amount of talent to-day, genius even is not wanting. But surely our art fails just in the measure in which it fails to express a genuine relation to life. It has become a separate thing, not a common interest.

I remember some time ago visiting an old country house, such as we have so many of in England, with its beautiful gray walls, its ordered garden full of

old-fashioned flowers, and its interior and furniture scarcely touched. And the thought came to me that the people who built and lived in this house were probably people who cared little or nothing for art as we talk of it nowadays; they certainly never conceived of anything like our exhibitions of pictures, and I dare say their interests were just those of ordinary country gentlemen to-day, country pursuits, farming, sport, politics. But they lived in a house where nothing was ugly; they had admirable taste, without perhaps knowing it; and the garden with its blended elements of order and freedom was a real work of art. I am not sure indeed that gardening is not the most living and best practiced art surviving in England. And I thought of our fine picture exhibitions and of our acres of hideous streets, and our progress made me sad. With all our wonderful inventions and conquests we have left behind the idea of harmony: and that is what civilization has somehow to regain.

In such a house and garden as I have in my mind there is at any rate a harmony between man and his surroundings.

It is true that when such a harmony is reached, something in the human spirit impels us after a time to break it. Life is a perpetual readjustment to conditions, and art is the expression of an *everchanging relation* of the human spirit to the world. The greatest and most splendid harmonization of life was that achieved by the Greeks; a balance of human faculties so perfect that we have seen nothing like it since. But how soon was that fine poise to be disturbed and overset! No perfection, on whatever plane, seems ever to be reached but at the cost of death; the death that is new life. Destruction and chaos succeed to order; but soon its inner necessities drive mankind to

a new effort, involving yet greater conquests.

In the great Gothic cathedrals we see the symbol not of perfection, but of vast aspiration. The wants and desires of the spirit are there expressed as perhaps nowhere else in art; all the profound and inarticulate reachings out toward the unknown and the infinite, the longings that this earth never wholly satisfies; all that the Greeks in their serene adjustment of their faculties to the world had left out or suppressed.

In these cathedrals, in Chartres, in Notre Dame, in Westminster Abbey, there is magnificent art but there is no imitation of nature. These are ideas expressed in stone that becomes almost dematerialized in the effort to soar and spring.

There is no imitation. And this leads me on to consider the notion which has been prevalent for so long in Europe, the notion that art has come into existence as a result of the imitative instinct in mankind. I believe this notion to be wholly error. There is undeniably a pleasure in the exercise of imitative skill; but imitative skill will never carry us far. Of itself it will never make a work of art.

It is true that in art we desire and need reality. But we do not need facts for their own sake. For art, as for religion, facts are nothing till they become symbol and idea. They become symbol and idea by becoming parts of ourselves, factors of our imaginative life. That the earth goes round the sun and not the sun round the earth is of no moment to us in itself; it is the stupendous change in the conception of man's place in the universe involved in the discovery which transforms the cold fact into a living energy of idea. It has become an experience; a change has happened in our own minds, and it is this which matters. Thus the copying of the facts of nature for their own sake in the in-

terests of objective truth, leaves those facts outside ourselves, as we know from many a conscientious bad picture. The life within man and the life outside man meet in the imaginative power which blazes forth as art.

Why do we need reality in art? We need it because the spirit of man only shows its mastery of the world by the grasp of essential truths, the significant truths, the truths that mean something to each of us and answer therefore to something vital in ourselves. It is not the external reality that is ever the subject of art, it is the meeting of the reality with ourselves. That is why I say that art is an expression of our relation to the world.

Wants and desires are as much a part of that reality we call experience as the facts and laws of nature which are continually opposing or controlling those wants and desires. Indeed these are the strongest part of our human nature. Could we conceive ourselves to be for a moment non-human and absorbed into the energies of the world without, we should be forever meeting with a restless obstinate force striving to combat those energies and to harness them. This restless, obstinate force is the will of man.

It is the want and desire in man which has made him what he is, which has won all his hard-fought and splendid victories. I do not want to use terms like realism and idealism, because such terms as these seem expressly invented to stop us from thinking. But it is evident that in art we cannot help expressing a preference; we choose out certain things, certain aspects of life, to dwell on them with special interest and fondness. And this implies that such things partake of and belong to the world we should like to live in. We express in art something of our ideal of life. But then in art the instrument of expression is representation of real

things: at least we cannot entirely get away from reality, however bold and free the convention we use.

Art therefore partakes both of ourselves, our dreams and desires, and of the world about us. It is not enough to say that art is the expression of emotion: the emotion expressed must have some vital relation to the things by means of which it is expressed.

But if art is not the result of the imitative instinct in mankind, is it perhaps decoration?

Did those prehistoric draughtsmen of Altamira paint the ceiling of the cave with pictures of wild animals to add an amenity to their struggling existence by decorating their dwelling? Well, perhaps this motive entered into their work. Certainly the instinct to decorate both houses and furniture and things of common use has been universal among human races. And at any rate we have here a principle which makes no artificial distinction between the fine arts, as they are called, and crafts of handiwork.

But what is decoration? We commonly speak of it as the filling of a surface with a design or pattern pleasing to the eye. And in our time an attempt has been made to consider this as the essence of pictorial art, and to divorce it from the matter represented. Whistler, you will remember, said that all human significance and association were non-essential, were nothing but claptrap.

The answer to this is that it is contrary to experience. We might make the parallel assertion that the essence of poetry lies in the rhythm of the verse. Why then trouble about the meaning of words? But we find that when a poet ceases to care about the meaning of words his music becomes thin and poor. And so too with the painter. When he ceases to care about the significance of what he represents, his design becomes enfeebled. You cannot make abstrac-

tions like these. The truth is that rhythmical verse is the most perfect, pregnant, and effective way of expressing poetic ideas. And so too rhythmical design is the most perfect way of expressing pictorial ideas. The resistance of the material, the difficulty of fusing the matter with the form, the effort required to subdue complex forms and masses in a picture like a group of animated figures, for instance, into a beautiful pattern which does no violence to natural gesture and movement—all this calls out the deepest powers in an artist. It keeps him ever freshly interested. But to go on weaving arabesques that have no relation to natural form becomes as tiresome very soon as writing melodious nonsense. It does not engage the deepest interests of the artist; and art, it has been said, requires the whole man.

But we may go further than this. For pattern is itself expressive. Even melodious nonsense has a certain effect; at any rate we may be moved by the rhythm of a poem in a language unknown to us, though we should easily tire of its repetition. In the same way no pattern is without meaning. Just like those related tones of music, the relation of tones and colors or of lines and spaces in a pattern appeal to something in us below the surface of ordinary consciousness, perhaps, but all the more sensitive on that account. The Greeks, you will remember, gave to music a paramount importance in education. We train the conscious intelligence, but wholly neglect the harmonizing of those deeper emotional states on which music and the elements in all the arts which are akin to music play so powerfully. Plato held that the introduction of a new kind of music might imperil the whole state, by subtly insinuating a disturbing influence into the character of the citizens. And really we have only to remember how different

we feel in a room that is nobly proportioned and in a room which has been built without any care or idea of proportion, to realize how strongly we are affected by these silent influences. Think too how the pattern of a wallpaper may affect us, even though we may be quite unconscious of what it is that makes the difference. The very fact that we talk of patterns as gay, restless, depressing, or the like, shows how they respond to our moods. Colors also, as is well known, have a direct action on our senses; green soothes and red excites. I have no time to pursue this subject, but what I want to emphasize is the truth that pattern, the elementary language of pictorial art, is language, is expression, and has always meaning. And not only this, but the artist's intuitions of life and conceptions of the world will be found expressed in the character of the design he chooses, even more surely than in the ostensible subject of his picture.

Now if this is true of an individual artist, it will be true, broadly true, of the art of a race. With all its varieties of mood and character and style, the art of Europe has some definite characteristics which we may call European. This perhaps only becomes plain when we look at the art of Asia as a whole. Whether we admire the art of the East or not, it has this great interest, that it brings into relief the salient qualities of Western art.

As we shall see, the art of the East, or at any rate of the Farther East, has different principles and a different character of design from our own art; and I shall show how these really are but the inevitable results of a different conception of the world and of man's relation to the world.

II

The first thing that strikes one in European painting is its firm and power-

ful grasp of matter. For good and for evil a strong hold on and a lively interest in the material world mark the art of Europe. It is needless to point out how exactly this corresponds to the character of our civilization. It is because of this that the notion of art as an imitation of nature has been so popular and persistent. And yet that has never been the inspiring motive of the great European masters. Leonardo, Correggio, Rembrandt did not explore the mysteries of light and shade; nor did Michelangelo probe the secrets of anatomy, merely for the sake of knowledge and scientific truth of representation. They studied these things because they sought a richer and more powerful means of expression. But many a secondary artist has lost himself because he lost sight of the end in the means. And that is just the vice of much of our Western civilization. We are so engrossed in getting the means to live that we forget how to live, to use life itself.

This firm grasp of the material world shows itself in our art not only in the steady exploration of fact, the study of anatomy, perspective, atmosphere, light and shadow: it is also seen in the character of our design. Western design has a character of fullness and abundance: the symbol of the mind which desires to have all experience for its own, to press out the essence of experience, like ripe grapes, into wine. It shrinks from empty spaces, as the Western mind shrinks from solitude.

One might choose as a typical example of Western painting at its finest the world-famous picture by Titian, still best known by its traditional title, *Sacred and Profane Love*.

This picture, certainly among the most beautiful in the world, shows the designing faculty of Europe at its noblest. Breadth of vision still allows of exquisite detail. With a great pervad-

ing richness, both of form and color, there is no excess or crowding. The peaceful, ordered landscape is beautifully related to the human figures. We feel the presence of a nature generous in emotion and outlook, ardent but not feverish, sane but not cold; a mind equal to the problems life presents it; a spirit richly sensitive to the glory and beauty of this world, and untroubled by the thoughts of another world than this. In such a picture we feel that glow and vitality of superb health which was the foundation of the Greek ideal.

It may be said this is a picture inspired by a pagan theme and pagan in its spirit. Ought we not to take rather a picture possessed by the Christian ideal? Certainly the change effected in men's minds by Christianity was not without its immediate effect in European design. Greek art expresses the beauty that there is in order; it expresses a harmony of the human faculties, and a splendid consciousness of human power. Rome with her pervading sense of Law emphasized the conception of order into hardness.

How different a conception of the world came into art with the Middle Ages! The significant thing about life was its transitoriness, about man was his smallness and weakness. This world was a wilderness, the other world only was stable and secure. And so we find in mediæval art the lines of Gothic sculpture and Gothic architecture prolonging themselves as if in the infinite quest of something beyond, and ever attenuating the sense of mass and substance. Extravagant longing and aspiration embody themselves in slender pillars and in soaring arches. And with the conviction of life's transience comes a tenderness for frail and fugitive things, for the flowers which Greek art seemed so strangely to forget but which spring and cluster so naturally in the borders of mediæval missals.

Yes, the change was great. And yet not so great in fundamentals as appears. For in the first place the mediæval temper never took so complete a hold on the spirit of Europe that it could withstand the power of the revival of the classics. It had in it something of disease, because of its inadequate conception of the world, of its ready acceptance of ignorance.

And if this life was transient and fugitive, how all the more firmly fixed the eternal order of the other world! The conception of order, weighted and hardened by the inheritance of Roman Law, remained; only now it was transferred from this world to the next. The Middle Ages bequeathed to us the idea of a mechanically ordered universe, with man at its centre, and God outside it. That has remained with us as the popular conception. While science has been enlarging the universe for us, we have somehow managed to accept incompatible conclusions at once, dividing our minds into compartments. But in art we are always haunted by Greece and Rome, just as our education has for centuries fed upon the classics. And so the art of Europe since the Renaissance, with no very coherent spiritual ideal of life behind it, has fallen back more and more on the material world. It has been the tendency in the West, in art as in religion, to materialize the unseen, to reduce infinity to the finite. We have conceived of perfection as something that ends activity, as a completion, a state of repose.

Take a typical altar-piece, the famous Giorgione at Castelfranco. A lovely picture, full of graciousness and peace. But how thoroughly human is the conception! There is nothing of the grossness of earth, yet the elements are all earthly. A beautiful maiden enthroned in a pleasant landscape embodies the transcendent idea of the Vir-

gin-Mother. The warrior-saint stands forever armed and idle; the energies of life have ceased. It is like a coming into a fair haven after the struggle of a stormy voyage: it is an end.

Now I think it may well profit us to turn away from the art of our own Western tradition and consider an art which has grown up and flowered among races of a quite different civilization, among a different order of ideas and nourished by a different inspiration: the art of Asia. That is the only other body of creative art which can be compared with our art, the art of the Western world, on equal terms. And it is strange that it is only within the last few years that this art has come to be known in the West. Our knowledge of it can still perhaps be described more accurately as ignorance: yet we know a little about it, and we are going to learn more as years go on.

In the fourth century A.D. there lived in China an artist, who was also a poet. His name was Ku K'ai-chih. In London we have a painting, a long scroll, which for at least a thousand years has been treasured as his work; and though that cannot be proved, I believe it is in all probability a painting by his hand. But I am not now going to discuss his pictures. One day, we are told, he intrusted to a friend a chest full of paintings which he had collected. For better security he fastened the lid of the chest and sealed the fastening with a seal. The friend however coveted the paintings, and hit on the simple expedient of removing the bottom of the box and so abstracting them. When the box was restored to Ku K'ai-chih, he broke the seal and found it empty. But he suspected no theft and expressed no surprise. Beautiful paintings communicate with supernatural beings, he said; they have changed their form and flown away, like men when they join the immortals. I quote this little anecdote

because it plunges us at once and in a vivid way into the world of ideas, so different from our own, which prevailed among the Chinese.

The artist was a wonder-worker, a magician. The animating power of the universe, if he was great enough to be wholly possessed by it, seized upon him for its instrument and in his paintings created actual life. There are innumerable stories of the Chinese and Japanese masters which testify to this belief. Even when the belief became legendary it retained its hold on the imagination. Thus there are stories of horses painted with so surcharged a vitality of movement that they escaped from the bounds of the picture and galloped into space, and of dragons which, when the last finishing touch was put by the master's brush, rose crashing through the ceiling among peals of thunder. And then there is that story of the end of Wu Laotzŭ, the mightiest of the Chinese masters, which is at any rate a magnificent symbol. The painter in his old age had painted a great landscape on a wall and invited the Emperor to look at it. While the Emperor was lost in admiration, Wu Laotzŭ exclaimed, 'There is more beauty behind,' and clapped his hands: a cave in a mountain opened, the artist stepped within and disappeared forever, while the fresco faded into nothing on the blank wall.

A folklorist might tell us that here was an interesting survival of belief in magic, and pass on. But I think there is more than this in such stories. For do we not feel that a painting is here conceived of as a spiritual creation, something partaking of the essential spirit of life, possessing the painter's personality and absorbing him into a life greater and more powerful than his own? The idea of imitation is not here present at all.

But let us take a typical example of

Chinese design. I have in my mind a painting by a Sung master. The subject is a priest, a recluse among the mountains, meeting with his disciple. How sharply the conception of design contrasts with the European altarpiece! The figures are not placed in the centre and made dominant, so as to absorb the eye. The principle of symmetry is done away with. And yet we feel that the elements of the design are held together in a subtle equilibrium. The great height and space of blank sky is employed as a positive factor, attracting the eye in equal measure with the mass and contour of the figures. Then too there is a great tree, but this is only shown in part, the stem swerving out of the picture and a branch returning into it above. If the tree were all shown it would overweight the balance that is in the artist's intention. Moreover, by half concealing it, he makes us think of it as greater than it is; he makes us understand that the picture is only a little part of nature, and that nature is not enclosed and prisoned within the frame, but that it is a kind of symbol of nature's infinite growing life ever reaching out beyond the limit of our senses and only to be apprehended by our imagination. The same principles of design run through Japanese art, and you will often hear people praising a Japanese print or painting for the happy gift of placing that it shows, the instinctive felicity with which a touch is put in the right place for a decorative effect.

But what we have to realize is that this comes not merely from a decorative instinct or intention, but is rooted in a definite conception of the world and of man's place in the world. The whole imaginative philosophy of that side of the Chinese mind which found expression in Laotzŭ is implicit in this picture.

We have always thought of perfection as something completed, and

therefore finite. But, as Mr. Okakura tells us in his charming 'Book of Tea,' Laoist thought rejects the finite, because where there is an end, where there is completion, there is death. Growth has stopped. Therefore we find a dwelling on the idea of the imperfect, the uncompleted, when the capacity for growth still remains. Taotzū praises the softness and weakness of the new-born child, so helpless yet so mighty in its potentialities, and contrasts with it the rigid strength of the grown dead man. He is full of the praises of emptiness, the emptiness of the bowl that may be filled again and again with water. We too should make ourselves empty that the great soul of the universe may fill us with its breath. So too in the Chinese picture there is the empty space, that our imagination may enter into and there find its freedom. Never to be stagnant, never to let the dust of the world settle on the wings of the soul, to be spiritually fluid and free—that is the ideal of Laotzū. For so we join the great stream of the cosmic life that permeates all things.

Our Western thought is so dyed and saturated with the image of man as the central fact of the universe, that it is difficult for us readily to enter the Eastern modes of thought.

The Chinese seem never to have felt the need to throw their imagination of the life-force into a human image. They kept their thoughts strangely vague and impersonal. They conceived of the Divine as Lao, the Way, that is, a movement, an energy; and they accepted the fact of perpetual change in the unchanging movement of life. How often in Chinese pictures do we meet the sage or poet contemplating the splendor of a waterfall, that symbol of life, with its countless drops never for a moment the same, yet presenting forever an unchanging aspect!

One of these Eastern poets, in one of

those little poems which seem a mere exclamation, yet flash into our minds a wide landscape and a whole world of imaginative thought, cries,—

In the sky, lo, the wild geese flying;
On the highway a file of pilgrims.

Yes, we are pilgrims like the wild geese that trail their flight across the clouds, but not pilgrims weary of the way and thirsting for its end, but rejoicing to belong to that movement which has no end, which is infinite and eternal.

It is characteristic of this art and poetry that the spirit in it goes out exulting to the immensities and profundities, as to its natural home.

In the decoration, as in most of the figure-painting of the West, the foundation of symmetry tends to make a concentration within the design. Our eyes are led to a central object, which holds the design together, as a keystone holds an arch. But in the typical Chinese or Japanese painting there is no one central or dominant object; it is the relation between the several objects that makes the unity of the design. And so we are led out of the picture rather than compressed within it; we are led out into the infinity of nature's freedom and variety.

I do not mean to imply that such a conception of design is unknown in European painting. One might instance Velasquez, with pictures like *Las Meninas*, certain compositions of Giorgione, and of artists so different in type as Piero della Francesca and Goya. But the study of relations, rather than the delineation of objects, has been practiced but tentatively in the West. And in especial the use of space as a positive element in pictorial language has been remarkably neglected. Our Western compositions tend to symmetrical grouping with a certain surplus of space between the edges of the subject and the frame, which has to be filled up somehow. These tendencies I speak of

are more plainly manifest in our decoration and pattern designing than in mature figure-design. For when our decoration deserts a geometrical basis it seems to lose grasp of all principle and becomes simply capricious.

And now to consider another point. The relation to the world expressed by the artist should be, or partake of, an ideal relation. We have to adjust ourselves to the world we live in: and however much we may scorn a material view of life, we cannot disregard the subtly acting but eternal laws which give life and meaning to matter. How can pictorial art or sculpture express such an ideal relation? Wherever there is life, there is movement; wherever there is natural movement, there is rhythm. Mankind delights in rhythm because it is the natural expression of life. Now the Chinese, with their haunting sense of an eternal flow of animation sweeping through all things, man included, held as the cardinal virtue of a work of art that it should be pregnant with this rhythm of life. We have all watched children dancing. Is there any sight more wholly delightful, more literally entrancing, than to see the grace and energy of youth forgetful of itself and unconsciously absorbed in giving plastic expression to the creative rhythm which moves the world? To capture in line and color something of the genius of the dance is to express pictorially a central emotion of our nature. The expression of movement by means of an art which is of necessity stationary, like painting, sounds paradoxical in theory. But we know by experience that it can be done. When we look at Chinese or Japanese paintings of dancers—I remember especially some examples of the school of Matabei—the sense of motion is irresistibly communicated to us, not only by the figures themselves but by the design which relates them to one another. We note

again the use of space, and the character of design by which the figures not only dance within the picture but lead us out and beyond into wider spheres of motion.

In Western art we have sought for relief, mass, solidity, and have correspondingly sacrificed the aerial joys of movement and all the spiritual qualities of which these are the expression.

In this Eastern art, then, we have noted three salient characteristics in which it differs from our own: the deliberate substitution of balance for symmetry in design, the use of space as a factor in pictorial language, and the expression of movement. These exist in Western art, but on the whole their use has been sporadic and intermittent; felt for instinctively against the trend of other tendencies by exceptional natures, rather than pursued and mastered so as to become a tradition and a power. Assuredly we can learn to increase the range of expressiveness in our art by enlarging and developing these means and these principles. But I have tried to show that these characteristics of Eastern art, all interwoven with each other, are the natural outcome of a certain inherent conception of the world and philosophy of life. They are not mere technical devices which can be learned and added on to our own art, from outside.

Now is it mere coincidence, that just when this great world of Oriental art is opening out before us in beauties hitherto unknown,—is it mere coincidence that we find our own conceptions of the world are changing too? For we are moving away from the old idea of a great fixity in things, which were for so many centuries rooted in the thought of Europe, when the earth was still conceived of as the centre of the universe. Inert matter is resolved into streams of energy. We begin to realize the incessant stream of change and motion that

the apparent solidity of things really means. We have submitted to a humbler, if a vaster view of the destinies of man; for our eyes are opened to the infinities and complexities of the life outside our own, and we apprehend at last the continuity of the universal life. Men of science are beginning to tell us that we may believe that in plants, in the vegetable world, there is something corresponding to what we call consciousness in ourselves. Science begins to tell us what the old Chinese seem to have understood by some felicity of intuition, two thousand years ago. Inevitably, though perhaps unconsciously, such changes in our view of the world will appear in our art, and in the very language it uses. At this moment the significant stirring in European painting is the revolt against mere representation, the research into movement, the reaction from excess of solid matter, the new inspiration in the idea of rhythm. We know how sensitively Whistler responded to the first revelation of Japanese design. And in art like that of Puvis de Chavannes we see, as in Wordsworth, who has so much affinity with Eastern thought, man allied to the great things, the great spaces of Nature, which humble his pride but at the same time exalt him.

And again I might recall how Watts, while at work on one of his equestrian statues, discovered that every good line in a work in sculpture or painting was a section of a large curve which, if continued, would find its completion far away out of the actual design; whereas a bad line was part of a small circle suggesting a form contained well within a limited space. In the former case the line suggests spring and growth; and Watts confirmed his discovery by observing the lines in vegetation, in trees. Here is a principle akin to that worked out fully and boldly by the masters of China and Japan.

We in the West have found that the vitality of our art has been nourished chiefly by the influx of new material. The spur to our artists has been the zest of exploration. The painters of the East have remained content to repeat the same motive for century after century. And not only this, but they have remained content with the same means of expression, eschewing the representation of relief as well as of light and shadow. Our painters, on the contrary, have tried to press the utmost possible amount of matter into their medium; they have sought not only the effects of painting pure and simple, but the effects of relief as given by sculpture and of depths of space as given by architecture. They have explored the anatomy of the body, the effects of atmosphere on shape and color, they have challenged the intensest pitch of the sun's radiance. Now it is easy to envisage the history of Western painting as a progress in scientific mastery. But after all, science is science and art is art, and these are two very different things.

If there is a progress in painting, and if that progress is in scientific mastery of materials, what is the end to which painting progresses? We can but answer, the production on a flat surface of the complete illusion of appearances. Yet we know very well that the attainment of this end, which seems indeed well within our grasp, will not satisfy us. The truth is, there is no end to art till humanity comes to an end, till the hopes of humanity are over, the desires of humanity are extinguished. Shall we say, then, there is no progress? No: but the progress lies not in scientific mastery; it lies in that perpetual readjustment of life which craves an ever-fresh answer, a profounder, sincerer, more pregnant answer to those questions, What do I mean in the world? What does the world mean to me? It

lies in the conquest of matter for the spirit. When we think of art in this way, how little seems to have been done! But then how vast the future! The art of the West has been like a fire, choked with the fuel which we have heaped on it so eagerly; burning fiercely but tur-

bidly, with smoke and crackling. In the art of the East the flame has burned far clearer and purer: the danger for it is rather inanition from want of fresh fuel. How much, what a plenitude of material has our Western art to consume! how grand an inspiration remains!

THE GERMAN SIDE OF MEDICAL EDUCATION

BY ABRAHAM FLEXNER

FOR upwards of half a century American medical students have resorted in increasing numbers to the universities and hospitals of Germany. A few of the striking features of German medical education are generally understood and appreciated in America, notably the opportunities for research on the part of advanced students and the value of the assistantship in the laboratories and clinics. It is nevertheless surprising how inadequately many of those who have studied in Germany grasp the sources of German strength in the field of medical education, the actual details of its organization, its failures and its defects. Equal vagueness prevails as to the precise extent to which the German system is transferable to us or as to how far its transfer is desirable.

One must admit that the reverse is just as true, perhaps more so. If we do not fully understand the Germans, they even less fully understand us. For their failure to see us correctly or in fair perspective in the matter of medical education there are several obvious causes. They have seen us only slightly and superficially in our own country

and the specimen Americans whom they have met in their own laboratories and clinics have not always been selected with a view to representing what is best or what is characteristic in American medical education. It is even a question whether such a hodgepodge as American medical education is really capable of being sampled or represented at all. I recall the amazement with which one of the most distinguished of living teachers of medicine in Germany described to me two American students who had recently asked to enter his service on the recommendation of prominent American colleagues. The first of the two appeared at the clinic, and to the professor's question as to what he wished to see or do, replied, 'I am interested in everything connected with your clinic — its organization, staff, the laboratories belonging to it, the way the current ward work and laboratory work are managed, how topics for research are selected, what is being done in the way of investigation, and how the teaching of students is harmonized with all the other activities.' I suspect that the professor was a little overwhelmed

by the extent of the young American's programme. Nevertheless he was willing. 'Good,' he replied, 'I will do all I can to promote the objects of your visit; my laboratories and wards and assistants are at your service. How long do you propose to stay here?' 'I have all day,' answered our compatriot.

Not much later the second appeared, armed with equally flattering introductions. He was quizzed immediately as to the length of his proposed stay and answered satisfactorily; accordingly a table in the laboratory was assigned to him. Next morning he made a vigorous entrance, peeled off his coat, donned a white jacket, and got busily to work with characteristic American energy. Anon it was remarked that he rushed to the window, waved his handkerchief up and down as if in salutation, and then returned to his table for a few minutes, after which the window performance was repeated. The stolid Germans at work in the room were puzzled, but worked on. On the next day the same series of incidents was repeated. Finally, one of the men ventured to ask an explanation. 'Oh,' said the American, 'we have just been married, and it's my wife waiting for me in the automobile.'

To return, however, to my subject. The importance to us of German methods is quite independent of their and our relative greatness. It was somewhat amusing, on the publication of the Carnegie Foundation bulletin dealing with medical education in Europe, to notice the passion with which some of our medical Jingoists undertook to prove that, however badly we came off in the educational comparison, American medicine is as a matter of fact superior to that of any country in Europe. Not being a medical man myself, I am quite incompetent to pass upon the issue here involved. But as a

dispassionate layman, I cannot but be struck by the fact that in whatever medical school an American student may graduate, he rarely seeks further opportunity elsewhere in his own country. The Harvard graduate does not go to Johns Hopkins for larger fields of study; the Johns Hopkins man does not go to Columbia; the Columbia man does not go to Pennsylvania. They all go to Germany if they can. A lay interpretation of these facts may be of course wholly mistaken. The students here in question may go to Germany because it is, or has been, the fashion; or, after their strenuous exertions, they may need the rest and change provided by a sea voyage. Until, however, eager foreigners begin to flock to American schools for the purpose of continuing their studies, it is extremely likely that the one-sided movement of American students to Germany will be construed by laymen to mean that they find something there which is not found with equal ease and in equal abundance in the medical schools of their own land.

To what is this superiority, if such it be, due? It is to be attributed in the first place to the fact that a wise and powerful government has drawn a sharp line below which no medical school can live. The German medical faculties are not all equally strong, equally varied, or equally resourceful. Their laboratories differ in size, in modernity, in productivity, and in efficiency. The German clinics vary in the extent of differentiation, in the number of beds, in the adequacy and efficiency of their laboratory attachments. These variations are sometimes very pronounced, according as the man in charge is more or less able, more or less progressive, and more or less well supported. Nor does any one propose to extinguish these differences. 'Standardization' has never been sug-

gested, in the sense that facilities and equipment and methods must conform to a pattern, — even though the pattern may be unexceptionable. Differences such as are above alluded to give zest to scientific and medical competition; they are the inevitable outcome of variety in history, situation, talent, and purpose.

But for us the important point is that the differences never cut below a certain well-marked and lofty level. In respect to the educational qualifications of its students, in respect to the intelligence and capacity of its teachers, in respect to general laboratory and clinical facilities, every medical school in Germany surpasses, and far surpasses, what any state in America lays down as the minimum requirement. There is, I repeat, no uniformity; but not in all Germany is there a feebly equipped or a feebly manned medical school, or a heterogeneous body of medical students. How high the minimum standard is in all these respects I will try to make clear by stating that on the minimum standard on which a medical school can live in Germany, over three fourths of the medical schools of the United States and Canada would be at once stamped out of existence. Standardization in Germany is therefore a negative policy: it forbids the incapable; it places no restraint upon the development of that which is adjudged fit to live. It does not embarrass the good by pedantic or bureaucratic interference. True enough, the schools have developed along similar lines; but no minute governmental regulation requires that this be so. There is no formulated standard that would interfere with the development of variations; and variations of the greatest importance continually crop out, and at the very places where variations are most fruitfully significant. But the main

point is that the power to forbid the creation of unfit universities and medical departments is real and is strictly applied. It was, for example, a matter of years before the rich and ambitious city of Frankfurt was permitted to proceed with the organization of the university which it is shortly to possess; and it obtained the necessary authorization only after conclusively demonstrating the possession of the necessary facilities: in the case of medicine, — money, laboratories and clinics of the proper character and capacity.

A passing contrast may show the practical result of a different policy. The only American state which possesses a department of education somewhat resembling that of a German state is New York. The home of the Department of Education in Albany is rather more imposing than that of the Prussian Department of Education in Berlin; and the New York department also has large powers. The difference is that the Prussian department uses its powers and the New York department, despite improvement in recent years, does not; in the city and state of New York, medical schools still exist which are utterly incapable of fulfilling respectably the purpose for which they purport to have been established; and schools in other states are recognized, despite equal or greater defects. That is to say, in the one American state in which an agency has been created for the maintenance of a decent minimum, the decent minimum is not yet maintained; still less so in other states. I do not wish to imply that this is the fault of the present officials. They may plead that they are not sustained by enlightened opinion, — professional or public. But the fact remains. In Germany the minimum is strictly maintained and the minimum is high.

Aside from the high minimum level

in respect to equipment and organization, perhaps the most important single feature of medical education in Germany is the character of the student body. The achievements of German medicine, scientific and educational, are largely due to the solidity of secondary education in Germany. I do not deny that this education has its defects; but they concern us very slightly, for they are the last thing in the world to which we, as a nation, are liable. Secondary education in Germany may be too inflexible. The point, however, need not be dwelt on in a country where flabby and inefficient methods of teaching prevail from the primary school through the high school, only to become still more flabby and inefficient in the college. No boy is permitted to begin the study of medicine in Germany until he has passed through a prolonged and serious secondary-school training, covering nine years. In the course of this training he comes to realize that he has an intellect, and to learn how that intellect can be made to do its proper work. He brings into the medical school disciplined, serious intellectual power, and he cannot enter without it. We shall never rival the achievements of Germany, or, for that matter, of France, in any intellectual field, until we have perfected a system of secondary education that is at least as effective as the German *Gymnasium* and the French *Lycée*.

The medical curriculum in Germany practically falls into three unequal divisions. The first comprises physics, chemistry, and biology, and is, in my judgment, treated in an inadequate fashion. The work occupies the first semesters in the university, where adequate opportunity for the sound teaching of these branches is lacking. As a matter of fact, the medical curriculum is, even when narrowly viewed, so ex-

tensive that it is highly important to detach from it any subject which can be as well, or better, taught in the secondary school or in the college. Physics, chemistry, and biology, being essentially the foundations of medical study, belong in the *Gymnasium*, not in the university. Local and historical reasons, on which I need not enlarge, have thus far prevented a sound readjustment on this point.

The second division includes anatomy, physiology, pharmacology, pathology, and legal medicine. The facilities for teaching and investigation in all these branches, though more extensive in some places than in others, are everywhere excellent. It is, however, a characteristic of the German university that the student is allowed enormous liberty in the choice, arrangement, and conduct of his various courses. It is assumed that he has received what discipline he needs in the course of his secondary education. He enters the medical school a mature man. He is in the university as he would be in an office, a railroad, or a factory, — responsible for his own doings. If he chooses to fail, that is his high privilege, for the exercise of which he will be dropped out. If he chooses to achieve mediocre success, that, too, is within his power. If he chooses to work overtime, every encouragement and all possible appreciation will be extended to him.

A nation of educational "spoon-feeders," such as, alas, we in this country are, may well stand aghast at this free-and-easy treatment. I am myself inclined to think that the German arrangement is needlessly chaotic and wasteful; but I have no quarrel with the full responsibility which it throws upon the already well-disciplined medical student. The German instructor is not a probation officer dealing with children in their early twenties. He

provides a rich and abundant fare. He could not provide this rich and abundant fare if his strength had to be exhausted in police duty, in quizzing, drilling, and marking. The two things of course hang together. Where there are well-trained students, there may in the years of maturity come full responsibility. If the student body were incompetent, the university professor would have to degenerate into a 'school marm,' as is frequently the case in our country.

We Americans are in this respect absurdly inconsistent. Despite what is denominated a reaction against the elective system, a highly elastic curriculum is nowadays in vogue in both high school and college. In other words, elective freedom sufficient to deprive the curriculum of both continuity and coherence still survives. A fair measure of the leeway allowed to boys in the secondary school is provided by the enlarging variety of the alternatives allowed by the college entrance requirements and the steadily contracting sphere of the college entrance examinations. Individual, local, or other considerations are suffered to suggest to the high-school boy what he should study, and the colleges are increasingly inclined to accept it, if qualitatively satisfactory, as the basis of academic work. In the college itself freedom perhaps quite as great prevails. A few very general directions with a view to procuring some intensive work in one field, accompanied by a certain amount of sympathetic attention to allied topics, form the main restriction upon the student's dispersive tendencies. I am not concerned now to criticise these arrangements. I wish simply to draw attention to them by way of contrasting them with the martinet spirit which prevails the moment his liberal education is completed and the student begins to attack a subject in which he is

really interested. That is the moment that we Americans select for tying him hand and foot: once he enters the medical school, he is, for the most part, committed to a four years' uniform grind, precisely as if it were known just what he ought to learn and as if the curriculum-makers knew it. The necessary subjects and parts of subjects are specified, as is the number of hours that he must devote to each. Routine is so exacting that the average medical student is not quite equal to it, and the better student is quite used up by it. Instead of furnishing opportunity and stimulus for development, the American medical school closes down upon the enterprising student, long inured to academic freedom, with an exhausting and depressing uniformity.

This phenomenon is closely connected with another previously pointed out. Our laws — or their lax enforcement — permit the continued existence of weak medical schools. The public interest demands that their graduates be as well trained as possible. The states have endeavored, by precise specifications as to what the student must be taught, how and how long, to force inherently poor schools to be better than it is in their nature to be. Some poor schools have been thereby made so uncomfortable that they have desisted; a few have improved slightly; but the good schools have been harmed, and medicine and medical science have been deprived of initiative and originality. The Germans, surveying our situation, taunt us good-humoredly: they recall our pride in being a 'practical people.' 'Would not a truly practical people reach the end by forbidding the incompetent rather than by crippling the competent?' I have been frequently asked.

The third division of the German curriculum is devoted to the clinical

branches. The student pursues these branches almost in what order he pleases. His freedom is even greater than the freedom he has enjoyed in the laboratories. The failure to work out his studies in more logical sequence seems to me once more an unnecessary dissipation of time, energy and interest. But the absolute responsibility of the mature student for his own course I regard as a highly important characteristic. The German procedure recognizes and emphasizes the vastness of the field, its essential and inherent lack of any one type of organization, and the abundance of loose ends and unsolved problems. No two students have pursued precisely the same course; their contact is therefore novel and stimulating. They know different things, reached by different routes; for the student wanders from place to place, seeking new teachers, whose diverse views stimulate thought and rebuke conformity. An air of adventure therefore permeates laboratory and lecture-room, — and in such environment native power enjoys an incentive which the neatly dovetailed course of study is powerless to impart, though potent to destroy.

With the teaching methods commonly employed much fault can be fairly found. The German university was originally, and long remained, a lecturing institution. The laboratory and the clinic have been grafted on it. Meanwhile, the lecture remains the backbone of the general instruction in all departments. Its stubborn hold is due not only to tradition but to interest. The university attracts strong and able men partly because a successful university career is highly profitable, and the profits depend upon the large classes which can be assembled to hear the professors' lectures. Efforts to improve the lecture by joining with it occasional practical exercises either

in the laboratory or in the clinic have not, in my judgment, succeeded. But the training of the student is enormously better than one would judge from a casual glimpse into a crowded amphitheatre. It is enormously better, in the first place, because of the skill and intelligence of the teacher; in the second, because of the highly trained quality of the student; in the third, because every student who is worth his salt takes advantage in one form or another of the abundant opportunities for individual work as a volunteer or as an assistant in the laboratories and clinics.

This voluntary activity is indeed the very essence of the German system of medical education. It begins with the boy's entrance into the medical school and it does not stop for years after his graduation from the university. Aside from the variety of opportunity offered by varied and abundant courses, in term time as in vacation you will find *famuli*, or student-assistants, working in the laboratories of anatomy, physiology, and pathology at every spare moment from the very outset of their medical studies. Six, eight, or a dozen boys will be engaged in working up extra or superfluous material, watching carefully for every scrap that is not consumed in the daily demonstration. The same practice holds in the clinic. The elasticity of the time-table permits and encourages this valuable custom. Student volunteers are found in every hospital service, during the semester as well as between semesters. And the habit of working overtime — a natural consequence of consistent opportunity and stimulus throughout the medical course — does not of course disappear with the attainment of the degree. No serious person regards his educational career as finished until, as assistant, he has served under one or more dis-

tinguished masters. A year's hospital service is indeed required; but it has thus far proved of little worth on account of lack of supervision and oversight. But of the high value of the assistantship, whether it be volunteer or appointed, there is no doubt whatsoever. No praise is too great for the patience and devotion with which the German student of medicine, who has passed nine years in the Gymnasium and at least five years in the university, devotes himself on small or no pay to the service of assistant for periods ranging from one to ten years, without which service he does not regard himself as equal to the full responsibilities of his calling.

In connection with clinical teaching, I have one more point to make, — a point in respect to which we Americans make a particularly bad showing. The German medical profession respects — as the American medical profession does not respect — the teacher of medicine. The German doctors do not think — as American doctors usually do think — that the practicing profession of a town is quite capable of taking up without forethought or preparation the responsibilities of clinical teaching. Very properly, I think, the Germans hold that medical teaching is a profession, a career, — not identical with medical practice. They therefore allow the universities to select their teachers of medicine and surgery where and as they please; and they do not dream of contesting hospital privileges with men thus chosen. I can imagine no more instructive contrast than could be drawn between the great Allgemeines Krankenhaus of Vienna and Bellevue Hospital, New York, or the Cook County Hospital of Chicago. At Vienna the hospital has university and non-university divisions; as a matter of course, the university is free to appoint whom it

pleases, and the men appointed are free to conduct their wards as their judgment approves. At Bellevue there are also university and non-university divisions; but no university is really free in its own division, and, if one division desires to do a particular thing, the others can automatically come together to prevent.

The German hospitals that are affiliated with medical faculties are in earnest about medical education and medical research. They permit universities without question to summon their clinical professors whence they please; and the universities scour all German-speaking Europe for competent leaders. The professor, once installed in the clinic, is eager to distinguish his tenancy by the productive work of himself, his assistants and his students. America makes a sad contrast in this very important respect. With few exceptions the relations between medical schools and hospitals leave the schools no initiative in the choice of clinical teachers. In some instances a proper understanding has indeed been arrived at, but even in these, the school is rarely strong enough to utilize its nominal privileges. To no small extent, the improvement is as yet mainly on paper. More serious still, our clinical heads — mainly unproductive men — are far from hospitable to young workers. Where the chief is not himself a productive scientist, obvious considerations make it inexpedient for him to open the doors wide to ambitious and original advanced students.

The truth is that the clinical teacher in the German sense hardly exists as yet in America at all. As contrasted with Germany, American teaching of medicine, surgery, and obstetrics, and so on, cannot properly be called professional teaching. Our professors of the clinical subjects, with exceptions so few as to be numerically negligible

are practitioners who make no effort to create the scientific or academic atmosphere and environment characteristic of the German clinic. The university spirit is missing in the clinical half of the American medical school. Let us not deceive ourselves on this score. We are paying the price of long-continued and still-continuing exploitation of clinical teaching. A race of practitioners willing to sacrifice personal advantage for scientific progress is just beginning to be bred. In consequence, the few young men who have renounced practice have received quick and large rewards in the shape of promotion and opportunity. But the movement is in its incipency. The general situation has not been transformed, even though it has been improved. The spirit of a medical school cannot be wholly renewed even if one or two clinical posts are tenanted by devoted and ambitious men.

An amusing example of total incapacity to appreciate the ridiculous has recently been furnished by a New York institution. In order to avoid being lowered in classification by the Council on Education of the American Medical Association, certain influential members of its medical faculty undertook to introduce certain improvements, — itself a situation which could not arise in Germany. The university authorities refused to carry out the bargain, whereupon the members in question resigned. Did this affect the school? Not a bit! The vacant places were at once filled with practicing doctors. I venture to say that the incident could be repeated indefinitely, and the faculty kept full none the less.

The essential features which have contributed to the greatness of German medicine may then be concisely formulated as follows: first, the high minimum level of organization and

equipment, below which the government will permit no medical school to live; second, the prolonged and serious secondary-school training which is absolutely, without exception, exacted of every student in the medical faculty; third, the freedom of the German university, which gives the professor the strength and leisure to work and encourages the capable student to do more than the minimum requirements of the curriculum for graduation; finally, the high respect in which the practicing profession holds the teaching profession, and the custom of calling teachers freely from university to university. Reformers of American conditions will do well to bear these four criteria in mind. Those schools which cannot now meet them, or soon hope to meet them, ought not to be allowed to go on contributing their quota of immature and ill-trained practitioners to a medical profession whose general average is already probably below the lowest to be found in any other great modern nation.

My praise of German medical education, though high, has not been un-mixed. But to one important defect in their situation, — a defect which the native German critic hardly suspects, — particular attention may be called. In the creation and development of the medical faculties in Germany government has done everything. Practically nothing has come from private initiative. For this reason there is even now very little to be hoped for from private sources. The demands on government for the support of the army, the navy, the schools, and so forth, are so great that the universities unquestionably suffer for lack of the funds needed for expansion. The German medical scientist, therefore, looks with envy and wonder upon the munificence of the great American benefactors of medical education. Johns

Hopkins is an old story; but it may be repeated any day, as can readily be illustrated. Three years ago, for example, there was hardly a single auspicious opening for medical education west of the Mississippi River. Within that time, however, preliminary steps have been taken to establish in St. Louis an institution whose ideals and equipment place it on the same level with the Johns Hopkins Medical School. Through the wisdom and generosity of a small group of men, Washington University, St. Louis, has constituted a medical faculty composed of able scientists brought together from different quarters of the continent. It has built an admirable set of modern laboratories, to be opened the coming autumn, and it has established a working connection with a newly endowed hospital answering every necessary purpose in respect to treatment, science, and education. The difficulties in the way of launching this undertaking were very great. An old type of medical school had to be slowly wound up, even while the new school was ushered into being. Abundant building and endowment funds had also to be provided. The arduous and delicate steps have been successfully carried through, thanks to the confidence, imagination, and generosity of local benefactors.

Farseeing, public-spirited, and generous citizens of this type are found only, or mainly, in America. Whatever be the advantages enjoyed by the teachers across the waters, men of this type are not 'made in Germany.'

The large scope allowed in America to private initiative is, however, not without countervailing disadvantages. It produced the excellent medical schools I have named in Baltimore and St. Louis, and is doubtless destined to produce others in the near future. But it produces other things, too. For example: the rapid decrease in medical schools during recent years might be interpreted by an ordinarily intelligent person to mean that the day of the unsupported medical school, with ill-taught students and with incompetent local practitioners as faculty, has gone by. But in this free country it is dangerous to look upon anything as finally and utterly dead. Nothing prevents the resuscitation of a departed medical school or the creation of a new one without adequate resources.

Our real problem lies here. Private initiative in education—in originating as well as in furthering educational movements—has amply approved itself in America. Its scope is likely to increase rather than decrease, as conscience and intelligence suggest further fields of endeavor. The Germans have thus far denied themselves expansion thus secured; and they give little indication of ever embracing it. The excesses and absurdities to which private initiative in America has led appear partly to justify their policy. It is therefore for us to decide whether we can retain the full benefits of large individual initiative without laying ourselves open to its abuse.

CRACK O' DAWN

BY FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

CRACK O' DAWN! Red sun looks in
Through my curtains white and thin.
Sun looks in, and I look out
At the sweet world spread about.
Silver dew on lilac tree,
Meadow-larks desiring me,
Hills that sleep along the dawn,
Sense of wise stars just withdrawn
(Serious stars that hide away
In the hot blue halls of Day).

No one sees me as I run
Clear to meet the clear-eyed sun.
No one hears me laugh and sing
Many a dawn-swept dancing thing.
No one knows my prayers are made
Out of dew-pearl and leaf-shade,
Out of lark-song and sky-breath;
Simplest challengers of Death.

Crack o' dawn. The City still
Sleeps behind my daisy-hill;
Very dull, with shutters locked.
Though the red sun knocked and knocked
They would never ask him in.
But the bull-mouthed whistles' din
Breaks their heavy dreams apart;
And they groan, and stretch, and start
Grumbling up.

O Dawn! Am I
Guilty of their sweat and sigh?
Am I cold and hard, to run
Free of foot to meet the sun,

CRACK O' DAWN

While the bull-mouthed whistles roar,
And the drab-faced people pour
Herded down the blank gray street, —
Leaden eyes and leaden feet?

Could I help them if I too
Lost my sunrise leaves and dew?
If I made my own dreams gray
With the dust of day-to-day,
And forgot the stars, and fell
In that hideous barren Hell,
Where, I think, my soul would be
Hard for God Himself to see?

Once I was a pagan wild,
With the wonder of a child.
Once I thought the City too
Might go free of dawns and dew.
Oh, I thought them stupid folk,
With their crazy wheels and smoke,
Swarming babies, huddling halls,
Brazen laughter, sodden brawls,
And their blind souls, — blind, while I
Played the god with wind and sky.

Crack o' dawn! Red sun, I wake
Singing for your splendid sake;
Silent, for the City still
Drugged behind my daisy-hill.

Oh, but were I pagan yet!
God! could I forget! forget!

CAPITAL PUNISHMENTS

BY AMY WENTWORTH STONE

ARCHIBALD DERRY stood on a garden bench and peeped over the wall at Agatha Blake. Archibald had, only twenty minutes before, been strictly forbidden to play with Agatha, and that was in itself a reason why it was important that he should see what she was doing. Agatha never did anything that was not interesting. Archibald saw that she was at present hopping up and down on the sundial at the edge of the rectory garden. With arms extended and scarlet bows erect as two pert wings behind her ears, she looked for all the world like an animated little Mercury in a short tan frock.

'What you doin'?' called Archibald.

Agatha paid no attention whatever to him. She did not even glance in the direction of the wall; she simply went on hopping as if there were no Archibald in existence. It was one of the most fascinating things about Agatha, this complete indifference as to whether you went over to play with her or not. She always seemed to have on hand a dozen charming things which she could play by herself. Archibald could not understand this in the least. For him life was an utter bore on the afternoons when he was cut off from Agatha and thrown back upon the society of the twins on his own side of the wall.

'What you doin'?' he repeated.

This time Agatha stopped long enough to nod and smile at the wall.

'I'm being punished,' she said, and then appeared to forget him again immediately.

Archibald clambered up on top of

the wall. This was more and more interesting. When Agatha was being punished she was always in her most original and delightful frame of mind.

'What for?' said Archibald; 'saucy again?'

Agatha nodded and revolved gingerly on the sundial. Then there came into view a large cardboard, pinned across the shoulders of the tan frock. It read:—

I'M THE LITTLE GIRL

WHO SAYS

AUNT EUNICE I WON'T

'Did your mamma put it on?' asked Archibald.

Agatha nodded again.

'And I have to stand up here for half an hour,' she said with a cheerful smile; 'it's a new punishment.'

'Did your mamma think it up?' pursued Archibald, 'or you?' It was just the sort of thing that would naturally suggest itself to the fertile mind of Agatha herself.

'Mamma did,' replied Agatha, not without a touch of pride; 'she thinks up new ones all the time.'

Poor Mrs. Blake was, in truth, at the end of her resources. All varieties of punishment had in turn been tried upon Agatha, but never once as yet had Agatha been punished. She simply turned every new penalty into a delightful new game. Not that Agatha was not sorry for her misdeeds; she always was. Nothing, indeed, could have been more disarming than the cheerful promptness with which she acknowledged her sins. But having

once acknowledged them, she declined to dwell upon them further. A sin committed was, for Agatha, a sin forgotten; and then there was always a possible new punishment to be anticipated.

Agatha, moreover, had a gift for inventing new forms of sin, and she was never in any way to be guarded against. For the things which Agatha thought of doing were things that had never even entered into the heart of her family to conceive. How, for instance, was Aunt Eunice to foresee that her niece would interest herself in the cause of votes for women to the extent of taking her (Aunt Eunice's) brocaded yellow petticoat for the banner in a suffrage parade, which Agatha organized and led about the neighborhood one Saturday? Or why should her father, who finished his sermons every Friday behind the closed doors of the study, have guessed that Agatha would spend this hour, arrayed in his clean surplice and armed with his Book of Common Prayer, reading the burial service over the chickens that were already stuffed for the Blake Sunday dinner? In the course of time their plump shapes, laid out in shoe-boxes, had been rescued from beneath the floral offerings sent by Archibald Derry and other mourning friends, and Agatha had graciously explained that she intended of course to bring them back in time for dinner.

For this particular escapade she had been locked up in her mother's closet for an hour. She had spent the time in the experiment of putting on all her mother's clothes at once, in layers; and when she had succeeded, she played that she was an enormously fat princess under a spell, whose weight could be reduced only by the ringing of a magic gong outside her castle walls. Whenever the telephone on her mother's desk rang once she could take off one garment; when it rang twice

she could take off two. And so she had played breathlessly against time, to see if haply she might get them all off before her mother came to release her. Never in all Agatha's experience had an hour so flown on the wings of the wind.

The next time that she found herself shut up in that particular closet, every article of clothing had, needless to say, been removed from the hooks. So she had played that she was an Early Christian in the Roman Catacombs, and had wandered up and down its dark and empty length, writing pious inscriptions on the plastered walls with an indelible pencil. And when she had presently heard her mother coming to open the door, she had begged to be allowed to stay just a minute more, till she could see how nice a Holy Family she could finish drawing in the dark.

'She's so shockingly well read,' said the despairing mother that evening to her husband, 'we simply *must* school ourselves not to give her another scrap of historical information.'

'My dear, calm yourself,' replied the rector, who had unbounded faith in his daughter's genius. 'If she had n't heard about the Roman Catacombs you may be sure that she would invent them.'

Agatha, it is true, had first and last examined nearly all the works in her father's library. The Reverend Mr. Blake had not in the beginning sought to direct or curb his daughter's reading, holding to the comfortable theory that for true culture the child must dip at will into the treasure-house of the past, and believing fondly that what was not suited to the infant mind would, of itself, escape the average child. But Agatha never thought of being an average child, and nothing ever escaped her that could serve her purpose, as her parents began, too late, to understand. She had therefore dipped and skimmed

about the tolerant shelves of the rectory library, reading the lives of the saints — and also, incidentally, of a number of sinners. Before she was nine Percy Bysshe Shelley was already the hero of her dreams. For several weeks, indeed, she had played that she was Mary Godwin, and eloped regularly every morning with Percy through the pantry window, and flitted with him through the currant bushes to Italy. This was a game into which she had never thought it wise to initiate any one else. Archibald Derry, with his little round cropped head, striped blouse, and soul barren of poetry, struck her as an unpromising Percy. So she had fled instead on the arm of an intangible, but quite satisfactory lover, until the day when, making her usual hasty exit, she stepped by accident into some large pans of walnut fudge, which Aunt Eunice was cooling at the pantry window. The jolt with which she came down to earth — and to Aunt Eunice and the scraping of nuts and chocolate from her shoes — had been too much for Mary Godwin. Accordingly the elopement had been superseded the following day by the execution of Anne Boleyn on the carriage block, Archibald this time being permitted to stand by in the unimpassioned rôle of Henry VIII.

‘Do you want me to come over and play?’ said Archibald on the wall to Agatha on the sundial.

Agatha was more indifferent than usual. She was absorbed for the moment in watching something in the pergola beyond the sundial.

‘I don’t care; if you want to you can,’ she replied, ‘only don’t bring the twins.’

‘I’ll have to,’ said Archibald, ‘or else they’ll yell and fetch somebody out here.’

In confirmation of this there arose two shrill demands from two small in-

visible throats on the other side of the wall.

‘Me go p’ay wiv Aggerter, Artzie.’

‘Me go p’ay wiv Aggerter, too.’

Archibald, therefore, reached wearily back behind the wall and hoisted up over its brim two bunches of pink-checked rompers and yellow curls. When placed right-side-up on the grass they were seen to be Ulrich and Ursula Derry, in no possible way to be distinguished one from the other, except by a large pink ribbon bow askew over one of the four little ears.

‘Watzoodoin,’ Aggerter?’ they said, cocking up dimpled chins at the sundial.

‘I’m Saint Simeon Stalactite,’ she said.

‘Who’s he?’ said Archibald, who had dipped no further into general culture than the Alger books.

‘He was a very, very holy man who lived up on top of a pillar for thirty years,’ replied Agatha.

‘G’wan,’ scoffed Archibald.

‘G’on,’ echoed Ulrich and Ursula.

‘For thirty years,’ repeated Agatha unmoved.

‘Did he have a sign on his back?’ asked Archibald, still skeptical.

‘We none of us know,’ replied Agatha.

This was one of Aunt Eunice’s telling rejoinders, which had always been effective with Archibald. It was now.

‘What did he have to eat up there?’ he inquired, shifting his ground.

‘Oh, everything,’ said Agatha, whose method was to improve upon history.

The menu of Saint Simeon did not, however, interest her, and she began hopping about on the numerals again. Archibald found himself filled with an ardent longing to be mounted on a sundial too. This was the invariable effect of Agatha.

‘How long you been up there?’ he said, yearning for the moment when

Saint Simeon should descend and the serious business of the afternoon begin.

'Twenty-six years,' replied Agatha. There was the shriek of a motor-horn from over the wall behind the sundial. 'That makes twenty-seven,' she cried, jubilantly; 'every time an automobile goes up the hill it counts another year, and every time one comes back I have to subtract one, and I'm seeing if I can get up to thirty before mamma tells me to get down.'

Archibald, enchanted, clambered up on the wall.

'Here comes another,' he cried, 'and another and a trolley-car way down the street.'

'Trolleys don't count,' said Agatha firmly.

Just then a window opened across the croquet ground.

'Agatha,' called a voice from behind a curtain, 'you may get down off the sundial now.'

'O mamma,' pleaded the saint, 'can't I *please* stay up here just a little while longer?'

'No, you can't,' was the exasperated rejoinder, 'you're to get down at once.' The window descended with a bang — and who will blame it. It went up again, however, immediately. 'And you're to keep that card on your back,' the voice continued, 'until your father comes out from his confirmation class. Do you hear what I say?'

'Yes, mamma. All right,' replied Agatha, with unruffled sweetness. And she slipped lightly off the sundial and went curvetting across the croquet ground, her two scarlet bows flashing like oriflammes before her retinue.

'Will your father let you take it off when he comes out?' inquired Archibald as he puffed along behind, with the twins at his heels.

'I don't know,' said Agatha, 'but I don't *want* to take it off anyway. I'm

going to put something else on that will make it *perfectly* lovely.'

'What?' said Archibald.

Agatha, as usual, did not deign to explain. Instead, she skipped over to where Aunt Eunice's new croquet set still lay amid its loose wrappings, tore off a strip of the stiff manila paper, and sat down with it on the croquet box. Then, with the freckled chin of Archibald upon her shoulder and an eager twin pressed close against each knee, she began to print in vast characters: —

TELL PAPA
THAT YOU ARE IN THE
PURGLER WITH
MR. PERKINS

'Gee,' said Archibald, mystified.

'Zee,' echoed Ulrich and Ursula.

Agatha jumped up with business-like decision.

'Now you pin that on underneath the other,' she directed, turning a demure little tan back upon Archibald.

Archibald obeyed as usual.

'Now read it,' said Agatha.

"I," pronounced Archibald slowly, "am the — little — girl — who — says — Aunt — Eunice — I — won't — tell — papa — that — you — are — in — the — purgler — with — Mr. — Perkins."

'Perky, Perky,' echoed Ulrich and Ursula, catching at this delightful sound.

Slowly a light dawned upon Archibald's stodgy little face.

'Are they?' he asked, glancing in the direction of the pergola.

Agatha nodded.

'He's sweet on Aunt Eunice,' she said, 'and papa thinks he's a silly. Maybe he'll elope with Aunt Eunice some day.'

'Perky, Perky, Perky 'lope,' burred Ulrich.

'Perky, Perky, Perky 'lope, too,' echoed Ursula.

Archibald, who was law-abiding, was a good deal shocked.

'What you goin' to do now?' he inquired doubtfully.

'I'm going to play I'm a sandwich-man,' announced Agatha promptly, 'and walk up and down the sidewalk like the corn-and-bunion man down on Main Street.'

Archibald stared at her in admiration.

'Can I come too?' he begged.

'No,' said Agatha, 'the sandwich-man always walks alone.'

'I tell you,' he suggested, 'I'll be a sandwich-man too.'

'You can't,' said Agatha, 'you haven't got anything on your back.'

'Then you make me something to put on,' he entreated, '*please*, Agatha, make me something.' And he swooped upon another piece of the manila paper that had begun to blow about the croquet ground.

The impish brown eyes of Agatha began to dance.

'All right,' she said, 'let's put something perfectly awful on your back.'

Archibald grinned widely, but with vague misgiving.

'What'll you put?' he said. Agatha sat down on the croquet box again and spread a fresh piece of paper on her knees.

I'M THE LITTLE BOY

WHO SAYS

she began, and then she placed her pencil upon her lips and considered.

'Oh, I know,' she cried suddenly.

'What?' said Archibald.

'I'll whisper it,' she suggested decorously.

'Wisper me,' clamored Ulrich.

'Wisper me too,' echoed Ursula.

'No, you're too little,' said Agatha firmly, and put her mouth close to the freckled ear of Archibald.

'Oh-h!' said Archibald. It was indeed very awful. Spell-bound, he watched

it being printed upon the manila paper with Agatha's indelible pencil. The twins also watched. Ulrich was still in his unlettered innocence, but Ursula was known to be precocious.

'D—a—m,' she spelled joyously, and demanded instantly to be told what she had spelled.

'Sh!' said Agatha.

Now Ursula had found that when told to *sh*, the best thing to do was to open your mouth as far as it would go and yell at the top of your lungs. This she now did, being joined at once by Ulrich. It was a most happy idea. Agatha, a hand clapped hastily upon each of those uproarious mouths, immediately promised the twins that they too should be sandwich-men as soon as ever they were quiet. In ten seconds they were watching in a state of joyous hiccoughs while Agatha printed two more manila posters, one for

THE LITTLE BOY

WHO SAYS

SHUTTUP

and one for the very appalling

LITTLE GIRL

WHO SAYS

GO TO THE DOOCE

The twins could hardly wait to have them pinned to the backs of their rompers. These syllables were not in common use in the home circle of the twins and their infant ears were ravished.

'S'uttup, s'uttup, Perky 'lope, s'uttup,' sang Ulrich, combining all the pleasant new thought of the afternoon.

'Go dooth, go dooth, Perky 'lope, go dooth,' caroled Ursula, as the sandwich-men set off across the lawn in the direction of the rectory gate.

The grocer's boy was just removing a ham from the back of his wagon when the procession filed out upon the sidewalk.

'Holy Moses!' he said, 'and the Derry

twins, too.' And he dropped the ham and thrust his hands into his pockets while he studied the receding backs. Then he went and looked over the wall in the direction of the pergola. Then he turned and whistled softly to the fish-boy who was delivering a mackerel across the street. The fish-boy and the mackerel also came and looked over the wall.

Archibald, who was glancing back over his shoulder somewhat nervously, fancied he also saw the boy who delivered the *Saturday Evening Post* join himself to this group. But Agatha marched straight ahead in the middle of the sidewalk, looking neither to the right nor to the left, her scarlet bows rigid with purpose, the manila paper waving behind her in the breeze. The twins brought up the rear, rolling along hand in hand and singing lustily, —

'S'uttup, s'uttup, Perky 'lope, s'uttup.'

'Go dooth, go dooth, Perky 'lope, go dooth.'

'Where you goin'?' said Archibald presently, who kept thinking he heard steps behind him.

'I'm going to Riker's to get some ice-cream cones,' replied Agatha.

'Ice-tweam tone, s'uttup,' shouted Ulrich.

'Totchlit ice-tweam tone, go dooth,' warbled Ursula.

Mrs. Derry disapproved wholly of ice-cream cones. Archibald therefore stood outside of Riker's, his back plastered against a tree, while Agatha negotiated over the soda-water fountain within. Then, fortified with cones, the sandwich-men retraced their steps up the street. When they came once more in sight of the rectory wall, at least ten heads were to be seen crowded at the spot which commanded a view of the pergola. From the pantomime among them, it appeared that something of great interest was going on in

that structure. Agatha stopped, looked, and listened. As she did so there suddenly arose a feminine scream from the direction of the pergola, and all the heads ducked simultaneously below the wall. She waited to see no more.

'Quick,' she cried, 'it's Aunt Eunice!' And she hurried her followers through the gate and on toward the cellar steps and safety.

And all might yet have been well, but for the Hose and Ladder Company, which at this of all moments chose to come swirling down the street in a gallop of hoofs and a clang of bells. At the sound the sandwich-men wavered in their flight across the lawn. Then back they scampered to peek for just one instant over the top of the gate. In that instant they were lost. For it was precisely then that the door of the rectory opened and the confirmation class streamed forth upon the porch. The distance from the porch to the sidewalk was short, and the entire class, including Bertha the first-born of the Derrys, was thus able to read the legends spread upon their rector's gate. They read them in silence. The rector also read them. He had just opened his mouth to say something, when his sister Eunice rushed around the corner of the house. She was followed by a small, nervous man, who looked as if he had had a bad fright.

'There they are, Mr. Perkins,' she choked, pointing a finger at the gate. 'I knew it. Look at *that*!'

It was an unnecessary injunction. Every eye in the garden was already glued upon that eloquent spot. The sandwich-men scrambled hurriedly from the gate. The magic word of *Perkins* also served to start the twins blithely off again upon their cantata.

'S'uttup, s'uttup, Perky 'lope, s'uttup.'

'Go dooth, go dooth, Perky 'lope, go dooth,' they began with fresh zeal.

Then they suddenly saw the cloud of witnesses on the porch and were silent.

But it was enough. Mr. Perkins needed no further hint. He went, went quite hastily and unobtrusively. So did the confirmation class. So, next, did the twins, upon whose faces the ice-cream cone was seen to have done its perfect work. They were guided through the gate by the hand of their sister Bertha, Archibald following reluctantly. Long after they were lost to sight, there could still be heard distantly,—

‘S’uttup, s’uttup, Perky ’lope, s’uttup.’

‘Go dooth, go dooth, Perky ’lope, go dooth.’

It seemed likely that the twins had acquired this for all time.

‘Agatha,’ said the rector, ‘you may go to your room.’

Agatha looked with indulgent sorrow from her square-jawed father to her crimson aunt.

‘All right, papa,’ she said pleasantly, ‘and I’m sorry I made you mad, Aunt Eunice.’ Then, at peace with all the

world, she came skipping lightly up the concrete walk, trying to see if she could reach the porch without stepping on a crack.

‘Edward,’ gulped Aunt Eunice, as the tan skirt flipped through the doorway, ‘you — you don’t mean to say you’re going to laugh!’

The rector certainly did look a little apoplectic.

The scarlet bows of Agatha reappeared behind the screen for a moment.

‘May I stay upstairs until after supper, papa?’ she said. ‘You need n’t send me up anything but a Uneda biscuit. I’m going to play I’m Saint Agatha in the convent, and I shall be under a vow.’

Aunt Eunice stared stonily at her brother, who was getting redder every moment. There was an awful stillness in the garden, which was suddenly broken by a limpid soprano, floating out through the open windows. It was the voice of Saint Agatha going serenely upstairs to her white-washed cell, and she was singing,—

‘Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom.’

A DAY AT BABYLON

BY LEWIS R. FREEMAN

THE swift Mesopotamian twilight had passed as we picked our way through the broken arches and sought the places where our names appeared, in fantastic imitation-cuneiform inscriptions upon fragments of tile from the palace wall. Soft-footed Arab servants filed in through a tottering portal and placed the soup before us, the

fragrant steam from which, rising incense-like, turned to loops and coils of gold as it wound into the haloes above the shades of battered brass which fended from our eyes the flickering rays of the yellow oil flames winking at the lips of the ancient stone lamps.

‘Gentlemen,’ — our host, the distinguished German archæologist, Dr.

Koldeway, did us the honor of speaking in English, — 'we all have good appetites from our long day in the open air; so let us, as you Americans put it, fall to at once.'

Quite by coincidence, the moving-picture man from New York and I had arrived in Babylon at the same time — he from the south by Nejd and Hilla in an *arabanah*, and I from the north by Kerbela and Hindia on horseback — and the dinner in the recently-excavated Feast Hall of Belshazzar was in honor, as one of our German hosts phrased it, of the 'Yankee invasion.' By one of the ruined portals was draped the 'Made-in-Turkey' Stars and Stripes which had been borrowed from the roof of the picture man's *arabanah*, — it is the custom for foreigners traveling in this part of the world during troublous times to keep their country's flag in evidence as a warning to robbers, — and the centre-piece on the table was a battered stone bird discovered in a crypt beneath the Temple of Ishtar, which, though plainly intended in the first instance for a Babylonian goose couchant, was this evening, after being decorated with a red, white and blue ruff and tipped up at an angle of forty-five degrees, held to represent an American eagle rampant. This was the extent of the *motif* Yankee, further decorative touches being of Babylonian, Arabic, or Teutonic inspiration.

The soup, though appearing on the *menu* as 'Potage Nimroud,' had come from a can with a French label. It had a distinctly appetizing odor and no second injunction to fall to was necessary.

It had indeed been a day of absorbing interest, for me the crown of a magical sheaf of days which had begun a week before, when I rode out of Bagdad for a spell of 'nomading' in the company of a single Arab dragoman, and was to end on the morrow, when

we were to journey back to the City of the Kaliphs in the Hilla stage. There had been chill nights when we had shivered in our close-drawn cloaks on the benches of Arab coffee-shops or solitary Turkish khans; warm noons when we had munched dates and Arab bread in the grateful shade of bowers of greenery by canal lip or desert well. There had been a gazelle hunt in which the dogs were borne in the arms of the mounted hunters until the moment of the final *coup* arrived; a banquet with a nomad sheikh of sinister reputation, who proudly showed us the loot of a Persian caravan which he had sacked within the week; a day of hunger in fanatical Nejd, where the devout Mohammedans had refused to sell as much even as a handful of dates to the servant of the despised *Ferenghi*; and then, in breathless succession, all within the last thirty-six hours, had come Kerbela, Hindia, and Babylon.

And where but in this one corner of Mesopotamia can there be seen within the radius of a single fifteen-mile circle three such objects of unique and absorbing interest as these: Kerbela, the shrine of Hussein, the Mecca of the great Shiite sect of Mohammedans; Hindia, the site of the initiatory project in the greatest work of reclamation of modern times, — the restoration, through irrigation, of the traditional site of the Garden of Eden; and the half-uncovered ruins of Babylon, once the seat of one of the richest and most powerful of ancient empires?

'The work of the *Deutsche Orient Gesellschaft* at Babylon is the most thorough and comprehensive piece of excavation ever attempted,' the German Consul in Bagdad had told me. 'Heretofore all the excavation that has been done in Mesopotamia — and in other parts of the world as well — has been little more than a search for relics of a character calculated to make the best

museum display. At Babylon "finds" have been a secondary feature of a work the main idea of which is to uncover and draw to the last brick every standing fragment of the walls of the palaces, temples and other buildings, until sufficient data are obtained to make possible a pictured restoration of that ancient city so exact as to rival the sketches of the architects of Nebuchadnezzar. Dr. Koldewey's work at Babylon will undoubtedly entitle him to rank as the foremost archaeologist of his generation, and you should not miss the chance to make his acquaintance and see him at work.'

Just at dusk, a week later, I cantered into Babylon from the desert, followed my servant past the guard of *zaptiehs* at the gate and down a dim arcade, at the farther end of which a squatting white-clad figure appeared to be in the act of feeding an illimitable mob of yowling gray cats.

'Take and carry to the Master,' ordered the dragoman brusquely, thrusting my letter into the hand of the squatting menial, and failing to accompany the action with the customary shove only on account of the intervening wall of cats. An instant later the figure straightened up and I found myself shaking hands with the distinguished Dr. Koldewey himself. 'We have been expecting you,' he said genially, 'and I am pleased to say that a compatriot of yours has also arrived to keep us company. Pajamas are dinner clothes at Babylon at this time of year, and dinner will be ready by the time you have bathed and shifted into yours.'

Cool and comfortable, we dined in our pajamas, — Dr. Koldewey, his three assistants, the picture man and myself, — and the talk was of Europe and America and China, of the war in Tripoli and the little things of local life, of everything, in fact, except ancient Babylon and the work in hand. Dr.

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Koldewey told of his new motorcycle and the grief to which it had brought him when he endeavored to use it in a cross-country chase after gazelles. Dr. Reuter told of their troubles with the rascally sheikh of the near-by native village, who only the day before had shot a Persian pilgrim in pure wantonness and then thrown him with the two embalmed bodies he was bearing to Kerbela for burial, into the well from which the scientists drew their water. Dr. Reuter concluded his recital with, "'And by the waters of Babylon I sat down and wept,'" and to-night we can only offer you German beer to drink.' The picture man told of a recent fight with Arab robbers, in which a *zaptieh* and a couple of horses were killed before the marauders were finally driven off; and I expatiated on my twenty-four-hour search for food in the streets of fanatical Kerbela.

Our distinguished hosts evidently avoided shop entirely out of working hours, and it was not until the following morning, when Dr. Wetzel took me in hand for a tour of the ruins, that I felt free to ask questions.

Then I learned that the mission, which owed its conception largely to the efforts of Emperor William, had come out to Mesopotamia in 1899, Dr. Koldewey having been in charge from the first. Work had been started on a large but only slightly explored series of mounds on the old channel of the Euphrates, above Hilla, from which the brick to build the latter town had been quarried, and from which, also, much of the material for a comparatively useless barrage at Hindia had been taken by the Turks. At the time, nothing definite had been known as to what the mounds really were, but the fact that all of the quarried bricks bore the name of Nebuchadnezzar stamped on them in archaic cuneiform characters had led to the belief that the heart of

the richest of the ancient civilizations might have beat at that point. Work had been prosecuted, as was explained to me at Bagdad, with the idea of revealing all that was hidden; and before many years had gone by not only had the identity of the ruins been established beyond question, but a series of tablets had been discovered, the translation of which cleared away the mists of doubt which have always obscured many of the most striking events told of in the Old Testament, — notably the Deluge. Other tablets turned out to be the 'books' of a great Babylonian banking institution, others told of remarkable social and economic conditions hitherto unguessed, while others proved to be architectural records of such accuracy as to be of the greatest help in prosecuting further exploration. Now, after a dozen years of uninterrupted work (it had hitherto been the custom for archæological missions in this part of the world to push operations only in the cool winter months), nearly all the salient objects of the Biblical and Grecian descriptions of Babylon stood revealed beyond a doubt; and as Dr. Wetzel led me here and there through the uncovered ruins he spoke of this and that feature of interest with the easy assurance of a Cook's guide in Rome or Paris.

'We know these must have been the Hanging Gardens because of the great size of the supporting pillars. These foundations would take a New York sky-scraper, and in Nebuchadnezzar's time there could have been no reason to build thus except to support some such weight as the replica of a Persian mountain scene which that monarch is said to have had fashioned at the whim of a homesick favorite whom he had brought from Iran. The Tower of Babel, which has always been popularly identified with the great mound called Birs Nimroud, some miles to the

north, we were able definitely to locate through data obtained from tablets. Such of its upper walls as existed within the mound were torn down for the bricks by the Arabs many years ago, but we have laid bare its foundations, as you see, and from the angle of its stairway have estimated its height at about two hundred feet. So, while it was several times as high as the loftiest of the palaces, it must have had more the form of a modern steel-frame fifteen-story office building than that of a tower as we ordinarily understand the latter.

'Temples of Baal and of Ishtar — the latter was the Babylonian prototype of Venus — we have uncovered at a number of places, the largest being those connected with the great palaces. They are always identical in form, — large outer chambers opening successively to smaller inner ones until the "Holy" and the "Holy of Holies" are reached, — as you may see by tracing the lines of the foundations. That narrow passageway, walled off from all the chambers to which the worshipers had access, but penetrating to a recess behind the "Holy of Holies," is an invariable feature and we have not yet been able to account for it. The most likely theory seems to be that it was used by the priests to reach the hidden recess, from which strange sounds to mystify the worshipers were made to emanate. Possibly, even, definite oracular functions of question and reply were carried on. Tablets throwing light on the question may be uncovered any day.'

We passed along the elevated, bitumen-paved 'Street of Daniel,' — so called because it was the only passage giving access to the palace dungeons where the prophet was believed to have been confined, and therefore must have been the one in which he walked to take the air, — and found the picture man trying to put the members of one of the exca-

vating gangs through their paces. Fresh from the soaring pillars and ornate portals of Palmyra and Balbec, he had found in the crumbling sun-dried brick foundations of Babylon few of the outstanding features so imperative to the moving picture that is to figure in popular exhibitions, — a deficiency he was endeavoring to remedy by introducing 'human interest.' Now, one of the men was supposed to be detected in the act of tucking away in his loin-cloth a jewel which he had unearthed among the ruins, and, after a struggle, was led off by two hovering zaptiehs to condign punishment; now, two of the workmen became embroiled in a quarrel and put up a very good imitation rough-and-tumble fight at the foot of the statue of the man-eating lion; and now, crowning touch of all, the dignified and sedate Dr. Koldeway was made to execute a *pas seul* of triumph in front of the clicking machine, in celebration of the supposed discovery of a priceless tablet. The indefatigable operator even had a scenario roughly sketched in which I — the villain, impersonating a rival scientist disguised as a hunter — was to purloin some carefully guarded tablets which contained unguessed secrets of the past, to be betrayed by an Arab dancing-girl, and pursued and captured, after a long chase across the desert, by the hero, a trusted servant of Dr. Koldeway's. Inasmuch as the finale involved, for the villain, a limp tumble from the back of a camel flying before the pursuit of the Doctor's motorcycle, I was not entirely sorry that lack of time if not of talent prevented the rehearsal of this playlet.

One of the most interesting things incident to a tour of the ruins is the noting of the evidences of occupation by the long series of conquerors who followed the downfall of the Babylonian empire. This portion of the palace of

Nebuchadnezzar was restored by the Medes and Persians; this open-air theatre was the work of Alexander; that line of foundations marked a Parthian temple, that was a Hittite causeway, and that restoration of the Temple of Ishtar bore Roman ear-marks. From later Roman times the ruins must have looked much as they do now, for there is nothing to show that the Arabs had a city at this point even in the times of the Kaliphate of Bagdad.

But among all the evidences of this or that despoiler or restorer, there is one structure which has not been, and probably never will be, traced to its true origin. For the great city of Babylon — fourteen miles square within the walls which have been definitely mapped — was itself built upon the ruins of a city scarcely less extensive, and so ancient that even the records of the Babylonians themselves have so far failed to reveal its name or builders. Traces of this prehistoric capital have been found wherever excavations have gone beyond a certain depth, a level, unfortunately, at which the swift-flowing seep of the old Euphrates is also encountered. As this water level is shortly to be raised by the completion of a dam at Hindia, which will divert a good part of the flow of the main Euphrates into its old channel, there is scant likelihood that this problem, one of the most alluring ever offered to archæologists for solution, can be worked out.

Something of the fascination which this riddle has held for the scientists of the German mission, I realized when I stood with Dr. Wetzel at the river-front face of Nebuchadnezzar's palace, where the rounded brick pillars of a still more ancient structure might be dimly guessed through the dark water that filled the excavation and stopped the work, and heard him tell of the countless nights when, unable to sleep from thinking of it, he had paced up

and down those banks and pondered upon the mystery beneath.

'Never was anything so near and yet so completely beyond reach,' he said plaintively. 'And the most aggravating part of the whole thing is that some of the bricks of the lower palace are stamped with a name or legend, just as are those of Nebuchadnezzar, but in a character just different enough to baffle translation without the discovery of a "key." There are gray hairs in the head of every member of the mission which trace to nothing else but fruitless speculation along this one line, and especially as to the meaning of the writing on the bricks.'

'How about Kipling's, —

"After me cometh a builder.

Tell him, I too have known," ?'

I suggested.

'That's probably as near as any one will ever come to it,' he said with a sigh as we turned to go. 'And if the word "archæologist" could be substituted for "builder," I don't know any epitaph I would prefer to have on my tombstone, especially if it was to be decreed that I was to rest out here near the scene of our labors.'

Almost if not quite as great a disappointment to the members of the Babylonian mission as that occasioned by the impossibility of delving after the secrets of the buried city, came four or five years ago, with the victory of the Young Turks, when it was decreed that no antiquities of any kind, no matter by whom found, should be permitted to leave Turkey. Except for a single small shipment, the priceless accumulations of the first seven or eight years of the mission's work were stored in the compound at Babylon at this time, and these, so far as the *Orient Gesellschaft* was concerned, were as completely lost as if, like some of the Layard antiquities from Nineveh many years before, they had been upset in the river. That

the work was never allowed to lapse for a day, in spite of the fact that every foot of earth moved, so far as the discovery of antiquities was concerned, was for the benefit of the Turkish Government Museum at Constantinople, speaks volumes for the devotion of the society and its patron, Emperor William, to their unselfish purpose.

Few of the fruits of the dozen years' work of the mission have as yet been removed to Constantinople, and these, stowed away in packing cases, large and small, are taxing the capacity of the long lines of the compound's sheds. Scant reference, save in the most casual way, was made to any of the stored antiquities, nor yet was I encouraged to linger and examine any of the 'finds' of the last few days' work — strange implements, utensils, ornaments and the like — which had been washed and laid out on long tables to dry. This, Dr. Wetzel explained half-apologetically, was because only the reports on the first few years' work of the mission had been made public. 'But,' he added, 'Dr. Koldewey, at our little dinner-party to-night in Belshazzar's Feast Hall, will do us the honor of making his first public statement on one of the most puzzling questions upon which we have worked, "A Scientific Accounting for the Appearance of the Writing on the Wall." I trust it will compensate in a degree for your having to wait upon the opening of the Babylonian wing of the Constantinople museum in order to see the tangible fruits of our work here.'

We ended the day with a swim in a still, cool pool of the old Euphrates, and twilight found us refreshed and expectant, feasting within the very room where, it is recorded, occurred an episode so spectacular and dramatic that — fact or fiction, history or myth — it has become a by-word of the ages. 'Poisson Babel' had followed 'Potage Nimroud,' and 'Pheasant Nabopollass-

sar' had given way to 'Prawns de Euphrates à la Ishtar,' when our distinguished host arose and, holding aloft his goblet of 'Vin Baal,' proposed a toast to the memory of His Royal Highness, Belshazzar, King of Babylonia.

The moon had risen as the dinner had progressed, and now its level beams, striking through a broken archway, fell full upon the trim, erect figure at the table's head. The howl of a jackal answered our chorused, 'His Royal Highness, Belshazzar,' and I felt the flick of a bat's wing on my fingers as I lifted my glass to drink the toast. A moment later and we had resumed our seats, and the Doctor was speaking from a crumbling dais at the end of the moon-shaft. I can, of course, give but a fragmentary outline of the drift of his discourse.

After tracing the manner in which he had established, beyond a shadow of a doubt, the fact that this particular structure had been the palace of Belshazzar, and that the room in which we were seated was the festal hall of that palace, Dr. Koldeway launched at once into the heart of his subject: —

The statement that writing appeared on the wall of this room on the occasion of a great feast which preceded the downfall of Babylonia by but a few days, has come down to us from so many different sources that we have come to accept it as a fact. It is as definitely substantiated as any other specific happening of so remote a time. Now, the all-important questions to be answered are: How did this writing come to appear where it did? and, Did it really have the meaning which Daniel gave it?

The Scriptures tell us that, 'There came forth the fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaster of the wall . . . and the king saw the part of the hand that wrote.'

Regarding the moving hand, we must consider that the only evidence in support of that phenomenon was the testimony of the revelers themselves (Daniel was not present at the time the writing appeared), and it is probable that most of them were in a condition in which moving hands would have been among the least startling of the things they were seeing. As for the words themselves, — *Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin*, — the only equivalents which the most exhaustive of searches has enabled us to find for them have been the names of certain tools and measures which were employed by Persian builders. We know that Persians were employed in the construction of the Hanging Gardens, and it is reasonable to suppose that they — or others of the same nationality — worked upon the palace of Belshazzar. Since it is necessary to account for the presence of the writing in some way, and since the unsupported evidence of the feasters is not enough to incline one to the acceptance of its miraculous appearance at the tip of a moving finger, I am advancing the theory that the words in question were written in an idle moment by one of the Persian decorators and that they remained unnoticed until the night of Belshazzar's historic feast. Have you not seen an intoxicated person suddenly give frenzied attention to some ordinary object, such as the silver cap on his umbrella handle, which he may have looked upon a hundred times, unheeding, when sober? Thus it was, I am convinced, that the drink-shaken monarch saw the fateful writing on the wall and demanded an instant interpretation, a task which, it is not surprising to learn, none of his fellow-revelers was equal to. When Daniel was called, what could be more natural than that he, the staunch moralist, knowing — as all must have known — of the imminent approach of the Medes and the

Persians, should take the occasion to read the profligate ruler a stern lecture, tell him that he had been weighed and found wanting, and that his arrogant and wicked city was about to fall into the hands of the invaders? It cannot have been long after this that the armies of Cyrus, King of the Persians, took the city. Belshazzar was killed in the fighting, but Daniel, as you know, survived to attain to still greater honors under the new rulers. — No, we have not thought it necessary to attempt a 'scientific accounting' of the Lion's Den episode. We have animal tamers in our own day.

On the eve of a visitor's departure from Babylon it is the custom to bring the guest-book of the current year to his room, set pen, ink, and a bottle of German beer before him, and leave him for the night with the warning that if a page of the book is not covered with an appropriate poem or drawing by morning he will not be allowed to go his way. Thus I found myself 'imprisoned' on the night of our Belshazzar Feast, my captors, however, having granted me permission, as a special favor, to seek inspiration by conning over the versical 'ransoms' of all the years since the mission began its work.

It was midnight when the books, each containing a year's contributions, were brought and stacked upon my table, and the 'Phantom of False Morning' had flickered and gone down again in the east before I had read through them all and bought my freedom by filling the designated page with a string of wretched jingles.

But what a register of famous names was that little pile of roughly bound parchment volumes! Lord Curzon, Sir William Willcocks, Baron Oppenheim and Percival Landon all appeared within a score of pages; but it is sad to record that it seemed the invariable rule

that the more famous the writer the worse was the verse. Only two or three of the contributions were of real merit, and the lines of one of these were running in my head as I stepped out on the balcony for a breath of fresh air before going to bed.

Across the courtyard the white-clad figure of a man was pacing slowly up and down the opposite balcony, pausing at one end of his beat to gaze out vacantly across the moon-silvered pools of the half-emptied river channel, and at the other to regard fixedly the shadow-mottled ruins of the imminent palace of Nebuchadnezzar. How long he had been there I could only guess, — possibly for hours, — but presently, after one last look at the crumbling ruin, wearily, dejectedly, he turned and went in to his room. I did not try to see which of my hosts it was; but I knew as well as if he had shouted it to the un pitying stars that he was thinking of the coming of the water in the ancient Euphrates and of the secrets of the city buried beneath old Babylon, never to be read.

'He is weary with the task Time set,' I muttered to myself as I, too, turned and sought my room, and the phrase repeated itself several times in my thoughts before I recalled that it was from one of the poems I had just been reading in the guest-books. I turned to it and read it again — and then again. Unlike the other efforts, it was unsigned and undated, but I know that it was written by one who had felt the brooding spell at the end of the desert night and had himself wept by the waters of Babylon. Here it is: —

When each age, weary with the task Time set
Of Empire-building, sinks again to sleep,
Time's kindly hand draws o'er the coverlet
That the tired Titan's slumbers may be deep.
Tier upon tier, palace and banquet hall,
Towers, pinnacles and temples front the sky;
Witness the nations' prowess and their fall —
Life lasts a day; at eventide we die.

EQUALITY BEFORE THE LAW

BY ADELBERT LATHROP HUDSON

I

THE idea of equality has in the past been regarded as essential to democracy. Only recently has any one challenged the statement in our American Declaration of Independence, that 'all men are created equal'; and yet when applied to actual life the idea is so manifestly chimerical, that we are now coming quite generally to qualify the statement by substituting 'equal in opportunity.'

But except as a vague generalization the change avails nothing. Any attempt to apply the idea would show that there is no more equality of opportunity among men than there is equality of powers. Various methods have been tried, especially by means of popular education, to minimize the outward effects of natural inequalities. Still the inequalities remain — not merely in the artificial products of organized society, such as the right to accumulate private property, but as well in every natural field of human activity.

The persistence of the idea, notwithstanding these facts, strongly suggests that there may be some principle of equality, not as yet fully defined in popular thought, which is fundamental in a democratic state. May it not be that such a principle will be found in 'Equality before the Law'?

The blackest pages of history have been written because of the lack of such equality. Again and again have nations been overturned, or dynasties de-

stroyed, because judges have failed to recognize the equality of all men before the bar of justice.

Justice is blind. She takes no note of a man's appearance or position. She simply hears his case and weighs the evidence. Solomon is a good example of a just ruler. He was jury, trial judge, and court of last resort. Yet his decisions were so fair and unbiased that he was able to weld the jealous and turbulent tribes of Israel into a mighty nation.

On the contrary his son, Rehoboam, in his very first decision, which was delivered on a question of taxation, showed so clearly his bias in favor of the privileged class who were his advisers, that ten of his twelve provinces revolted on the spot, his kingdom became hopelessly divided, and soon declined into a subject province.

Again, a celebrated Roman case in which the Decemvir, Appius Claudius, in the arbitrary exercise of his judicial power, condemned to slavery and dishonor the beautiful daughter of a Roman citizen, led to the deposing of the tyrannical Decemvirate, and the assumption of authority by the tribunes of the people.

Similarly in England, it was in part on account of the assertion by the Stuarts of their authority to administer justice as of divine right, and their flagrant abuse of that power, that James the Second lost his crown and Charles the First his head.

Then, too, revolution was the logical expression of the condition of society

existing in France in 1789. The courts in no way safeguarded the rights of the people from the rapacity and lust of the privileged class; and, by an inexorable law, outraged justice overthrew that favored class, and created for itself a new tribunal, which became in turn the relentless engine of their destruction.

These are a few instances and seem to show that in all civilized times, in the past, justice has been considered a divine quality which man might demand as his right. He has had an undefined feeling that a just God would see to it that justice was administered to his children. If kings and courts failed to do this, then plainly it was the duty of the people to overthrow these faithless agents. This is the psychology of revolution.

II

The increasing popularity of democracy as a form of government is no doubt due in large measure to the discovery that monarchy — unless it should be merely nominal, as in modern England — tends everywhere to the creation of legal tribunals which favor certain classes. Even old China is playing at democracy in the hope of securing at least some approach to justice, in place of the arbitrary decrees of an absolute despotism.

And this growing protest against monarchical systems goes on in spite of the fact that democracy is much more cumbersome and less efficient as a form of administration. If any one is inclined to question this last proposition, let him observe how frequently, in cases of acute emergency, — where immediate efficiency is required, — a city, state or province is placed under martial law, giving supreme authority to the will of one man, with an armed force to carry out his orders.

The feeling appears to be that in a democracy the humblest citizen will be

guaranteed the equal consideration of his rights by courts of justice, even if he be opposed by the wealthiest or most powerful; that if democracy does not mean this then it has no excuse for being.

Unfortunately this ideal has not thus far been attained merely by adopting a democratic form of government. And this lesson the United States has had to learn at bitter cost.

Many causes, no doubt, contributed to that 'irrepressible conflict' in our country generally known as the Civil War. But probably no one will now deny that chief in the chain of causes leading to that fratricidal conflict was the decision of the famous Dred Scott case by the Supreme Court of the United States. This final proof that the slave-holding aristocracy of the South could control the highest legal tribunal in the land, and use it as a means of working injustice, aroused the people of the North to the need of vigorous action in defense of their most cherished ideals.

III

The result of the Civil War settled, for a time at least, the bitterly contested issue between national supremacy and state sovereignty, which was the natural outgrowth of the compromise effected in the Constitutional Convention of 1787; it left quite untouched, however, the semi-political character of the courts, which was a part of that compromise, and which has prevented them from realizing the ideal of democracy in the administration of justice.

This element of weakness in our judicial system was very clearly pointed out by Mr. Brooks Adams in a striking article in the April (1913) number of the *Atlantic* on 'The Collapse of Capitalistic Government.' That article seemed to many readers to demonstrate conclusively that 'the relation which

our courts shall hold to politics is now the fundamental question which the American people must solve, before any stable social equilibrium can be attained'; and also that the attitude which influential and powerful members of the capitalistic class shall assume toward that question is most vital, both to their own safety and to the welfare of the Republic. Since then, the problem has been worked out more thoroughly by Mr. Adams, in a book just published, on *The Theory of Social Revolutions*.¹

A most important contribution of this volume is its discussion of the fact that not only are our American courts semi-political in their functions, but that this character was given to them from the beginning in order to safeguard the National idea; that it was in effect incorporated in the Constitution and made an integral element in our system of government.

The presentation of this fact to-day seems somewhat novel, so accustomed have we become to a feeling of unquestioning reverence both for the Constitution and the courts. And yet we are reminded that Jefferson, at the time, opposed the giving of such power to the courts, contending that 'a bench purposely constituted to pass upon political questions must be politically partisan,' and predicting, from the abuse of such power, many of the evils which have in fact followed.

But as Mr. Adams aptly says, 'The abstract virtue of the written Constitution was not a question in issue when Washington and his contemporaries set themselves to reorganize the Confederation. Those men had no choice but to draft some kind of a platform on which the states could agree to unite.'

The convention had met 'to form a more perfect union,' the Confederation

¹ Recently published by The Macmillan Co., New York.

having broken down through its own inherent weakness. And the problem was to secure the consent of the thirteen new states, each jealous of its own prerogatives, to the formation of a federal government strong enough to do its work effectively, and to bear the strain which was sure to come upon it. The Federalists, of whom Hamilton was the mouthpiece and Washington the dominating personality, were in favor of a strong centralized government with power sufficient, if necessary, to coerce a recalcitrant state into obedience. Their opponents, under the lead of Jefferson and other strong men, were bitterly opposed to such a policy on the ground that it was monarchical in its tendency. Our written Constitution was the result; and probably it was the best that could be accomplished at the time. The Federalists, aided by the clear and forceful arguments of Hamilton and the personal influence of Washington, were for the moment in control of the situation, and were able to secure the form of a national government on paper. But they evidently recognized the fact that they were in a minority, and that some means must be devised for safeguarding what they had gained, until the new nation, by its own momentum, had acquired sufficient cohesion to survive. Otherwise, as soon as their opponents came into power the acts of state legislatures, or of Congress itself, might easily undo all that had been accomplished.

The expedient eventually adopted was to give to the federal courts, presided over by judges appointed for life by the President, the power not only to interpret the federal Constitution, but also to pass upon the constitutionality, under its provisions, of laws passed by the several state legislatures, as well as by Congress itself. This was brought about through the interpretation placed by the judges appointed by

President Washington and others on the clauses defining the judicial power.

It is quite unlikely that the Federalists would have been able to secure such an interpretation but for a fact not mentioned by Mr. Adams, but which must have had a strong bearing upon the result, namely, that the colonies were already accustomed to a similar exercise of power by a political court in England, known as the Privy Council, and had come to recognize its necessity. In fact such necessity was obvious. In the charters of the colonies were many conflicting grants. For example, both Massachusetts and New York had grants of land extending from ocean to ocean, which covered of course the same territory as soon as the western boundary of New York was passed — a fact which has affected litigation in the latter state down to the present time. The liability to serious disagreements between the colonies, arising from such conflicts, made it necessary to have some tribunal with authority to arbitrate between them. The Privy Council fulfilled this function, and frequently declared some act of a colonial legislature to be void, on the ground that it was *ultra vires*. That is to say, the particular act thus nullified was beyond the power conferred upon the colony by its charter.

After the Revolution there was need of some tribunal to continue the exercise of this function between the states themselves, and also between the state and federal governments. This would naturally devolve on the Supreme Court. And, in effect, a declaration by that body that an act of Congress, or of some state legislature, is unconstitutional (that is, void under the Federal Constitution), in no way differs from a similar declaration by the Privy Council that an act of some colonial legislature was *ultra vires* under a colonial grant. Both were political acts,

and both were made necessary by the relations existing, first between the colonies, and afterward between the states. Thus the Supreme Court was in effect constituted an independent chamber with an absolute veto power over legislation, in the name of a constitution of whose provisions it was the final interpreter. And the judges who should wield this enormous power, being granted life-tenure of office, were not responsible to the people, as other legislators are, but were subject to impeachment for misconduct only.

In view of the fact that 'manifest destiny' pointed to Washington as the first President, the plan was well conceived for the end to be gained. But the incidental result has been to place a construction on the Constitution which has stood and still stands as an insuperable obstacle to the realization of that ideal which, as we have seen, is fundamental in democracy — Equality before the Law.

IV

The plan worked as expected, and the bench was filled with men who for a generation maintained the Federalist idea of a strong national government. To quote the words of Mr. Brooks Adams, 'General Washington chose John Jay for the first Chief Justice, who in some important respects was more Federalist than Hamilton; while John Adams selected John Marshall, who, though one of the greatest jurists who ever lived, was hated by Jefferson with a bitter hatred because of his political bias.'

At the close of John Adams's term of office as President, the Federalists were driven from power by the rising tide of popular protest against centralization, and Jefferson became President. But their theory of government had been protected so successfully by the expedient of a political court that, during

the first generation of the nation's life, the powerful opinions of Chief Justice Marshall so far strengthened the idea of national sovereignty, that when the inevitable clash came in 1861-65, the nation had gained sufficient power to prevent dismemberment, and Appomattox completed the work of 1787.

It is only fair to recognize that the Federalists had no personal interests to serve. Their motives were purely patriotic. What they planned and carried out was done to preserve the Union. But in doing this they gave to the courts a political power which might, at any time, be used for selfish purposes, and which was bound to be so used as soon as the first noble impulse toward nation-building had been lost sight of in the pursuit of personal interests.

It is evident that a certain undefined recognition of this fact, at the time, tended to create a feeling of distrust and antagonism in the minds of the people. Aside from the specific denunciations of the political character of the courts by Jefferson, there seems to have been a widespread feeling that the Federalists were somehow working to subvert the liberties of the people. Even the exalted character and devoted service of Washington himself did not save him from direct charges of this sort, as will be seen by an extract from the Philadelphia *Aurora*, published on the day following his retirement from the presidency: —

‘The man who is the source of all the misfortunes of our country is this day reduced to a level with his fellow citizens, and is no longer possessed of power to multiply evils upon the United States. If ever there was a period of rejoicing this is the moment. Every heart in unison with the freedom and happiness of the people ought to beat high with exultation that the name of George Washington, from this day, has ceased to give a currency to political

iniquity and to legalized corruption. . . . It is a subject of astonishment that a single individual should have carried his designs against the public liberty so far as to put in jeopardy its very existence.’

But although the Federalists were defeated in the elections and their policies denounced, no effort seems to have been made to change the political character of the courts, after the first ineffectual protests of Jefferson. He did, indeed, when he became President, undertake to impeach one of the justices of the Supreme Court on account of the exercise of the political powers thus conferred; and had he succeeded he might have carried the proceeding far enough to include the entire bench, including Marshall. But the effort failed on account of the lack of the necessary two-thirds vote in the Senate, and no further attempt was made to interfere with the political powers of the court under the Constitution.

Thus it happened, most fortunately as it would seem to us to-day, that in spite of adverse elections which placed the legislative and executive departments of the national government in the hands of their opponents, the most vital political ideals of men like Washington, Hamilton, and Adams prevailed over those of Jefferson and his supporters, through the assistance rendered by the Supreme Court in the beneficent exercise of those political functions conferred by the Constitution. But although we may admit that, historically, this particular *use* of the power thus granted was beneficial, what we need to recognize to-day is that, in principle, the *possession* of such power is both undemocratic and hazardous.

v

The evil effects of such exercise of power by the courts began to appear in

the second generation, when personal and sectional interests solicited their protection. Quoting again from Mr. Adams's concise summing up of the facts:—

'Before Marshall died slavery had become a burning issue, and the slave-owners controlled the appointing power. General Jackson appointed Taney to sustain the expansion of slavery, and when the anti-slavery party carried the country with Lincoln, Lincoln supplanted Taney with Chase in order that Chase might stand by him in his struggle to destroy slavery. And as it has been, so must it always be. As long as the power to enact laws shall hinge on the complexion of benches of judges, so long will the ability to control a majority of the bench be as crucial a political necessity as the ability to control a majority in avowedly representative assemblies.'¹

With the assumption of the ermine by Chief Justice Taney there began a series of political decisions culminating in the Dred Scott case, which were calculated to and which did maintain the commercial interests and political power of the dominant class of that period, namely, the slave-holding aristocracy of the South. Under this powerful protection the slave-holders became arrogant and self-assertive. They not only trampled ruthlessly on individual rights, and ignored the protests of their

fellow-citizens in the North, as well as the growing sentiment of the civilized world against human slavery; but they even set at defiance the laws of Congress itself—as witness the persistent and unlawful importation of slaves from the west coast of Africa. This importation had been prohibited by Congress in 1808; but when the invention of the cotton gin made Negro labor an industrial necessity in the South, the protected slaveholders resumed this traffic with impunity; nor was it stopped until a successful blockade of Southern ports had been established during the Civil War.

Meanwhile all the stock arguments for the maintenance of the *status quo*, such as the stability of law, the sacredness of the Constitution, the inviolability of vested rights, and so on through the familiar list of phrases which are still heard to-day in support of special privilege, were freely indulged in by the Supreme Court to buttress their opinions in support of slavery.

The Dred Scott decision was the final proof needed to convince the people of the North that the slave-holding aristocracy owned the courts, and that there was no hope of securing justice so long as the perpetuation and expansion of slavery continued to be the controlling issue in the Nation's councils.

Then that innate sense of outraged justice, which has so often led to social revolutions in the past, set in motion the tremendous impulse which resulted, in November, 1860, in the triumphant election to the Presidency of Abraham Lincoln, who had declared that this nation 'could not permanently endure, half slave and half free.'

In the struggle which followed, the slave-owning class was practically annihilated—its industrial system swept away, its property confiscated or destroyed; and its members as a type perished from the face of the earth,

¹The reader should perhaps be guarded against a misunderstanding of the use of the word 'supplanted' in the above quotation. The fact referred to of course is that, upon the death of Chief Justice Taney in 1864, President Lincoln filled his place with the great anti-slavery advocate, Salmon P. Chase, just as President Jackson had previously filled the same position with Taney, the upholder of slavery. And although Chase went upon the bench so late in the physical struggle, he was still of great service to the cause in sustaining the constitutionality of those executive and congressional acts adopted both before and after his appointment for the purpose of destroying slavery.

VI

But the climax of Mr. Adams's remarkable book is reached in his searching analysis of the present situation. The facts presented in the course of this analysis are fully verified by citations from the opinions of the courts, clearly establishing the fact that the Supreme Court of the United States to-day, under the pressure which is unavoidable where courts exercise political functions, is supporting the interests of the present capitalistic class, quite as fully and unequivocally as the same court under Marshall maintained the national ideas of the Federalists, as later on under Taney it upheld the power of the slave-holders, and still later under Chase helped to sustain the new régime.

This article can hardly undertake more in this connection than to indicate some of the conclusions reached by Mr. Adams, leaving the reader to find more convincing proof in a perusal of the book. But one of the instances cited seems particularly illuminating. In 1890, Congress passed the 'Sherman Anti-Trust Act,' prohibiting *all* combinations in restraint of trade. A suit known as the Trans-Missouri case, brought under this act to dissolve an obnoxious railway pool, came up for final adjudication in the United States Supreme Court in December, 1896. The railroads sought a decision limiting the operation of such laws to 'unreasonable' restraint of trade. But the Court refused at that time to make such a decision, which would have been virtually an amendment to the act. Thereupon those concerned in such combinations set up the claim that this decision 'disturbed the business interests of the country,' and the question was repeatedly argued in other cases. For a time the Supreme Court adhered to its decision, holding that

under the Sherman act *all* restraints of trade were unlawful. Then an effort was made to have the act amended by Congress. This attempt was defeated after an exhaustive report by a committee appointed to investigate the facts.

The pressure from those interested in large combinations continued, however, and finally, in May, 1911, when opinions were handed down in the celebrated cases of 'Standard Oil Company *vs.* United States' and 'United States *vs.* American Tobacco Company' (221 U. S. 1 *et seq.*), the personnel of the Court had been so changed by death and new appointments that a majority of the justices, speaking through the Chief Justice, laid down the rule so long contended for in the interest of large combinations of capital, namely that it is 'undue' restraint alone which should be regarded as unlawful. The fact that the court held in those cases that the particular combinations then before the court had been shown to be guilty of undue restraint of trade and were therefore amenable to the penalties of the Sherman Act, does not disguise the more significant fact that a majority of the Supreme Court of the United States had at last declared its adhesion to a rule which for fifteen years that Court had steadily refused to recognize, namely that it is 'undue' or 'unreasonable' restraint of trade which is to be held unlawful under the Sherman Act.

In a dissenting opinion in the Tobacco case Mr. Justice Harlan comments as follows: 'But now the court, in accordance with what it denominates the "rule of reason," in effect inserts in the act the word "undue" which means the same as "unreasonable," and thereby makes Congress say what it did not say . . . and what, since the passage of the act, it has explicitly refused to say. . . . In short the court now, by judicial legis-

lation, in effect amends an act of Congress relating to a subject over which that department of the Government has exclusive cognizance.'

Could any proof be more convincing to show that our Supreme Court under the Constitution does assume legislative or political functions, or that it does so, even though indirectly, under pressure from the dominant class? The mere recital of the record seems almost sensational as an indictment of our present system.

At the same time Mr. Adams disclaims any intention of reflecting upon the personal integrity of our judges. His attack is not on men but on the system. His contention is that 'where political influences enter, disaster follows.'

The principle involved is briefly stated in these words: 'In no community can every person have equal civil rights. That is impossible. Civil rights must vary according to status. But such rights as any person may have, those the courts are bound to guard impartially. If the courts do not perform this, their first and most sacred duty, I apprehend that order cannot be permanently maintained; for this is equality before the law, and equality before the law is the corner-stone of order in every modern state.'

A survey of the whole situation seems fully to sustain the proposition stated in the first chapter of the book: 'So long as our courts retain their present functions no comprehensive administrative reform is possible.'

VII

Mr. Adams does not propose, in this volume, any specific remedy for those defects in our judicial system which he thus lays bare. His purpose seems rather to challenge serious discussion of these vital matters, and if possible

to arouse the wiser members of the capitalistic class to a sense of their own responsibility and danger.

But to the thoughtful reader the inference to be drawn from his clear and logical analysis is obvious. It has been made plain that political functions were conferred upon the courts of this country in the first instance, with the evident purpose on the part of the Federalists of protecting the National idea, and also because of the need of some tribunal to arbitrate such questions as might arise among the thirteen separate states, or between one or more of these and the federal government. This necessity has increased, rather than diminished, with the admission of thirty-five additional states. In the meantime the evils inhering in the exercise of such powers by the courts have been multiplied indefinitely by the social and economic changes which have taken place.

Obviously the way to escape from the evil effects of semi-political courts is to get rid of the administrative system which has made them necessary. So long as we continue, with growing difficulty, the effort to maintain order and to regulate the relations of one hundred millions of people of diverse races and conditions, by means of a national government of limited powers, and forty-eight separate and autonomous constituent governments, reserving to themselves all other powers, — just so long we shall impose upon ourselves the necessity of maintaining political courts to arbitrate differences. It has been abundantly proved that such courts are bound to be influenced by pressure from the dominant class, thus permanently preventing that even-handed justice which is the *sine qua non* of true democracy.

In view of past experience, why would it not be the part of wisdom to reconstruct our form of government?

We could, for instance, replace our present cumbersome and ineffective system of divided authority by giving the national government exclusive power to make and enforce all necessary laws for the regulation of industry, commerce and finance throughout the country. Such a government would be capable, with the power of all the people behind it, of compelling the obedience of all, even the wealthiest and most powerful. Then the courts, released from the necessity of arbitrating between conflicting claims of state and national sovereignty, would be free to resume those purely judicial functions whose exercise would guarantee 'Equality before the Law.'

The primary obstacle to such a change is our written Constitution. But surely a political creed, even though called a constitution, which was adopted as a doubtful compromise in the eighteenth century, ought not to be regarded as a finality in the twentieth century, when substantially all the interests and relations with which it deals have undergone most drastic change.

The truth is that few if any of the practical or material interests of the people to-day bear any relation to state boundaries. On the contrary our most important activities along commercial, industrial, and financial lines either are already, or are rapidly becoming national in their scope of operation, like our great railway systems. Manifestly such activities could be regulated much more wisely and fairly for the interests of all concerned by one strong central government, such as is here suggested, than by the present system of divided authority.

But the real obstacle in the way of such a reconstruction is the attitude of the people themselves. Those most fundamentally antagonistic to the capitalistic class, because opposed to any accumulation of private property, do

not care to reform our present system of government. What they want is to abolish it altogether. They would have no interest in changing the functions of the courts. They would in fact prefer political courts, if controlled by themselves, as a weapon to destroy their enemies and buttress the decrees of a socialistic state.

Between the extremes of revolutionary socialists and the few who might justly be regarded as 'predatory' capitalists, stands the great body of sane, comfortable, law-abiding citizens who might control the situation if only they were united and aroused. But in fact they are not only widely separated in their political interests and opinions, but at present they do not seem aware of any need of change save in the cost of living. Like a sleeping giant unconscious of approaching danger, the average citizen seems hardly awake to the present menace of social revolution, except for an occasional start at the extent and magnitude of those sporadic cases of riot and disorder which indicate the growth of social discontent. Moreover, it is just this average citizen who is apt to feel a sense of indiscriminating reverence for the Constitution, as expressed in the motto, 'Let the work of the Fathers stand.' And this feeling makes it difficult to convince him of the need of any change in our organic law.

On the other hand, the dominant or capitalistic class are well aware of the advantage they possess in their ability to control the courts, to a certain extent, as a safeguard against attack upon their special privileges. Quite naturally they are disinclined to surrender their advantage; and it is to them especially that the argument of Mr. Adams's book appears to be addressed — not in any sense as any attack on capital, but, quite the reverse, as a recognition that these are the men of power and should

be the responsible rulers of the nation; that it is to them that we must look, not merely to save themselves from destruction, but also to save American society from disintegration. Calm, dispassionate and judicial as the volume is in tone and method, it is in effect a most powerful appeal to the present dominant class to transcend the limitations of their highly specialized ways of thinking and to adapt themselves to the requirements of a rapidly changing environment. And yet the author appears to have little hope that his appeal will be heeded — not because the reasons for it are not perfectly definite and obvious, but because the capitalistic class, as such, have come to think so exclusively in terms of money that their attitude of mind has become rigid and inflexible. And in the inevitable overthrow of this specialized class he seems to apprehend the failure of American Democracy.

It is just here that the writer of this article is inclined to dissent from Mr. Adams in his evident lack of faith in the ability of the great body of the American people to meet the present emergency, when once they come to recognize that a real crisis is impending.

It is in fact the stability and the underlying moral sanity of the large, slow-moving, undemonstrative mass of loyal citizens, belonging to different parties, grades, and classes, which has preserved the nation in the various crises through which it has already passed. This mass is slow to apprehend and

slow to act; its members are divided by a thousand varied and even conflicting interests; but it has never failed to come together in response to any clear-cut moral issue involving the salvation of American Democracy. And when thus united its impact has been irresistible, just as Cromwell's 'Ironsides' were invincible because they believed that they were fighting 'the battle of the Lord.'

Mr. Adams's closely reasoned argument may fail to bring conviction to the majority of those to whom it is more particularly addressed, and yet become an epoch-making book through the response it meets from an unexpected quarter. We are told by Mrs. Stowe's son that *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was written as an appeal to the slaveholding aristocracy. As such it failed; but it accomplished its real purpose through the awakened conscience of the great body of liberty-loving people in the North.

As an appeal to the self-preserving instinct of the capitalistic class, *The Theory of Social Revolutions* may fail to find its mark, and yet may do vastly more by awakening the dormant consciousness of the serious-minded masses. For, in the last analysis, the argument for equality before the law is nothing less than a plea for common justice; and such a plea has rarely failed to reach and rouse the conscience of the people, when they are brought, as in this volume, face to face with naked truth.

RECENT REFLECTIONS OF A NOVEL-READER

ARE the publishers right in assuming that we need large numbers of 'summer novels' for summer reading? My own notion is that the hotter the day, the more gripping and vital is the tale required to divert our attention from ourselves, the heat, the mosquitoes, the irritating tendency of butter-balls to squashiness and of iced tea to tepidity. One needs the great novels and the breathless novels to lift one's spirit across the pitfalls laid for it by heat and humidity. When the mercury is below zero and every breath an exhilaration, one can encounter gayly those gentle, pleasant tales commonly known as 'summer novels.' A young acquaintance defines these as 'books you can't imagine a *man* reading from choice'; but this is perhaps too drastic. We all have our devitalized hours. However, as these stories take from our mental vigor rather than add to it, why not reserve them for the vigorous days and brace ourselves during the languorous season with the most thought-compelling fiction that the publishers' tables afford?

As dissent is exhilarating, I confess to detecting with delight a 'tendency' worth combating in certain of the season's novels. It runs through a group of tales as widely various in setting, character, and style as *The Declension of Henry D'Albiac*,¹ *One Woman's Life*,² and *Comrade Yetta*.³ The one thing these volumes seem to say in common is that the Futurist Novel is knocking at

¹ *The Declension of Henry D'Albiac*. By V. GOLDIE. New York: F. A. Stokes Co.

² *One Woman's Life*. By ROBERT HERRICK. New York: The Macmillan Co.

³ *Comrade Yetta*. By ALBERT EDWARDS. New York: The Macmillan Co.

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our doors. They are all written under very modern influences, political, economic, sociological, and they break with the tradition of good novel-writing in that their preoccupation, consciously or not, is chiefly with types and symbols, instead of with breathing figures of flesh and blood.

For instance, in *The Declension of Henry D'Albiac*, the heroine is a militant English suffragette from the lower-middle class. A young French marquis, returning on foot from a dinner-party one moonlit night, chances to rescue her from the grip of a policeman even more militant than herself. Later, a formal introduction is brought about between them, and Henry D'Albiac finds the gay intelligence and comradeship of Flora Evans so much more fascinating than the great physical beauty and mental heaviness of the well-placed English girl to whom he is suitably affianced, that he ceases to love the latter and woos the former most abjectly — but in vain. The story is written with ease and with a certain dry incisive wit that enlivens it delightfully, but it fails as a whole for the very simple reason that the author did not say to herself, 'I will create three characters, Henry D'Albiac, Patrice Beaufoy, and Flora Evans, who shall be as far asunder as the stars, yet tangled together in the net of circumstance, and I will show their mutual influences and reactions as vividly as though they were the only human relations in the world that matter.' Instead, she said something like this: 'I will "do" a fighting suffragette, a spoiled beauty and a French nobleman. The first shall win the last,

hands down, from the second, and thus I shall prove conclusively what is in great need of proof — that sex-attraction will not be decreased but rather increased by granting the franchise to women! Parenthetically, this logic is purely feminine and quite indefensible.

The result of this method of approach is to vitiate the reality of the characters. Henry D'Albiac comes nearest being human because he is inconsistent, suggestible, and enthusiastic, but the wonderful Flora, who should be the strongest character, is quite thin and unconvincing. We fail to get that charm in her which, if felt, would at once take the book out of polemics and into life. I do not profess to state what the human quality is, nor how to get it as a literary effect. Each author must have his own definition and his own recipe, but it is as well demonstrated as the law of gravitation that the human quality is the one thing that cannot be omitted from a novel.

Milly Ridge, in *One Woman's Life*, is a little more definite than Flora Evans, yet almost equally unsatisfactory. Robert Herrick is a seasoned and admirable novelist. For the sake of *The Real World*, which turned upon a very deep and genuine insight into the meaning and worth of moral struggle, I always approach Mr. Herrick's novels with respect and expectation. Here, I say to myself, is a book by a man who, once at least, saw to the ultimate core of things. How fortunate for him and for me if he has done it again! But in *One Woman's Life*, no such luck! We go through it wondering why we do not really care what happens to Milly Ridge, only to learn the reason in the final pages. To the author she has not been Milly Ridge at all but merely the type. 'She's Woman — the old-fashioned kind — just Woman.' She is the Parasite, in short, the Mollusc, 'the

little grafter' — for it is thus that Mr. Herrick professes to see woman as the ages have made her.

Now the process of successful generalization necessarily moves from the individual to the abstraction. A very forceful presentation of a single Milly Ridge might drive us to generalize, 'The Parasite must go'; but the somewhat languid presentation of a Parasite does not drive us to say, 'The Milly Ridges must go.' Personifications, one suspects, are usually pale argument.

Or perhaps it is only the masculine personification of a feminine type that is likely to be so? For in *Virginia*¹ Miss Glasgow presents a picture of the Woman-Who-Was, vastly different from Mr. Herrick's portrait. Virginia Pendleton is an extreme example of the saintly, self-sacrificing woman, a type once found everywhere but quite probably brought to its highest perfection, as Miss Glasgow believes, on Southern soil. While she is frankly presented as a type, however, the author has drawn her with such strong appreciation, combined with such a fury of conviction as to the disadvantages of this utter self-abnegation both for a woman's family and for herself, that the selfless Virginia takes very real shape before our eyes; she refuses, in fact, to remain a type and steals softly into the domain of the definitely individual, — whereby she is temporarily removed from the present discussion.

Comrade Yetta, which opens strongly with a very individual little Jewish girl brought up in a second-hand bookshop on the East Side by a fine old father, promises at first to be vital and personal. But Mr. Edwards begins to lose power as soon as he begins to lose perspective, and the book trails away into ineffectiveness. One suspects the author may be more interested in the

¹ *Virginia*. By ELLEN GLASGOW. New York Doubleday, Page & Co.

development of socialism and the work of the labor unions as an antidote to industrial evils, than in the development of the individual case he presents. At all events, he loses his grip upon his characters, and therefore upon his readers, just as he would do if this were the case. The novel divided against itself can never 'arrive.' This is an axiom for modern novelists to consider.

The classic example in American fiction of a novel which effectively attacked an entrenched evil is, of course, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Read it again, you gentlemen who would use the novel as a vehicle to propagate economic and social theories! See how closely and forcefully it sticks to *the argument of the individual instance*; see how vivid and vital the individual is made. Can you hew characters, thus red and dripping, out of the life-stuff? Thus and not otherwise must your work be done, based on the one enduring foundation for a novelist's achievement, if you, too, would move a nation!

Whether a writer seeks art or propaganda in his fiction-making, nothing can be clearer than this: the best method for art is also the only method for propaganda. It behooves you to be a better artist than your fellows, not less skillful and less creative, if you would command the convictions of your audience.

It may be that novelists yet-to-come will create types and symbols whom we will laugh and cry with, love and hate, whose histories we will buy as freely as we buy Shakespeare and Dickens; but current fiction has not yet proved this. Even the Creator of the Universe (in order to keep up his interest and ours in the story) found it advisable to make each one of us individual and human. The creative writer, too, makes a world, and so far, and so far only, as he can follow that vast example of putting personality

into each created thing, his world also is good.

Other arts appear to be in the same case as literature in this matter. Consider the novels which attempt to deal with types, masses, abstractions, in their relation to the painting of the future as it was prophesied in the International Exhibition last winter. Out of all that tumult of work, some of which was simplified to stupefaction while some was complicated to the same point, the canvases of one man emerged, clear and compelling. Whether you personally enjoy the painting of Odilon Redon or not, you must admit that he paints the thing as he sees, or imagines, it with a significance, concentration, and carrying-power beyond all words. He presents to your eye the portrait of a little red geranium in a clay pot, and does it so that you, regarding it, see there the soul of all the red geraniums that ever bloomed, caught and made visible for all time. To be able to see thus clearly and represent thus vividly is the supreme test of the artist. To have this vision is to be great, for — I devoutly believe it — it is to see for the moment that one thing as God himself must see it.

It is this vision that all creative talent, more or less blindly, seeks. That same International Exhibition presented instance after instance in which it was sought unsuccessfully or with half-success. Often, one could almost name the drug or stimulant under whose influence the search was impiously made! Certain painters other than Redon almost achieved that wonderful penetration — but not quite. At the critical instant the lines waver, the vision breaks and curls, and the spectator shudders and turns away with the feeling that he has seen a divine thing profaned. It is a more serious matter to fail in representing the

soul of a thing than the body. And nothing is more obvious than the inadequacy of cocaine, absinthe, or alcohol as adjutants to that vision which is, perchance, reserved in its fullness for the pure in heart. Shall they not see Man as well as God?

Assuredly every novelist would do well to hang Redon's little red geranium on the wall of his mind, questioning it daily until its secret becomes his own. Do not tell me that novelists have no time for such rites! In the sacred depths of its being, as Henry James somewhere says, all Art feeds upon example. Curiously enough, the painter's art is almost better than the writer's own as food for literature-about-to-be, so that one masterpiece of brushwork may help create an hundred masterpieces of the pen.

Believing with all one's heart in this intense creative concentration upon the individual case as the novelist's only method of salvation, one must still admit that at least one novelist has just carried a different contention to a splendid conclusion. Of all the recent novels, *Widcombe Fair*,¹ by Eden Philpotts, is easily the greatest. And it is really great. It is the last of the author's cycle of Dartmoor novels, completing a twenty-year's work which he asks his fellows to judge as a whole and as an attempt 'to say "yea" to life even in its most difficult problems.'

In *Widcombe Fair* itself we have a whole vale of Dartmoor with all its manifold life, its thousand interests, set down before us. We learn its physical conformation as though our very feet had trod those ways; we see its lifting or lowering skies, its manors, farmsteads, inns, and mills, with all the intense and individual life of them. We go in and out of every household, and not one withholds its secrets from

us. From our knowledge of the individual lives so masterfully and richly presented, there is distilled, as a kind of precious essence, our apprehension of the life of the community itself. Hardy never did anything on so large a scale as this, or with a truer touch, and it is better than Balzac, because it is sane and tender and our own.

In a noble and moving preface the author sets forth many things. Meeting the criticism often passed upon his work, that he makes his scenery as important as his people, he frankly admits that to him the phenomena of man's environment are as interesting as man himself. If he chooses, therefore, to make a river a protagonist or depict a forest 'more portentous than the human beings who move within it' none has the right to deny him. But going further than this, in a marvellously worded passage, he suggests that we have yet to learn 'what is the veritable personal good and evil' of the unconscious life that surrounds us, and that when it is learned we shall presently be able to formulate our discoveries in terms of art, a proceeding which would infinitely enlarge the field of the novelist and the sympathies of his readers. So wonderfully does he wield his words that we thrill with him to his vision of a cosmic art.

'We may incarnate the seasons and set them moving, mighty and magic-fingered, upon the face of the earth, to tell a story laden with unsleeping activities, mysterious negations and frustrations, battles and plots, tragedies and triumphs. Before such an immense spectacle, man's exact significance in the warp and woof will be found to change; his thread becomes relegated to its fair place in the loom, and we discover mightier stories than his hugely outlined on the tapestries that hang between the stars.'

Notwithstanding this miracle of

¹ *Widcombe Fair*. By EDEN PHILPOTTS. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

woven words, such art is still in the womb of Time. *Widcombe Fair* itself, great achievement as it is, deals not with seasons, suns, and systems, but chiefly with the little lives of little men, made warm, human, rich in detail and in interest. The perceptive reader is bound to feel immensely respectful and enthusiastic toward both Eden Philpotts's theories and his practice, but is not bound to admit that the two can ever entirely coincide. Granting, even, that he has gone successfully beyond the individual life for matter of interest, still is his success based primarily upon his handling of that life. Success is always valid, but, in art at least, it proves few theories.

Mr. Snaith, who does not take the public into his confidence at all, and, apparently, has no theories, since, as yet, he has written no two books to which the same theory could possibly apply, has just published a novel which goes further toward carrying out Eden Philpotts's ideas than that author's own work has done. *An Affair of State*¹ is, distinctly, a book in the transcendent manner. One sees in it the passing of a wonderful political pageant; one watches the movements of parties as the secret strings of statecraft are pulled; one observes a nation moving toward its fate. The story is based upon a very possible crisis in English politics. It is carried on almost entirely by conversation between the leading characters, so that each succeeding crisis is staged before the reader's eyes and is as if it were projected upon a screen at some distance from him. The whole thing is set forth with great clarity and detachment, and with precisely that slight austerity and chill which we have just declared to be inevitable when the human interest is superseded by something larger.

¹ *An Affair of State*. By J. C. SNAITH. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

It will be a long while before we see a more finished specimen of a novel wholly in the grand style.

One might almost say that sex-antagonism is one of the summer modes in fiction. *The Flirt*,² by Booth Tarkington, an unusually vivid and brilliant piece of work, recalling in its dash and vigor his early successes, is obviously based upon no broader-minded sentiment than the author's hatred for the kind of girl he is painting. Cora Madison, as he draws her, is intensely alive and altogether diabolic — too much so, in fact, for perfect realism. The soil of Indiana is fertile, but hardly of a quality to produce that particular flower — the perturbing, restless, sensual, utterly heartless and unprincipled beauty. Marriage and a tincture of Slavonic or Latin blood usually go to the making of such products, which belong, essentially, to the boulevards rather than the prairie-capitals. We are not likely to find these luxuriant, unwholesome growths blossoming in old-fashioned Middle-Western gardens alongside such lily-maids as Cora Madison's sister Laura. The latter is as much too good for human nature's daily food as the former is too highly spiced for the same end, and thus both escape entire probability, though their power to interest is undeniable.

Chivalry is not the business of a novelist, but the square deal to all characters should be one of the rules of the game of artistic creation. The zest with which Tarkington pursues Cora Madison through the jungles of her undisciplined will, and the relentlessness with which Robert Herrick hunts down Milly Ridge on the open ground of her serene selfishness, are too biased to seem quite virile. How different, even, from the attitude of Thackeray toward Beatrix Esmond!

² *The Flirt*. By BOOTH TARKINGTON. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

One must deplore the fact that in this new combat the men are the least scrupulous fighters. Comparing Mr. Tarkington and Mr. Herrick in their pursuit of their victims with Miss Glasgow as she hunts down Oliver Treadwell, the errant husband in *Virginia*, one observes that she punctiliously uses only honorable methods of warfare and gives the man the benefit of every possible excuse. What are we to make of this reversal of traditional attitudes? What, indeed, are we to conclude about the whole matter? This intense sex-antagonism, at its lowest point approaching spitefulness, is a new attitude in literature. Born, doubtless, of the new attitude of women toward the world, what does it presage? Is romantic love and all its courtesies and ideals about to die out of fiction? The question, we surmise, is one that concerns the race somewhat closely.

At all events, the old-fashioned type of woman is not going to die out of fiction if Mr. Richard Pryce can help it! All old-school readers will bestow on him the Irish blessing, 'More power to your elbow!' for they believe that if Mr. Pryce could make that neglected lady popular again as a national ideal he would be doing more for the Race, the Future, the Child, the Family, — in short, all the abstractions we capitalize so lavishly nowadays, — than any other gentleman competing, be his sociological reputation what it may. He would qualify for a Nobel prize, if not a Carnegie pension, — at all events for the gratitude of humanity. But it is to be feared that he will not thus succeed.

*Elementary Jane*¹ is a lonely little Londoner who makes a modest-wild-flower success in the London music-halls. She is a modest wild-flower in fact and to the core of her soul. She is

¹ *Elementary Jane*. By RICHARD PRYCE. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

the Woman Constant. She loves — a little; she marries — the wrong man. Having married, she continues to love, and to love more. Mr. Pryce considers that change is not possible, neither shadow of turning, to this elementary type of woman, once she has been a wife. The sociologists who are harking back to the matriarchate as an excuse for all current feminine foibles, from militancy in politics to recreancy in marriage, would disagree with Mr. Pryce. They would tell you that good, simple little Jane, perfectly monogamous, perfectly adoring, is a freak and a sport, besides being a tame and spiritless person whose social value is debatable — as perhaps it is if decency, honor, and self-respect are also debatable values. It all depends on the point of view. Of course Jane's little story is not a happy one, but one does not wish it so, for it is better to be Jane than to be happy.

The sub-title of Mr. Pryce's novels might be *Portraits of Good Women*. Happily the theme is susceptible of many variations, and the author will never thrum on one string to monotony. *Jezebel*,² high-spirited, tempestuous, beautiful, cut from the same cloth as Di Vernon, gallantly fights Destiny, including her sponsors in baptism, for her goodness, but she never has to fight herself. Mary Redwing, in *The Burden of a Woman*³ fights her own true love for recognition of the fact that a woman who has gone astray may be a pure woman still. The author makes her the maternal spirit incarnate and sets her over against a technically pure specimen of very common clay. The contrast is finally convincing even to the hero.

² *Jezebel*. By RICHARD PRYCE. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

³ *The Burden of a Woman*. By RICHARD PRYCE. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Mr. Pryce does not moralize; he simply tells his story, always an adequate and interesting one, and tells it persuasively and well. But he never loses sight of the meaning of his own work, and that meaning is a brave one. Elementary Jane is, perhaps, blood-sister to Amelia Sedley; and Mary Redwing is related, not so much by her circumstances as by her quality, to some of the fine, calm, maternal women of George Eliot. But if the author is reproached with being mid-Victorian in the way he feels character, the obvious answer is that, as yet, no better way to feel it has been demonstrated.

Mr. Pryce is English and masculine; Miss Glasgow, American and feminine. The women in whom he most delights are of the type of her Virginia, whom she deplores. As he sees the problem, by selflessness the woman retains the love of God and of all men worth mentioning. As she sees it, by selflessness the woman is like to lose her husband's love and her up-to-date daughters' consideration, but her son she attaches to herself forever. It is a pretty quarrel as it stands, — but what man shall finally judge a woman if not he who is fruit of her body? By this test, whose finality Miss Glasgow is too sincere to evade and too truthful to deny, her deserted, piteous Virginia is still *mater triumphans*. Is there a better thing to be?

If certain novels by virtue of something in their attitude predispose us, as the foregoing have done, to reflection upon the problems of life, certain others plunge us as surely into reflection upon the problems of art. Consider, for instance, *The Judgment-House* of Sir Gilbert Parker. Here is a novel upon which it is not possible to pass any but a favorable judgment, yet it reminds one, somehow, of the young

man in the Gospel story who had great possessions. It has almost all the points that a novel may have; clear-cut characters, picturesque settings, exciting, not to say sensational, incidents, with great national events in the background; finely written passages, much elevation of feeling and a distinct ethical trend, the effort, that is, to present what Stevenson calls 'God's moral.' With all this, why has one no greater enthusiasm for it?

One asks one's self the same question about a very different book, the *Fortitude*² of Hugh Walpole. The development of this young English writer is one of the most interesting things now going on in current literature. One is at liberty to infer that the process is likely to be as lengthy as it is interesting. His *Prelude to Adventure* was a work of pure imagination, concise, restrained, quite wonderful within the well-defined limits the writer set himself. *Fortitude* is an attempt at life, showing how a young man stripped of all that ordinarily makes for happiness, falls back upon the lasting joy of sheer courage. The book is inchoate here, too definite there; it sprawls somewhat, it is ill-digested, it weakens its aim by too much insistence upon it. Yet in all this it reflects faithfully enough the soul of youth which shows, as in a glass, these same phenomena. It is less of a performance than the earlier book, but even more of a promise. If there are things in it which the writer has heard from others, there are also some things which the gods themselves have whispered in his ear. Of the former, one suspects, is his central truth, 'It is not life that matters, but the courage that you bring to it.' This is vital fact, but, quite frankly, it is only those who have been crucified who dare write of crucifixion.

¹ *The Judgment-House*. By SIR GILBERT PARKER. New York: Harper & Bros.

² *Fortitude*. By HUGH WALPOLE. New York: George H. Doran Co.

Imagination does not help one here. Of the things the writer himself knows beyond all peradventure are the words of the old writer to the young one: 'You are here for one thing and one thing only . . . to listen. The whole duty of Art is listening for the voice of God.'

When two novels, each unusual and very different from the other, fail in arousing just that degree of emotion in the reader which the reader would gladly feel and almost thinks he ought to feel, then it is likely that there is something wrong in what Sir Gilbert deftly terms 'the power-house.' In each case the thing that subtly lacks is poignancy, that pang which is art's very soul. This last creative gift we only demand from those who are capable of it. That the author of *Fortitude* knows the secret, there is little doubt, while Sir Gilbert himself said somewhere recently that no book ever greatly moved many readers which was not the result of concentration, of protracted subconscious effort. The somewhat intangible complaint we have to make of both these admirable performances is that this subconscious effort was not, in either case, sufficiently profound, sufficiently protracted.

Of stories of excitement and adventure, the summer's best were *The Shadow*,¹ *The Woman in Black*,² *The Scarlet Rider*,³ *The Penalty*,⁴ *The Amateur Gentleman*,⁵ *The Right of the Strongest*,⁶ and *The Sixty-First Second*.⁷ Of these, *The Scarlet Rider* and *The Amateur Gentleman* are historical romances so-called. The history may be scant but the romance is heaped full

measure. Both are high-spirited tales, uncomplicated with probability, that step as gayly into favor as a leaf dances in the wind. *The Shadow* deserves a paragraph to itself for it is one of those striking stories in which the psychology is as penetrating and accurate as the incident is exciting and varied. It deals with a man-hunt, lasting for years and leading around the globe, but the most startling thing it shows us is the effect of 'sleuthing' on the soul of the sleuth. What an obsession this becomes, stretching the man on the rack of his long suspense, shaping him utterly to his work until he responds to no other stimulus, Mr. Stringer shows in a manner ill-calculated to recruit the detective service.

The Sixty-First Second is one of Owen Johnson's experiments with his own talent. If it were all as exciting as the first chapter, we should be breathless and panting at the end. The author of *The Right of the Strongest* is new to the work and has not yet complete mastery of her tools, but the book is full of force and an interest that goes deeper than mere incident. It is real as well as exciting.

It is with regret that one pronounces *The Penalty* a very fair 'shocker.' It is sensational and nothing else, and one dislikes to surrender wholly to sensation the pen of Mr. Gouverneur Morris, to whom much is still possible. One fears sensation will ultimately assail his gayety, eat away his delicacy, and destroy his 'touch.' But what can one do about it?

Those readers who require absolutely problem-proof fiction and are indifferent to adventure were also well-pro-

¹ *The Shadow*. By ARTHUR STRINGER. New York: The Century Co.

² *The Woman in Black*. By EDMUND C. BENTLEY. New York: The Century Co.

³ *The Scarlet Rider*. By BERTHA RUNKLE. New York: The Century Co.

⁴ *The Penalty*. By GOUVERNEUR MORRIS. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

⁵ *The Amateur Gentleman*. By JEFFREY FAR-
NOL. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

⁶ *The Right of the Strongest*. By FRANCES
NIMMO GREENE. New York: Chas. Scribner's
Sons.

⁷ *The Sixty-First Second*. By OWEN JOHNSON.
New York: F. A. Stokes Co.

vided for last summer. To begin with, Mrs. Humphry Ward actually wrote a 'summer-novel.' *The Mating of Lydia*¹ is a charming love-story, expertly told. It has ethical implications, to be sure, for that is the aspect under which Mrs. Ward sees life; but they are far from burdensome and the book moves lightly but firmly to an appropriate end. In *The Heart of the Hills*,² one of Mr. Fox's studies of mountain-character is mingled with an able exposition of Kentucky's political complications, which are always difficult for the outsider to understand. *Mr. Pratt's Patients*³ is one of Joseph C. Lincoln's perennially amusing tales of Cape Cod. *Pippin*⁴ is a pleasant, vivacious English story with a much-diluted flavor of Dickens; and *Mr. Hobby*,⁵ an equally pleasant, vivacious American story with a flavor of its own. *The Life-Mask*⁶ recalls the romantic novels of the early seventies, Mary J. Holmes's and Mrs. Southworth's, to be exact, but its style is brought up to date. *Bobbie, General Manager*⁷ is a quite delightful book for young girls, but are there any young girls left to read it, one wonders. *The Wings of Pride*,⁸ which is adapted to the same audience, is written with much freshness and enthusiasm. These adjectives also apply to *Ever After*⁹ by Juliet Wilbor Tompkins, an opti-

mistic study of early married life when the man is poor, Irish, and an artist, the woman, rich, New England, and 'a leetle near.' There is always a bright sanity and a breezy unexpectedness about this writer's work, frankly produced for the domestic journals as it is, that carry it to a wider audience. In *The Candid Adventurer*¹⁰ we have again the inter-play of Puritan upon artistic temperament when the bank-balance is heavily on the Puritan side. The stinginess of this graceful heroine, however, is emotional, not financial.

*The Opening Door*¹¹ and *The Invaders*¹² coquet, indeed, with problems, but not to a disturbing extent. Mr. Forman would prove that an ardent suffragist may work for her cause without upsetting the comfortable tenor of domestic life or alienating a perfectly good husband; while Mrs. Allen believes that the immigration problem, at least in the Connecticut Valley, will be well on its way to solution when the nice girls of old New England families marry the nice men among those invaders who own most of the still-fertile acres in that adorable locality.

E. F. Benson, who customarily avoids problems, presents in *The Weaker Vessel*¹³ an extraordinarily strong and searching study of the man who yields to the devil and the flesh. Whoever desires, without personal experiment, familiarity with the mechanism of surrendering to temptation, cannot do better than to consider the ways of the hero.

Lovers of the short story will find

¹ *The Mating of Lydia*. By MRS. HUMPHRY WARD. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

² *The Heart of the Hills*. By JOHN FOX. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

³ *Mr. Pratt's Patients*. By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

⁴ *Pippin*. By EVELYN VAN BUREN. New York: The Century Co.

⁵ *Mr. Hobby*. By HAROLD KELLOCK. New York: The Century Co.

⁶ *The Life-Mask*. By the author of *To M. L. G.* New York: F. A. Stokes Co.

⁷ *Bobbie, General Manager*. By OLIVE HIGGINS PROUTY. New York: F. A. Stokes Co.

⁸ *The Wings of Pride*. By LOUISE KENNEDY MABIE. New York: Harper & Bros.

⁹ *Ever After*. By JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

¹⁰ *The Candid Adventurer*. By ANNA COLEMAN LADD. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

¹¹ *The Opening Door*. By JUSTUS MILES FORMAN. New York: Harper & Bros.

¹² *The Invaders*. By FRANCES NEWTON SYMMES ALLEN. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

¹³ *The Weaker Vessel*. By E. F. BENSON. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The Nest,¹ *Vanishing Points*,² *The Strange Cases of Dr. Stanchon*,³ and *Roast Beef Medium*⁴ a singularly varied and stimulating collection of tales. It is permitted novels to set forth biased and distorted views at times, but short stories are seldom successful among us unless they are crisply sane. Common-sense in tabloid form is very dear to the American reader. *Roast Beef Medium* and *The Strange Cases of Dr. Stanchon* are instances very much in point. Miss Ferber's incidents in the life of a 'lady-drummer' are crammed with the cheerful, every-day reasonableness by which our nation chiefly lives. Most of Mrs. Bacon's clever stories of jangled nerves and tottering brains proffer, delicately but clearly, the priceless lesson that healthy occupation, preferably housework, would empty half the sanatoriums. This is good doctrine, which might well be proclaimed more stridently.

Miss Brown's stories are always based upon sublimated common-sense, and though the title *Vanishing Points* deliberately warns us that she has gone to the end of certain old horizons, the sensitive reader will find her work herein four-square to the Universe and in harmony with the kingdom of heaven. As compared to them Anne Douglas Sedgwick's adorable tales may well be called worldly, for the ultimate authority to which they subtly refer is not the custom of the kingdom of heaven, but the custom of the nicest people. There is, even yet, some difference between the two. One always sees

this finished writer as a slightly more melancholy Jane Austen with a wider world to depict. She is also slightly more merciless. The gentle Jane laughed gayly at feeble human nature, but Miss Sedgwick takes foibles with a certain gravity and deals justice with no frivolous hand. Her insight into the tortuous current of the feminine spirit is as wonderful as is her dexterity in expressing what she sees. In *The Nest*, the title story is most striking in this respect. Its penetration is so deep and keen that one wonders why women of the heroine's type do not mob the author for giving away the secrets of their construction. Perhaps it is not quite fair, so long as men usually exhibit a more durable *esprit de corps*. Barring George Meredith's *Egoist*, I do not at the moment recall any revelation of man by man so deft and merciless. The irony of that very delicious story *The White Pagoda* is more comfortable, inasmuch as the foible it derides is less serious. It is ridiculous, however, to cavil at any of the offerings of a talent capable of these two tales. There is nothing in the language with which to compare them save certain of those short stories which will always stand as the best achievement of Henry James. One wishes Miss Sedgwick might be persuaded to indulge oftener her talent for the *conte*. The only objection her readers will offer is a sigh at the thought that the number of her novels might thereby be diminished.

Do you believe in fairies? Maurice Hewlett does, and James Stephens, and Algernon Blackwood. If you question this assertion, read *Lore of Proserpine*,⁵ *The Crock of Gold*,⁶ and *A Prisoner in Fairyland*.⁷ As no two of

⁵ *Lore of Proserpine*. By MAURICE HEWLETT. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

⁶ *The Crock of Gold*. By JAMES STEPHENS. New York: The Macmillan Co.

⁷ *A Prisoner in Fairyland*. By ALGERNON BLACKWOOD. New York: The Macmillan Co.

¹ *The Nest*. By ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK. New York: The Century Co.

² *Vanishing Points*. By ALICE BROWN. New York: The Macmillan Co.

³ *The Strange Cases of Dr. Stanchon*. By JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

⁴ *Roast Beef Medium*. By EDNA FERBER. New York: F. A. Stokes Co.

these competent writers believe in the same kind of fairies, you may take your choice unchallenged. Personally, I repudiate the fairies of Mr. Hewlett and all their works. In a clever preface he says he hopes nobody will ask him whether his incidents are true, for it will then be his humiliating duty to reply that he does not know. 'They seem to be so to me writing them; they seemed to be so when they occurred, and one of them occurred only two or three years ago. That sort of answer satisfies me and it is the only one I can make. As I grow older, it becomes more and more difficult to distinguish one kind of an appearance from another and to say, that is real, and again, that is illusion. . . . If a thing is not sensibly true, it may be morally so. If it is not phenomenally true, it may be so substantially. And it is possible that one may see substance, so to speak, in the idiom of the senses. That, I take it, is how the Greeks saw thunderstorms and other huge convulsions. . . . They saw natural phenomena as shadows of spiritual conflict or of spiritual calm, and within the appearance apprehended the truth. So it may be that I have done.'

This shows Mr. Hewlett in line with Eden Philpotts's intention. It well may be that such Natural Facts as winds, trees, hills, flowers, brooks 'have an underlying Idea or Soul whereby they really are what they appear,' and that 'these souls can be discerned by mortal men.' Anyhow no canny critic would deny to an author such a working premise. However, the real point is this: can the author so write of these Indwelling Souls as to make them more interesting than the Natural Facts they represent? One has yet to hear of a dryad half as attractive as a tree. Certainly Mr. Hewlett's dryads are not so! But if the alleged soul of a thing has less

beauty, delicacy, and significance than the thing itself, may we not safely doubt it to be the soul it is affirmed? These Hewlett fairies are remote and arid as so many fragments of tissue-paper, yet they are tainted with the things of sense, steeped in the bitter flavor of mortality. They will not pass the pragmatic test; they are not good to believe in.

The sub-human and super-human folk in *The Crock of Gold* are droll, unreasonable, utterly delicious creatures. After all, the Irish are the only people in the world witty and tender and inconsequent enough to own *real* fairies. Mr. Stephens's book is a fantasy, but a striking exception to the rule that fantasies are usually dull. It does n't matter what it means, or whether it means anything. It is like sunlight, ozone, and high spirits. You splash in it as in a summer sea. There is no book in the world in the least like it, and probably there will never be another, which is the best of reasons for making the acquaintance of this one before it is out of print.

Mr. Blackwood's fairyland may seem at times 'wumbled,' to use his own word, but it is finally coherent. He has dreamed a 'soft-shiny' dream of the starry, radiant power of thought, working its own miracles in the subconscious realm, where all of us spend half our time. That his dream is at least half-true is one of the things this generation is learning rapidly; that 'thinking things straight' will ever take the place of reform legislation, organized charities, women's clubs, the suffrage movement and all the rest of the tangible machinery by which we strive to put the world to rights, is highly improbable, but there will always be people who can use the thinking method more easily than the working method. Why not try both at once? Our 'wumbled' old earth needs

all the re-creating we can give it. Pending further discoveries, it is not safe to dogmatize about the limits, in either direction, of those sub-conscious powers with which Mr. Blackwood plays so prettily, yet it is certainly not unsafe to 'think starlight'—if one can! Incidentally, and seriously, it is only a generation that has relaxed its hold on the meaning of prayer to which the basic idea of 'God's Fairyland' would be novel.

It is a hopeful sign for to-morrow that to-day's interest in the immaterial world takes such a wide sweep. Mr. Blackwood's tale, with all its fantasy, is not so far removed as at first glance it seems from such forceful and serious books as *The Inside of the Cup*¹ and *V.V.'s Eyes*,² for he has tried to do for the soul by way of the fancy what their authors have tried to do for it by graver means.

Granted that you are a thoughtful man, it is impossible for you to go through this world without a theology as well as a religion. Whatever else life withholds from you, it gives you these. Generally you find, in the long run, that your personal experience enables you to see what St. Paul meant; more fortunately, what Christ meant; and you see that the thing they *meant*—which may not be at all what the Church has been teaching as their meaning—coincides with the uttermost truth you yourself are able to grasp. Thus, for you also, dogma becomes alive. What Winston Churchill has done for the readers of *The Inside of the Cup* is to give them his own theology as he has hewed it out of life. The greater part of it is your theology and mine. There are some points as to which we differ from him, but we

may be reasonably sure that twenty or thirty years hence he will agree with us. For life treats all the open-minded very much alike. We who are no longer young agree with him that there will be no socialistic society until all men are vitally Christian, and that, when this comes to pass, any form of society will be quite good enough; we disagree with him when other utterances seem to contradict this lucid attitude and when he says that the individual is the unit of human society. The individual is the unit of the Kingdom of Heaven, assuredly, but on earth that unit necessarily will remain the family until such day as in very truth 'the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof.'

Mr. Churchill believes that the hypocritical over-rich, such characters as his Eldon Parr, are the Church's great drawback to-day, and that if the clergy dealt with them as faithfully and vigorously as they should, most of the problems of the Church would be solved. One fears the matter is not quite so simple as this, but we would be glad to see the remedy tested.

What Winston Churchill has tried to do for the soul by way of the intelligence in *The Inside of the Cup*, Henry Sydnor Harrison has tried to do for the soul by way of the emotions in *V.V.'s Eyes*. The two methods are as old as Christianity and should go hand in hand. Mr. Harrison's book is, simply, the story of a very Christ-like life lived in the person of a self-effacing city doctor. It makes vivid the creative influence of such a personality upon the souls of others, actually bringing them to life, as such men do, in remote and unexpected ways. Mr. Churchill attempted the same creation in the character of Mr. Bentley, but as his constructive interest was greater in the intellectual part of his work, Mr. Bentley lacks the great appeal of V.

¹ *The Inside of the Cup*. By WINSTON CHURCHILL. New York: The Macmillan Co.

² *V.V.'s Eyes*. By HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Vivian. The book is beautifully done. One yields one's self to its intention, its execution (after those first few chapters which always seem hard for Mr. Harrison!), its emotional sweep — and yet, fine as it is, and inspiring, I confess that I turned away from *Queed* with a greater, more vital desire to make life happy for my fellows. — My dear Mr. Harrison, can you, from your inside knowledge of these two books of yours, both of them so conscientious and worth while, explain this effect upon a reader who followed you willingly, surrendering himself in each instance to your spell? One confesses a desire to understand why the more powerful book affects one least, and if one, then others, of your audience.

*New Leaf Mills*¹ which in its objectivity and reticence is at the other pole in many ways from Mr. Churchill's book and Mr. Harrison's, is like them in this — it, too, has a very pertinent lesson for the twentieth-century spirit. Not obviously didactic, as they are, it subtly unfolds its intent. It is a book of the greatest limpidity and delicacy, something apart from the obstreperous current of our fiction. In it Mr. Howells brings old memories to light, of early days when parts of Ohio were still almost pioneer communities with a flavor at least of pioneer hardships and virtues. Against such a background he draws tenderly, with exquisite, fine touches, the character of a man of those days who might, as well, be a man of the present hour. He was so courageous that he never believed in danger, so serene that no ill-fortune daunted him. He unconsciously shed disaster by denying it, as so many in our own day are consciously fain to shed it. This was a man of large, benevolent intention, one who 'had inextinguishable faith in mankind as a race merely

¹ *New Leaf Mills*. By W. D. HOWELLS. New York: Harper & Bros.

needing good treatment to become everything that its friends could wish.' He plans, as such temperaments are prone to do, a communistic experiment which never flowers into actuality, but comforts him with its imagined imminence, almost as natural beauty comforts him. With the lapse of years he accepts the imperfect conditions of human life, realizing that they are as the upward-striving of ages has made them, and serves men as best he can, beginning always with those of his own household. He ceases to demand a new form of society, but never relinquishes the belief that a higher type of civilization would eventuate, could all men hold a different conception of the State. In other words, he works without violence and without folly, as each man may in his own place, for the coming of a fairer day.

Put forth without accent or emphasis, this little book, to which one somehow is fain to apply the intimate adjectives gentle and loving, is not only a tribute to a type of character whose beauty becomes clearer with our increasing perception of men's limitations, but it is also the sunset-comment of one long-lived, and kind, and wise, upon the social ferment of these latter days. Each generation as it swiftly passes is prone to think itself the first that has travailed quite so earnestly to bring forth peace and righteousness for all men. This book holds a reminder that in our hopes and struggles,

We but return upon our steps although they
seem so free;
The thing that has been is that which shall be.

To whatever is paralyzing in this thought, we have Mr. Howells's own antistrophe: —

Dark Prophet, yes! But still somehow the round
Is spiral, and the race's feet have found
The paths rise under them which they have trod.
Your facts are facts, yet somewhere there is God.

THE RIDDLE OF AMERICA¹

BY GUGLIELMO FERRERO

I

I TAKE the liberty of beginning this paper with a preface of a personal character. Seven years ago I had the honor of giving in Paris a series of lectures on the Emperor Augustus. How has it come about that after seven years the historian of Rome should write an essay on the two worlds of the present day, and discuss America as a European sees it? For this change of subject the Parisian public is in a measure responsible. The sympathy which my audience was kind enough to accord to my former studies encouraged a distinguished citizen of Argentina, M. Emilio Mitre, to invite me to Buenos Ayres. This first invitation was followed by two others: one, from the Brazilian Academy, and one from Mr. Roosevelt. Thus it came that the historian of antiquity had an opportunity to visit the wilderness of America. I say 'wilderness,' for to the eyes of the European who travels its immensities by rail, America gives the impression of a far-reaching solitude.

In Argentina there are vast and luxuriant valleys, over which the train seems to creep toward the very edge of a horizon which ever recedes as the traveler advances: from time to time, four or five red one-storied houses, clustered behind a station, recall to his mind the fact that this wilderness is

actually inhabited. In Brazil, so far as the eye can see, there are ranges of mountains, shadowy even in brilliant daylight, in the midst of which one notices, from time to time, a mountain standing out more distinctly than its mates. The shadowy hills are those still covered by the primeval forest; the others, those where the timber has been burned off and replaced by coffee plantations; but even here there is no trace of human life. One must travel long hours by railroad before even catching sight of a village.

In North America, or at least in its Eastern States, there are vast and desolate tracts. From time to time a village appears, bristling with chimneys. Then the traveler slips on into the deserted country. Another village appears, disappears. Then all at once the train begins to rush through the midst of houses. On, on it goes. The houses never cease to follow it. Huge edifices rise from the midst of the little dwellings like giants in a crowd of dwarfs. Automobiles and trolley cars move through the streets. It is a great city; half a million, a million, two million men are crowded together there in the shadow of a thousand chimneys, surrounded on every side by an almost deserted country. What a strange sight are these wildernesses to a European accustomed to live in one of the crowded countries of the Old World where men have built their houses everywhere, from the shores of the sea up to the highest habitable slopes of the mountains!

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In observing a phenomenon so novel to himself the historian of antiquity is deeply interested; and as he studies it, like so many other Europeans in the presence of the same spectacle, he forgets his own preoccupations. The riddle of America rises before him and the desire of finding an answer to it turns him from his former studies. For America is a true riddle to Europeans. These thirty years not only the United States, but even smaller American countries like Brazil and Argentina, have impressed themselves sharply upon the attention of Europe. The Old World has been compelled to recognize that America has in her turn become a mighty historic force; and that she exercises an influence on the Old World which grows continuously greater. When one reflects that only a century and a half ago all these American states were merely poverty-stricken colonies of Europe, harshly exploited by their European masters, one cannot suppress amazement at the rapidity with which their destiny has changed.

What power is it which has worked this species of miracle? On this point it is impossible to feel any doubt: the power is riches. These plains and these mountains which look so deserted are tilled, mined, worked with intensest energy; and every year with a generosity which seems inexhaustible they yield to the men who have toiled over them prodigious quantities of cereals, tobacco, coffee, wool, gold, silver, iron, oil, — an enormous river of riches which spreads over the entire world. The great industrial cities of North America manufacture these raw materials with profits so large and swiftly won that to the Old World they seem fantastic. In these plains, in these valleys, in these mountains, in these cities, laborers receive higher wages, merchant and manufacturer make their fortunes faster, capitalists come into

contact with mightier interests, landlords draw higher rents from this prosperity, — all the sources of profit are more abundant than in Europe. And these conditions have made it possible for a few of Fortune's favorites to pile up in the course of a single lifetime wealth whose vastness makes the brain swim. America has, in fact, succeeded in producing riches at a rate of speed that man has never yet attained elsewhere in the world. She has been the principal factor in the fabulous increase of the world's wealth during the last fifty years. Her riches have become one of the historic forces of our civilization, and one of the principal preoccupations of the European mind.

Whence come these vast riches and whither do they go? How is it that America can grow rich so much faster than Europe? Is it thanks to far more fortunate physical conditions which bear no relation to the deserts of man? Or is it in consequence of moral and intellectual qualities which are lacking in Europeans? And what will be the ultimate effect of this economic superiority? Riches may be the goal of an individual's efforts; for a nation they can only be a means to conquer the other good things of life which we call civilization: glory, grandeur, power, beauty, knowledge, moral refinement. Can America, and will she, make use of her riches to rob us of the intellectual and moral leadership which Europe still possesses? Or will these riches, too swiftly won, exercise an evil influence simultaneously upon Europe and America, by making both continents more grossly materialistic?

II

Such is the riddle of America which for some time past has been steadily gaining upon the attention of Europe. To reach the answer we must know

whether the too swift economic development of the New World wields a beneficent or an evil influence upon the higher activities of the mind, upon morals, upon science, art, and religion. The detractors of America — and there are many of them in Europe — affirm without hesitation that the Americans are barbarians laden with gold; that they think only of making money, and that, in consequence of their riches, they lower the level of our ancient civilization and destroy its beautiful traditions by a crass materialism. Admirers of America on the contrary — and of these there are as many in Europe as there are detractors — will tell you that the New World is giving to the old a unique example of energy, activity, intelligence, and daring. Let Old Europe then give heed: beyond the Atlantic young rivals are girding themselves with new weapons to dispute with her all the superiority of which she is so proud. What must one think of these two answers to the puzzle?

Let us begin with the reasoning of the detractors: 'Americans are barbarians laden with gold.' In order to simplify the discussion let us limit our examination to the United States, which is justly entitled to represent contemporary America with all its qualities and all its defects. It is not necessary to stay for a long time within the borders of the United States to convince one's self that the great republic is not at all a country where people think only of making money. A writer partial to paradox might well amuse himself with proving that the Americans are more idealistic than the Europeans, or even that they are a mystical people. Any one who cares to find arguments to establish this thesis may well be embarrassed by their number. For instance, would a people which despised the higher activities of the mind have been

able to create the philosophical doctrine which is popularly known to us under the name of 'Pragmatism'? The pragmatist affirms that all ideas capable of rendering useful service are true. He takes utility as his standard of the measure of truth. This theory has seemed to many writers of the Old World a decisive proof of the practical mind of the American people who never forget their material interests even in metaphysical questions. But this is a mistake. Pragmatism does not propose to subordinate the ideal to practical interest. Its purpose is to reconcile opposing doctrines by proving that all ideas, even those which seem mutually exclusive, can help us to become wiser, stronger, better. What service is there then in struggling to make one idea triumph over another instead of allowing men to draw from each idea the good which each can yield? In a word, Pragmatism, as America has conceived it, is a mighty effort to give the right of expression in modern civilization to all religious and philosophical doctrines which in the past have reddened the world with their sanguinary struggles. A beautiful doctrine this, which may lend itself to many objections; but true or false, it proves that the people who have conceived it, far from despising the ideal, have such respect for all ideas and all beliefs, that they have not the courage to repel a single one. Such a people wishes to learn all and understand all.

Another proof of this same characteristic is furnished by American universities. Europeans have all heard descriptions of these great American universities, Harvard and Columbia, for example. They are true learned cities, with vast and splendid buildings, gardens, pavilions, laboratories, museums, libraries, athletic fields for physical exercises, pools where students can go to swim. They are enormously rich

and, at the same time, always in dire straits. How can that be? Because no specialty or smallest perfection is allowed to be lacking. All the languages and the literatures of the world which have reached any degree of importance, all the histories, all the philological sciences, — judicial, social, moral, physical, natural, — all mathematics and philosophies, are taught there by hundreds of professors. And private citizens of the rich classes, bankers, manufacturers, merchants, have in a great degree met from their private purses the steadily growing needs of the universities.

There is the same tendency in art. That American cities are ugly, I willingly admit. It would need much courage, no doubt, to brand this affirmation as false, but it would also be unjust to deny that America is making mighty efforts to beautify them. All the schools of architecture in Europe, especially that in Paris, are full of Americans hard at work. The sums which cities, states, banks, insurance companies, universities, railroads, have spent to beautify their magnificent edifices is fabulous. All these buildings are not masterpieces by a wide margin, but there are many which are very beautiful. America has architects of indisputable worth. In Europe, men like to repeat that Americans buy at extravagant prices objects of ancient art, or things that pass for such, not distinguishing those which are beautiful and ancient from those which are inferior and counterfeit. But those who have seen something of the houses of rich Americans know that, although there are snobs and dupes in America, as everywhere else, there are also people who know the meaning of art, who know how to buy beautiful things and who search the world over for them. You will find in the streets of New York every variety of architecture, just

as you find in its libraries all the literatures of the world, and in its theatres all the music, and in its houses all the decorative arts.

'The barbarian laden with gold' is then a legendary personage, but it is not at all surprising that such a conception should exist. Modern society is organized in such fashion that it is impossible even to conceive of a people at once rich and ignorant. Industry, business, agriculture, demand nowadays very special technical knowledge, and a very complete social organization; that is to say, they imply a scientific, political, and judicial civilization of a reasonably high order. Thus America is not at all uninterested in the higher activities of the mind. It would be more just to say that as a nation, and without regard to individual instances, she interests herself in such activities less than in industry, in business and in agriculture. But is not this also the case with Europe? Who would dare affirm that the progress of the arts and sciences and letters is at this moment the principal concern of the governments and the influential classes of the Old World? We Europeans have only to listen to what people are saying round about us. Their talk is all of bringing the cultivation of the land to economic perfection, of opening coal and iron mines, of harnessing waterfalls, of developing industries, of increasing exports. Kings who rule 'by the grace of God' publicly declare that nothing interests them so much as the business of their countries!

If all this were characteristic only of American barbarism, we should be obliged to admit that Europe is Americanizing herself with disconcerting rapidity. But this economic effort of Europe in turn has nothing about it that need surprise us: like the American development, it is only the dizzy

acceleration of a vast historic movement whose beginnings go back to the far distant day when an obscure and obstinate Genoese set sail, and in the midst of the waters of the Atlantic crossed the impassable boundary of the Old World. Yes, before that day Europe had created admirable arts and literatures, profound philosophies, consoling religions, lofty morals, wise systems of justice, but — she was poor. She produced little, and produced it slowly; she had deified tradition and authority; she had fettered human energy by a multitude of laws, precepts, and prejudices. To humble men's pride she kept repeating to them that they were feeble and corrupt creatures. She taught them to use Virgil's beautiful figure that they were like 'A rower who painfully forces his boat against the current of the stream. Evil be on his head if for one instant he forgets and ceases to struggle against the current's force; in that moment he is lost, the flood sweeps away his fragile boat.'

But one fine day Europe discovered a vast continent in the midst of the ocean. Then it dawned upon her that Prometheus had been but a clumsy thief, for he had only stolen a tiny spark of fire; she discovered mines, coal, and electricity. She created the steam-engine and all the other machines which have been derived from it. She succeeded in multiplying riches with a rapidity unimagined by remoter ancestors. From that moment man no longer contented himself with dreaming of the Promised Land. He wished to go there. He destroyed all the traditions, the laws, and institutions which place limitations upon the store of human energy. He learned to work swiftly. At a single stroke he conquered liberty and riches, and he conceived the idea of progress. If America seems to-day to symbolize this movement

which has turned the world topsy-turvy, the movement was derived from Europe. After having conceived the idea of such a revolution, could Europe remain untouched by it?

III

It would appear then that the riddle of America is very simple. The answer contains nothing to make us uneasy. The riches of the New World threaten no catastrophe to the noblest traditions of our civilization. For New York's wealth is only a part of the riches produced in the same economic development in the two worlds. The ultimate development of these mighty riches might be merely a general advance, both material and ideal, of Europe and America. Rich and prosperous Americans might try to assimilate the culture of Europe, and on her part Europe might seek to equal America in her effort to increase her riches. But a historian of antiquity who returns from America cannot share this optimism. In the lap of modern civilization there are twin worlds struggling with each other for leadership. But these two worlds are not, as people are apt to think, Europe and America. Their names are Quality and Quantity.

The civilizations from which our own is sprung were poor indeed. They set limits to their desires, their ambitions, their spirit of initiative, their audacity, their originality. They brought forth slowly and a little at a time, and suffered continuously from the insufficiency of their material resources. They looked upon the amassing of wealth merely as a painful necessity; but in all things they sought to attain the difficult model of perfection, whether in art, or in literature, or in the worlds of morality and religion. The aristocratic character of almost all the industries

of the past, the importance which was formerly bestowed on the decorative arts and on all questions of personal morality, ceremonial, and form, — these are all proofs of it. It was Quality not Quantity which carried our forefathers forward. All the limitations to which these civilizations were subject, so astonishing to us to-day, were only the necessary cost of these perfections which men once so ardently desired. We have turned the world our ancestors lived in upside down. We have made the multiplication of riches our goal. We have won liberty, but we have been obliged to abandon almost all the ancient ideals of perfection, sacrificing Quality in everything.

How many of the difficulties which torture this brilliant period of ours so cruelly are the result of this duel between Quality and Quantity! Look, for example, at the present crisis in the study of the classics. Why did men formerly study Homer and Cicero with passionate zeal? Because in those days the great Greek and Latin writers were the models of that literary perfection so greatly admired by the influential classes, which was not merely an ornament of the mind. The attainment of perfection often carried with it the admiration of the public, fame, sometimes even glory and high rank. But in this last century these models have lost much of their prestige, either on account of the multitude of literatures which have come to be known and liked, or because they have proved troublesome to a period compelled to write too much and too quickly. Just imagine a candidate for the presidency of the United States who should pronounce ten or fifteen long orations daily and who should in each discourse show himself the perfect orator after the rules of Cicero or Quintilian! The day in which classical culture ceased to be an official school of literary taste,

on that day it was condemned to die; and scientific philology, which we have sought to set up in its place, can only serve to bury its corpse. No longer models for posterity, the ancient authors have become books like any others, less interesting for the majority of readers than the works of modern literatures.

It is the fashion nowadays to discuss the crisis which threatens all the arts. We must, however, remember to preserve a distinction. We must divide the arts into two categories: those which serve to amuse men by helping them to pass the time agreeably, like music, the theatre, and, to a certain degree, literature; and those which serve to beautify the world, like architecture, sculpture, painting, and all the decorative arts. It is patent that the crisis which we are considering is much more serious among the arts within the second category. No epoch has spent so much money to beautify the world as ours; no age has supported so formidable an army of architects, sculptors, decorators, and cabinet-makers; no age has built so many cities, palaces, monuments, bridges, plazas, and gardens. In the midst of lavish plenty, why are we so discontented with the results obtained: why have not Americans, in spite of the enormous sums which they have spent to beautify their cities, succeeded in building a St. Mark's or a Notre Dame? They have all the materials, — money, artists, the desire to create beautiful things. What then do they lack? They lack one single thing — Time.

One day in New York I was complimenting an example of American architecture to an American architect of great talent. 'Yes, yes,' he answered with a touch of satire, 'my fellow countrymen would willingly spend a hundred millions of dollars to build a church as beautiful as St. Mark's in

Venice, but they would command me, as a condition of the work, to finish it within eighteen months.'

That is a significant phrase. How is it possible to beautify a world which is incessantly in transformation, wherein nothing is stable, and which wishes to multiply everything it possesses — buildings, as it would furniture? To create beautiful palaces, to construct beautiful furniture, to attain the distant ideal of perfection, time is essential, — time and wise deliberation, reasonable limitation of the multiplicity of human demands, and a certain stability in taste. No one could have built St. Mark's or Notre Dame in eighteen months, and France could not have created her famous decorative styles of the eighteenth century if public taste had been so fickle as ours, and if everybody at that time had wished to change his furniture every ten years.

But the crisis in classical studies and that in the decorative arts are still relatively slight in comparison to the general intellectual and moral confusion wherein the doctrine of quantity has plunged men's minds, substituting a standard of amount in place of the traditional standard of quality. If my phrase is obscure, examples may possibly throw light on what I say. We all know, for instance, that in recent years the citizens of the United States have waged a bitter campaign against the trusts, the great banks, the railroads, and insurance companies; in fact, against all the vast powers of money. In newspaper articles, in public speeches, and in whole volumes filled with accusations, these trusts have been charged with being centres of corruption, instruments of a new despotism not less odious than the political despotism of old. They are decried as scandalous conspiracies to despoil honest men of the legitimate fruits of their labor. The campaign has penetrated to the

very heart of the nation; but in the face of the enormous indignation of the masses, there has been marshaled both in America and Europe the Olympian calm of economists and men of great affairs who have denounced this movement of protest as a return to mediæval ideas, and who in the face of a vast outcry have paid enthusiastic homage to modern finance, its enormous enterprises, and tremendous organizations.

How can there be so vast a difference of opinion in an age so intelligent and educated as ours? Is half the world struck blind to-day, and is sight given to the other half alone? No, there is neither incurable blindness, nor is sight vouchsafed only to a few. The sole reason for the confusion is that men employ different standards in measuring the same thing, and for this reason find it impossible to understand each other. If one admits the quantitative standard, if one grants that the supreme object of life is to produce an enormous pile of riches as rapidly as possible, the economists are right. The injustices and cruelties denounced by the adversaries of high finance are merely negligible inconveniences in a régime of economic liberty of which the modern world is naturally proud, for it is to this liberty that the modern world owes most of its wealth. Yet we must remember that the idea of leaving the wages of each individual to be determined by the blind play of economic forces has been foreign to all the civilizations from which ours has sprung. They have always sought to correct the principles of business in order to keep them in accord with the principles of charity and justice. To carry out this policy they have not even hesitated to limit the development of industry and business, for example, by forbidding interest on money. Former ages have subordinated economic development to an ideal of moral perfection;

they have placed quality above quantity; but if one applies this standard of qualitative measure to the modern world, it is these detractors of high finance who have the right on their side. Many methods employed by modern finance, useful as they are from an economic point of view, are for this reason none the less repugnant to a moral and slightly sensitive conscience. Detractors and defenders may dispute to the end of time. They will never understand each other, for they start from different premises which never can be reconciled to each other.

It is this continual confusion between the standards of quantitative measures and qualitative standards which prevents the modern world from steering a true course amid the gravest moral questions. Take, for example, the question of progress. Is there an idea more popular to-day, or a word more often repeated, than 'progress'? And yet if to every person who pronounces this word we were to put the question, 'What do you mean by progress?' few indeed would be able to answer with precision. There is a thing stranger yet. In this century of progress the whole world deplores ten times a day the decadence of all things. How can we explain such confusion as this? The answer is simply that the same act may be judged as a phenomenon of progress or of decadence, according as one looks at it from the point of view of Quality or of Quantity. Set an architect and a locomotive-builder to disputing on the modern world. The first will maintain that the world is reverting to barbarism because it multiplies cities, and hastily and hideously constructed villages without being able to create a single one of those marvelous monuments which are the glory of the Middle Ages. The second will reply that the world moves forward, because the population, number, and size of the

cities, the amount of cultivated land, the extension of railroads, increase without cessation. The interlocutors will never come to understand each other, just as two men who look at the world with spectacles of different colors can never agree on the color of the world. The riddle of America, which for some time past has bothered Europe so much, is merely another example of this permanent confusion of standards which characterizes the age we live in.

IV

America is neither the monstrous country where men think solely of making money, nor the country of marvels boasted by her admirers. It is the country where the principles of Quantity, become so powerful during the last one hundred and fifty years, have achieved their most extraordinary triumph. An active, energetic, vigorous nation has found itself master of an enormous territory, portions of which were very fertile and others very rich in mines and forests, at the very moment when our civilization finally invented the machine which makes possible the exploitation of vast countries and the swift creation of wealth: the steam engine.

Less cumbered by old traditions than the elder nations, and with a vast continent in front of her, America has marched along the new roads of history with a rapidity and an energy for which there is no precedent. Ten, fifteen, thirty times in a single century has she multiplied her population, her cities, and all the wealth coveted by man. She has created in careless and prodigal profusion a society which has subordinated all former ideas of perfection to a new ideal: ever building on a grander scale and ever building more swiftly. No, it is not true that America is indifferent to the higher

activities of mind, but the effort which she spends upon the arts and sciences is, and will long remain, subordinate to the great historic task of the United States, the intensive cultivation of their huge continent. Intellectual things will remain subordinate, although very many Americans of the upper classes would wish that it were otherwise.

In just the same way, it is not exact to say that, in contrast to American barbarism, Europe reaps the harvest of civilization; just as it would be unfair to say that the Old World is done for, exhausted by its petrifying, inevitable routine. The ancient societies of Europe have likewise entered into the quantitative phase of civilization. The new devil has got hold of them also. In Europe as well as in America the masses of people long for a more comfortable existence, public and private expenses pile up with bewildering speed. Thus in the Old World also the production of wealth must be increased, but this enterprise is far more difficult in Europe than in America. The population of Europe is much more dense than in the New World: a portion of its lands is exhausted: the great number of political subdivisions, and the multiplicity of tongues, increase enormously the difficulties in the way of business on a great scale. Traditions handed down from the time when men toiled to produce slowly and in small quantities things shaped toward a far-distant ideal of perfection are still strong among its people. Europe then has the advantage over America in the higher activities of the mind, but she cannot help being more timid, more slow, and more limited in her economic enterprises. America and Europe may each be judged superior or inferior to the other according as the critic takes for his standard the criteria of Quality or of Quantity. If a civilization grows toward perfection in proportion to the

rapidity with which she produces riches, America is the model to be followed; if, on the contrary, perfection is expressed by the measure of the higher activities of the spirit, Europe leads the way.

V

The riddle then seems solved, but the reader may object that it is solved only by admitting that we dwell in a perpetual condition of misunderstanding; that the Modern World is a sort of Tower of Babel where men speak a tongue which others cannot understand. If it were only to bring back this agreeable news that the historian of antiquity has made two voyages to America, he might better perhaps have spared himself the trouble! Such might well be the conclusion of this long argument! Nevertheless, it is indisputable that the Modern World demands two contradictory things, speed and perfection. We wish to conquer the earth and its treasures with all possible haste. To this end we have created tremendous machinery and have uncovered new forces in nature. It is a huge task, no doubt, but to accomplish it we must renounce almost all the artistic and moral perfections which used to be at once the torment and joy and pride of our forefathers. It is a painful necessity indeed, against which our age revolts, and from which it seeks in vain every possible channel of escape.

Let us strip off the last shred of illusion. Deterioration must ever continue amongst the ideals of perfection which our ancestors worshiped, so long as population multiplies and the demands and aspirations of all classes, as well as all expenses, public and private, continue to increase on the scale and with the momentum with which they are increasing at this moment. Even if this formidable revolution

should slacken a trifle, the ideal of Quantity must spread its empire over the earth, morality and beauty must of necessity be subordinated to the prime necessities of constructing machines ever increasing in speed and power, and of expanding cultivated land, and of working new mines. Art, like industry, agriculture, like literature, will be compelled to increase their product to the continuous deterioration of their quality, and our secret discontent will grow in proportion as our triumphs increase. Unable ourselves to decide between Quality and Quantity, we shall never know whether the great drama of the world which we are looking at is a marvelous epoch of progress or a melancholy tragedy of decadence.

From this singular situation there is only one possible way of escape; a method which has no precedent in the world's history. But it is that very method which men will not hear spoken of. It would be absolutely essential to create a movement of public opinion through religious, political or moral means, which should impose upon the world a reasonable limit to its desires. To the age in which we live it seems impossible to express an idea which seems more absurd than this. The material situation of every one of us is to-day bound up with this formidable movement which drives men ceaselessly to increase the making and spending of wealth. Think what an economic crisis there would be if this movement were to slow down. All the moralities which have governed the world down to the French Revolution forced upon men the belief that they would grow more perfect as they grew simpler. When religion and custom were not sufficient to teach them to set limits to their needs and desires, then these old moralities had recourse to sumptuary laws. In direct contrast to

this, the nineteenth century affirms that man grows more perfect in proportion as he produces and consumes. So confusing are the definitions of legitimate desires and vices, of reasonable expenses and inordinate luxury, that in this century it is almost impossible to tell one from the other.

A vast revolution has been brought into being, the greatest, perhaps, which history can show; but if the new principles which our century has borne to the front should be developed until they insured the ultimate and supreme triumph of quantity, would it be possible to escape what would amount to the demolition of the whole fabric of the glorious civilization bequeathed to us by the centuries: religious doctrines and the principles upon which morality is based, as well as all the traditions of the arts?

History knows better than we the dusky roads of the future, and it is idle for us to wish to see the way along them; but in spite of our ignorance of the future, we have duties toward the past and toward ourselves, and is it not one of these duties to call the attention of our generation to the possibility of this catastrophe, even if our generation likes to turn its face away from it? Very often during my travels in America I used to ask myself whether men of various intellectual interests might not find in this duty something to strengthen their conscience for the part which they must play in the world.

If we disregard medicine which aims to cure our bodily ills, those sciences which are concerned with discoveries useful to industry, and those arts which entertain the public, all other branches of intellectual activity are to-day in dire confusion. Is there a pious clergyman who has not asked himself in moments of discouragement what good it is to preach the virtues of the

Christian faith in a century whose dynamic power springs from an exaltation of pride and an emancipation of passion which amount almost to delirium? What intelligent historian is there who does not now and then ask himself why he persists in telling over again the events of the past to a generation which no longer looks ahead, and which rushes violently on the future, head down, like a bull? What philosopher is there who, as he pursues his transcendental preoccupation, does not feel himself sometimes hopelessly adrift like a being fallen from another planet upon this earth in an age which no longer is passionately interested in anything except economic reality? What artist is there who seeks not only to make money, but to reach the perfection of his ideal, who has not cursed a thousand times this frenzied hurly-burly in the midst of which we live?

From time to time, it is true, there seems to be a genuine revival of the ancient ideal; men suddenly appear who seem to interest themselves afresh in the progress of religion, in the future of morality, in the history of the past, in the problems of metaphysics, in the artistic records of civilizations long since dead. But these are only passing phenomena, and they are not enduring enough to give artists and philosophers the definite consciousness of playing a well-thought-out and useful part.

If all intellectual activities of to-day tend to become either lucrative professions or government careers, it is because nowadays such careers aim either at money or social position, and no longer find their end in the careers themselves. And yet — how many times as he traveled across the wildernesses of the two Americas watching all day fields of wheat and rye, or plantations of maize or coffee, extending to

the very edge of the solitary horizon, how many times has the historian of antiquity brooded over those fragments of marble wrought by the Greeks in such perfection, which we admire in our museums, and pondered upon the fragments of the great Roman system of jurisprudence preserved in the 'Corpus juris.' Did not the Greeks and Romans succeed in reaching this marvelous perfection in the arts and laws because there came a time when they were willing to cease extending the limits of their empire over the earth and all the treasures it contains? Have we not conquered vast deserts with our railroads just because we have been able to renounce almost all the artistic and moral perfections which were the glory of the ancients?

In the light of this idea the historian felt that he had come to understand ancient civilizations and our own all the better, and that his eyes were able to pierce more deeply into the shadowy depths of human destiny. A civilization which pursues its desire for perfection beyond a certain limit ends by exhausting its energy in the pursuit of an object at once too narrow and impossible of attainment. On the other hand a civilization which allows itself to be intoxicated by the madness of mere size, by speed, by quantity, is destined to end in a new type of crass and violent barbarism. But the point where these two opposing forces of life find their most perfect equilibrium changes continually from age to age; and any epoch approaches more or less near this point according to the degree of activity of the two forces struggling within it. The artist, the priest, the historian, the philosopher, in moments of discouragement, when they feel themselves assailed by the temptation to think only of a career or of money, may well find new strength in the idea that each of them is working in his

different way to preserve an ideal of perfection in men's souls, — it may be a perfection of art or of morality of the intellect or of the spirit. Let them remember that this ideal, limited as it may seem, serves as a dyke to prevent

our civilization from being engulfed in an overwhelming flood of riches and from sinking in an orgy of brutality. This task is so great and so noble that those who strive for it ought surely to feel that they do not live in vain.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

DORINDA'S JOY

'Why do you do this thing?' asked a London magistrate of a man, brought before him for wife-beating, for the fourth time.

'Ah, ye gotta biff 'em abaht,' answered the defendant, 'it mikes 'em *love* ye!'

WE, Theophilus and Jane and I, were talking about the Robinsons. Theophilus and Jane are sound in Christian doctrine; they say grace before meat, have family prayers, and hold to orthodoxy as to an handmaiden of righteousness. If I had not always known them I might be a little frightened at them, because our angles of vision differ. As it is, Jane and I always agree (or at least Jane persuades me that we do), and Theophilus and I always make allowances for each other.

The Robinsons, John and Dorinda, are warm friends of Theophilus and Jane. I know them but slightly, nevertheless I shall speak with the familiarity of a closer acquaintance. John has a good business, and is doing well, although his income does not make him rich. Dorinda is rich in her own right; her income is probably thrice John's; nevertheless John maintains the family, so that Dorinda's income is set aside. This is in accord with John's wholesome view that it behooves him to care for and support his own family.

In our discussion, Theophilus said, 'Dorinda is a woman of very fine character. She has great nobility of spirit. For instance, she would like very much to have an automobile. Living where they do, it would be a great convenience to her, and we know that she wants one in the worst way. But John says, "no"; he declares that his income does not warrant the expense, and Dorinda, like the good and dutiful wife that she is, not only submits, but does it gladly. She neither complains nor protests. Of course, she herself could maintain half a dozen automobiles if she wanted to, and yet you never hear a complaint from her because she has none.'

'The incidence of comment,' I replied, 'seems to be on John rather than on Dorinda. That she meets a difficult and disagreeable situation without wincing is doubtless creditable, and it would be unfair to her to refer to her submission as a lazy way of avoiding trouble.'

Both Theophilus and Jane agreed in unison that there was nothing lazy about Dorinda.

'But, as for John,' I continued, 'there is an expression which fits him perfectly, and which is clearly indicated in the situation: John is a hog!'

By this it was evident that I had

adventured into trouble. Theophilus and Jane were unanimous in protesting that I failed entirely to understand the situation. There is, they assured me, perfect accord between John and Dorinda, and John is kindness itself. John is a splendid fellow, — generous, strong, fine, noble. The vision of John was wrapped in adjectives of praise.

I remained unconvinced; it seemed to me that it was John's pompous vanity, and that alone, which debarred his wife from the enjoyment of what was rightfully hers.

The many protests which followed made it evident that we were out of sympathy in regard to John; and Jane, who is something of a diplomat and something of a psychologist, changed the subject to the heresy trials in Atlanta, with a view to driving the thought of John out of my head by the mention of the heresy-hunters.

On the way home that evening, my thoughts reverted again to Dorinda. Never having been a woman, so far as I am aware, I cannot tell how I should have considered John, had skirts encompassed me. But it occurred to me that Dorinda may be blissfully happy in her submission. She knows that she has this strong and kindly lord who decides for her and keeps her from error; she knows that he is trustworthy, and her heart is all aflame with the feeling that he loves her. Of what use is a motor-car, save as an incidental convenience? And of what trifling value is the convenience, compared to her repose in John's judgment, and her faith in him? She enjoys restfulness of a quality such as no selfish woman can provide for herself. They have, between them, 'unity in essentials, liberty in non-essentials, and in all things charity.'

John, of course, determines the essentials, which he is quite well able to

do. And Dorinda — who is nobody's fool — agrees with him. Probably she is very happy.

Nevertheless, I think John is a hog.

MUSIC EX MACHINA

ONLY a few years ago a piano was little more than a piece of furniture. Sometimes the daughter of the house tinkled scales upon it, or a collegian son pounded out 'Whistling Rufus' or the 'Washington Post'; but for the most part it stood silent, majestic, like an inanimate footman, testifying with polished rosewood to the opulence and taste of its possessor. That is all changed now; pianos are no longer silent; thanks to the perforated music-roll, they give tongue unceasingly. To walk down a suburban street on a summer's evening is to take an aural bath in the history of music. Through the open windows of cottage after cottage float the compositions of Bach, Sousa, Chaminade, Chopin, Moszkowski, Wagner, Puccini, Lehar, and Ethelbert Nevin, all mingling in one stunning potpourri. One cannot make a simple after-dinner call without paying tribute to the player-piano which is one's host's newest pride.

To tell the truth, where the performer has taste and is adroit with his levers and pedals, there are worse ways of passing an evening. Bridge and small-talk are both escaped; all that is necessary is to settle one's self in the easiest chair and listen to the notes of a symphony, a song, a violin concerto, or some other composition suited to the piano. The accuracy of the mechanism is marvelous; themes are brought out, the tempo is varied, the notes are all faultlessly struck. It is interesting, precise, correct; artistically it is comparable to a perfectly good modern gothic façade.

But the evening does not always go

so well; instruments vary, performers have differing ideals. Who has not suffered from the over-cautious amateur who sets the tempo-indicator rigorously at the beginning of a movement and never varies it, playing on in phraseless metronomic monotony until a printed direction authorizes a change? The performer of uncertain coördination between eye and hand plays trippingly on past the most positive of signals, collects himself, pauses in the middle of a run, and, with the accent lever always a beat ahead or behind the music, contrives the most bizarre of syncopations.

More practiced hands avoid these faults. They become absolute masters of technique and, scorning tradition, aspire to stamp their individuality on the interpretation. The result when they happen to be musical geniuses is stimulating.

The less successful innovators fall roughly into two groups. One of these is soulful, lingering softly on minor chords, listlessly dragging the sweet sad notes of a Chopin nocturne, insisting on lyric themes, hushing accompaniments to a murmur, and reducing even Liszt rhapsodies to a pensive adagio. Players of the other class are technical, fiery, 'brilliant.' They drive their instruments like racing automobiles. Subtlety of rhythm, delicacy of tone, are not for them. They 'two-step' through a Mozart quartette as if it had been written for a military band. They tear off trills with the unerring rapidity of a little boy running a stick along a picket fence.

All this is not new. In the days of hand-played pianos we knew the sentimental dilettante, the nervous beginner, the rattling virtuoso, the beautiful pianiste whose attention never shifted from the effect of her pretty arms and shoulders. But the difficulties of the instrument made such things infre-

quent. If we enjoyed no great plenty of good music, it was not difficult to escape the bad. And even at the worst, old-time recitals were seldom entirely without a trace of mellowness. During the long apprenticeship the pupil lived in a musical atmosphere and could hardly avoid absorbing at least some conception of musical tradition, aims, ideals.

But to-day we do not have to put every-day concerns out of our heads until the very minute we sit down to the piano; and then we confidently attempt to interpret a Bach fugue, a Verdi aria, an arabesque by Debussy, one after the other.

It may be, as optimists maintain, that all this is but the first chaotic stage in the advance to that general musical interest which our race has so conspicuously lacked; that in the listening to hundreds and hundreds of music-rolls taste will develop, critical standards will be inductively discovered, commonplace music will lose its charm. Eventually, perhaps, the extreme of culture will be something beyond our present vague pleasurable sensation at hearing good music. A newly created multitude of music-lovers will seek from musical history and theory the fine delight that comes from comparison, discrimination, understanding; an educated audience will demand nothing but the best at concerts and recitals.

Certainly the player-piano, removing as it does all manual difficulties and tirelessly willing to repeat a passage till it is fully comprehended, can be of inestimable help to the earnest student; and if we choose to subscribe to the pleasant and popular doctrine that the populace has only to become familiar with the good to acclaim it, we may believe that the future is going to be very bright indeed.

But oh, the present is hard to bear!

As I sit talking to my married sister, I hear her two little boys 'improving their taste' in the music-room. 'Now I'll play,' says Frank, 'I've got a great big fatsy one.' It proves to be the finale of *Die Walküre*. Frank goes at it with serious purpose, announcing every change of tempo. 'Now I'm at 60 . . . now I'm at 40 . . . there was a place in it where I was up to 100.'

'There's one roll,' Buddy throws in, 'that goes up to 120. I wish I could remember which it is. Maybe it's this one.'

Buddy is wrong; the roll turns out to be the 'Funeral March' from the *Eroica* Symphony.

The young performers find it dull, whereupon Frank enlivens the accompaniment with a policeman's rattle, a device which succeeds so well that he goes on to improvise the noises of the menagerie at feeding-time. The yelping of the wolf-pack is imitated to the life.

At dinner the talk is all of music, but my sister and her husband do not speak with the earnest modesty of novices self-dedicated to a new research; satisfaction with the completeness of their knowledge is evident in every word. And later, when I foolishly admit an admiration for Beethoven and my brother-in-law insists on playing me the choral movement of the Ninth Symphony, his performance with its reeling bacchanalian waltz-time shows the same insensibility to musical and poetic feeling that was apparent in his conversation.

With a great pain,
And smiles that seem akin to tears,
I hear the wild refrain.

'What though good may eventually come of it?' I ask myself. 'Why should I endure such things? If my brother-in-law should undertake to recite the quarrel scene from Julius Cæsar would I not fell him with his heaviest chair?

Why then sit unprotesting by while he holds the noblest child of an artist's mind shrieking upon the rack? If the unenlightened majority must maul and distort masterpieces of art in order to advance, let them at least realize what they are doing, let them feel a fitting shame and practice their atrocities in solitude. For music, the surest guide to dreamland; music which transcends the senses, which transcends even the intellect; music by which the commonplace listener is fired for a little space with the artist's great soul, and loves, sorrows, aspires, conceives with a thousand times his own power; music, least earthly of the arts, deserves an acolyte with a touch of heavenly madness; she is too precious a spirit to be the plaything of every stolid Philistine.

A GERMAN SOLUTION OF THE SERVANT PROBLEM

How often may be read in American newspapers, after laments over the servant problem, a cry of envy of the German system, with its reference-books and fixed limits of time, under which the mistress can neither summarily discharge, nor the maid silently steal away.

In England, since the passing of the Insurance Act, there is more or less constant talk of following up this first imitation of German bureaucracy by its natural sequel. It is to be hoped that the undoubted blessings of the first half of the experiment may not blind the powers that be to the shadow of its other side. That is, unless all the advantages are openly intended to be presented to the maid.

Experience of the system in action would open a good many eyes to its drawbacks. When first in Germany, the confiding foreigner approaches the reference-book with a touching faith that from it she is to learn, as the Ger-

mans would say, 'Alles Wüenschenswerthe' about the maid whose name is inscribed on the back. Never is credulity more quickly punished. If the foreign woman is lucky enough to possess a German friend, she will be warned in advance that the three references demanded by the book as to honesty, decency, and diligence are always overlooked by the German housewife as something to be taken for granted, she invariably searching for further comments by former mistresses on the capacities of the maid.

The inquiring foreigner is immediately struck by the fact that most German women, so communicative in conversation, become strangely non-committal in writing. But her American optimism, fed by the plain testimony as to honesty, diligence, and decency, undertakes an experiment.

Alas, she finds too soon why the German hausfrau prefers not to engage a maid who has passed so triumphantly in what might be called the three R's of her business. If a mistress adds nothing more than that to the maid's 'character,' it is because there is nothing good in the way of capacity to add. Also, there may be a good deal of an unpleasant nature, for if the foreign mistress is unlucky, she may have strange experiences, which are made clear to her only when she understands a curious trait of the German mind.

This is the peculiarity of saying that a fact is not a fact unless you wish it to be. Perhaps the Germans have a talent for pragmatism. At any rate, in Germany a thief is not a thief unless he is found 'with the goods.' For instance, if a German housewife knows her maid to be guilty of theft, she may not discharge her on that account and put this damaging fact in the maid's book unless she has proved the theft by finding the stolen article in the maid's

trunk, opened in the presence of an impartial witness, preferably a policeman. As she can rarely bring off this *coup de théâtre*, — the maid naturally secreting her booty outside her mistress' apartment, — the mistress waits until the fifteenth of the month, gives the maid two weeks' notice on some other pretext, and sends her off, having signed her own name to a declaration of honesty which she knows to be false; and the maid pursues her pilfering path.

But why? — asks the inquiring foreigner. Because, when a maid's book lacks the necessary adjective, she summons her mistress to write it in, in the presence of a magistrate. If the mistress be obdurate, the case is taken to court, and invariably lost by the mistress, who is compelled on pain of fine or imprisonment for libel to sign her name to a dishonest statement.

The inquiring foreigner here puts her inquiry to a lawyer, who answers her not without cynicism.

In the first place, in Southern Germany at least, a thief is not a thief if he can dispose of his spoils. In the second place, a German servant whose book lacks the necessary declaration of her honesty, could find no employment; she would become a pauper, and would fall on the hands of the State. It is all very simple. And the result is that the German housewife knows that the fundamental facts about a girl's character are never to be discovered by the one method on which German officials pride themselves most.

In one of the smaller South German cities, the housewives have discovered a means of helping themselves by doing the very thing that is forbidden by these officials. They put their telephone number beneath the name and address which garnish a too flattering character, and when mistresses who are aware of the signal read it, the

maid is not engaged. And all the mistresses are gleeful over their cleverness in circumventing a system of which all Germany is proud. Another light on the two ways to look at a fact.

In regard to giving notice to leave, again the advantage is with the maid. It is true that she must stay on for two weeks after notice has been given by either party to the contract, but can any student of human nature be in doubt as to the kind of work she will do during the armed truce of those two weeks? And although she may give notice on either the first or the fifteenth of the month, the mistress, for some occult reason, is limited to the fifteenth. Should she be carried away by disapproval of utter incapacity or lively impertinence, and send away the maid without warning, she is legally obliged to pay full wages plus board and lodging for the full time that must elapse between the maid's removal and the end of the month following whatever fifteenth is imminent. Needless to say, such extravagance is never practiced by the frugal Germans, who prefer a sulky maid in the house to a joyous maid making merry outside on the fruit of the victory won over her late mistress.

It would seem then, that in the system drawn up by the careful Germans, the care is entirely spent on safeguarding the interests of the government, which, by its method of registration, can lay hands at a moment's notice on either its soldiers or the potential mothers of soldiers, and is also freed from the expense of their support. That incidentally these pawns are benefited, is not to be wondered at, since without them the structure of the army would not stand; and what the government thinks would become of Germany without the army is made sufficiently clear by the late Army Bill.

Whatever the motive entwined in

all the red tape that makes a change of servants an official ceremony, the benefits accruing to the maids are not great enough to induce, in Germany more than elsewhere, a desirable class of girls to adopt the profession. Statistics, taken with German thoroughness, show each year a greater number of the intelligent turning to factory and shop, leaving only the physically and mentally unfit to the housekeeper; one is shocked by the percentage rated as positively deficient. The philanthropists, here as elsewhere, attribute this state of things to the never-ending work, and the constant supervision on the part of the mistresses; but conversation with elderly working-women invariably brings out another explanation. The house-servant must be indoors by nine o'clock in the evening, the usual time for locking up the main entrance to the apartment house, keys to which are not given to the maids; the factory or shop-girl, after working all day may and usually does carouse all night, as long as her health allows. In a country where liberty is seen and permitted only in the guise of physical or artistic license, the choice is hardly to be wondered at.

It may of course be objected that in unbureaucratic America the most salient drawbacks to this system would not be felt. But without official control, carefully exercised on behalf of the servants, these would be entirely at the mercy of ill-natured or unscrupulous mistresses; and an organized official apparatus once set in motion, it is hard to say what results may occur. On the whole, a housekeeper in both countries is invariably convinced that the independence of action so necessary to the American spirit, is only to be preserved by the freedom to make experiments, however many unpleasantnesses the unsuccessful ones may entail.

FROZEN THOUGHT AND FRIGID
PHRASES

Do you remember the day of the Artistic? We plumed ourselves on our artistic drawing-rooms, gowns, and modes of coiffure; plays, books, decoration were artistic or not as the case might be fancied to be. Apply the term to the bizarre and you brought it within the pales of the possible; apply it to the uncomprehended, and all was solved. When, for instance, a drama or novel ended sadly, why 't was more *artistic* so. Why not? For what is there that more appropriately can be called artistic than art?

Then came the hour of the Fascinating. We did not attend a reception or convention, or visit a seaside resort, without meeting the most fascinating people, 'my dear, simply fascinating!' That every new book should be fascinating was a foregone conclusion. One pictured the up-to-date individual held spell-bound by a snaky-eyed, hypnotic universe.

What is upon us now? Verily the era of the Interesting. Perhaps there is a subtle current of cause underlying these waves of catchwords, a change in the educational ideal, a change in the standard of criticism. It would seem as though successive decades discovered in works of art qualities of special, timely appeal, and applied to art henceforth in praise the possession merely of the particular quality. It has engaged my interest, at any rate, to ponder the appeal of the quality of interestingness. Have you heard the word uttered? It comes out with an air of high, sad finality. 'She's an interesting girl.' 'Yes, not a beautiful work, but very interesting.' That's all there is to it. The listener wriggles and murmurs. And when the adjective is intensified by the prefix *vitally* or *fundamentally*, his jaw drops.

What do we mean anyway? That that book came home to us in some way, stimulated us, challenged us, made us, in short, think — or think we think. That certainly is commendable, and therein the adjective shows the modern tendency. Art *is* challenging us; we want it to reflect our present problems, to give us life interpreted. To say then that something does that for us should constitute high praise. But I am inclined to think the pitch of the word has been lowered through unskillful use. Would you for instance think of calling Shakespeare 'interesting'? You are reminded of the Howells heroine. 'Don't you think he is fascinating?' said she. 'Yes,' said the hero, 'but I should want a good many words to say it in.' You can't dismiss greatness so summarily — you have been taught to say a great deal more about it. But if you really believe in the word, you ought to find him increasingly 'interesting' from year to year!

What is it then that we label thus? Only the newest, latest things do we favor. Genuine power of interest there is in all things for the person keyed to it. Must we wait for the newest opera or the last translated play to arouse our faculties? Sometimes I suspect that we are getting *nouveau riche* intellectually. And once aroused, are we even sure that we have n't lost and buried our impression of the passing show forever when we have labeled it *interesting* at to-morrow's dinner-party? If you were to discipline yourself for a week, would you be helpless without your talisman? You find you have really been using it as a shield to screen your thoughts unthought? It is an eminently correct judgment — so non-committal. But what do you really think of that play? Modern art is chaotic, experimental, unsifted; you know it to be not all good, are you

even sure that it's all interesting? Some day the lady on your left may turn her clear eyes upon you and say, 'But none the less, was n't it deadly dull?' It behooves you to be prepared to defend it.

It is really a question of critical responsibility. We read of authors discouraged into silence by the discriminating, genteel indifference of their audience. It is possible to live in a colony of theatre-goers without hearing a judgment passed beyond 'fairly good

show,' 'interesting comedy.' Should such things be?

In moments when we are purists we rail at our reliance on slang to convey our meaning. Yet slang, as has been often asserted, is a muscular, virile, expressive medium.

Is it not rather these cultural catchwords, stiffening thought into convention, that constitute critical stagnation? Surely it is only intellectual snobs who can afford to be so haughty — and so lazy!